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THE
UNITED IRISHMEN
THEIR
LIVES AND TIMES

Enniscorthy

Scene of the Battle of Vinegar Hill. After a Drawing by Thomas Creswick

THE
UNITED IRISHMEN

THEIR LIVES AND TIMES

BY

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN

M. D., F. R. C. S., M. R. I. A.

NEWLY EDITED

WITH NOTES, BIBLIOGRAPHY AND INDEX

BY

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TONE'S GRAVE

BY THOMAS DAVIS

Thomas Davis was born in 1814 at Mallow, County Cork. His father was a surgeon in the Royal Artillery; his mother belonged to a well-known family, the Atkins' of Firville. As a boy he is said to have been shy, very sensitive, and not at all quick at learning; but at Trinity College the passion of the student took possession of him, and though he never competed for honours and prizes he became, and remained through his life, a diligent and omnivorous reader. He was called to the bar in 1838, but speedily abandoned that profession for literature and journalism. With Charles Garvan Duffy and John Blake Dillon he took part in the founding of "The Nation" and in its subsequent management. On September 16, 1845, he died of scarlet fever, and was followed to his grave by the lamentations of his countrymen of every creed and every political party. His prose writings, edited by Charles Garvan Duffy, were published in 1845, and an enlarged edition was brought out in 1889. His poems were collected and edited by T. Wallis. His life has been written by C. G. Duffy.

In Bodenstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And wildly along it the winter winds rave;
Small shelter, I ween, are the ruin'd walls there,
When the tempest sweeps down on the plains of Kildare.

TONE'S GRAVE

Once I lay on that sod, it lies over Wolfe Tone,
And I thought how he perish'd in prison alone,
His friends unavenged, and his country unfreed—
"Oh! bitter," I said, "is the patriot's meed!"

"For in him the heart of a woman combined
With a heroic life and a governing mind:
A martyr for Ireland, his grave has no stone;
His name seldom named, and his virtues unknown."

I was woke from my dream by the voices and tread
Of a band who came into the home of the dead:
They carried no corpse, and they carried no stone,
And they stopp'd when they came to the grave of Wolfe Tone.

There were students and peasants, the wise and the brave,
And an old man who knew him from cradle to grave;
And children who thought me hard-hearted, for they
On that sanctified sod were forbidden to play.

But the old man, who saw I was mourning there, said:
"We come, sir, to weep where young Wolfe Tone is laid;
And we're going to raise him a monument too—
A plain one, yet fit for the simple and true."

My heart overflow'd, and I clasp'd his old hand,
And I bless'd him, and bless'd every one of his band;
"Sweet, sweet 'tis to find that such faith can remain
To the cause and the man so long vanquish'd and slain."

TONE'S GRAVE

In Bodenstown churchyard there is a green grave,
And freely around it the winter winds rave,
Fit thoughts to awaken of ruin and gloom,
'Till Ireland, a nation, can build him a tomb.

THE
UNITED IRISHMEN
THEIR
LIVES AND TIMES

Theobald Wolfe Tone

Founder of the United Irishmen. From the Original Portrait Drawn by Mrs. Tone

THE UNITED IRISHMEN

MEMOIR OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

THE subject of this memoir was the son of Peter Tone, a coach-maker, who carried on an extensive business in that line for some years at No. 44 Stafford Street, Dublin. His grandfather was a farmer in the county Kildare. The land, which he held on freehold leases, was part of the estate of Mr. Wolfe, of Blackhall, and lies between Sallins and Clane, within a few minutes' walk of the remains of the ruined church and the ancient burying-ground of Bodenstown. Peter Tone's father was killed in 1766, by a fall from a corn stack: his eldest son, Peter, who had established himself in his business in Dublin, the same year came into possession of the farm, said to be worth about £300 a year, which he rented to a younger brother of his, Jonathan, a retired lieutenant of the 22nd regiment of foot. Another brother, Matthew, was brought up to the same business as Peter, and in 1784 had a coach-making establishment at No. 126 Great Britain Street. It is stated in the "Annual Register," that Theobald,

the eldest son of Peter Tone, was born in Stafford Street in 1763. But in the "Dublin Directory" the address of "Peter Tone, coachmaker, 44 Stafford Street," appears only from 1770 to 1781, and in the intermediate period, for a short time, in 1773, his family resided at 27 Bride Street, or lodged there.

Peter Tone married, about 1761, a Miss Lamport, or Lambert, of Drogheda, the daughter of a captain of a merchant vessel in the West India trade. The farm near Clane, which he rented to his younger brother, became a source of contention and litigation between the brothers, which ended in a chancery suit, and, as a matter of course, in the ruin of the litigants. Peter Tone became insolvent, quitted Dublin, and in 1786 was living near Clane on the property that was about to pass away from him and his family. Of sixteen children of Peter Tone, five were then living—Theobald Wolfe, called after Mr. Theobald Wolfe, the lord of the manor (a near relation of Lord Kilwarden), born in Dublin, June 20, 1763; William, born in 1764; Matthew, in 1771; Mary, probably three or four years later; and Arthur, in 1782.

Theobald, William, and Matthew were sent to an excellent English school in Dublin, kept by Sisson Darling. The former, after continuing at this school for three years, was removed to another, kept in Henry Street, by the Rev.

William Craig. In 1781 he entered Trinity College, under the Rev. Matthew Young. A rage for the military profession, nurtured and fomented by attendance at reviews, parades, and field exercises, had taken possession of Tone previously even to his having entered college. Before he was nineteen, he had gone out as second, with a college lad of the name of Foster, who shot a fellow pupil of the name of Anderson through the head.

There is a passage in Tone's diary, relative to his early life, which has been omitted in the "Memoirs of his Life" by his son (and properly so by him), which, however, before the publication of Tone's memoirs in America, had found its way into a portion of the autobiography of Tone, that had been transmitted from America, and was published in the "New Monthly Magazine," vol. ii, p. 3, 1824. I refer to the passage which alludes to Tone's early passion for theatricals, as throwing much light on the style of his journals, and the extraordinary exuberance of memory and liveliness of imagination exhibited in the ready application of apposite citations from the popular dramatic writers of the day, to passing occurrences. It appears that, in 1783 and 1784, Theobald Wolfe Tone had formed an acquaintance with a lady of rank and great personal attractions, Lady B., and, in his opinion, "of extraordinary talents for the stage," which

she displayed in a private theatre fitted up in her own house. Tone being, in his own words, "somewhat of an actor," took a part in the representations, became a constant visitor at the house, and at length, unfortunately, an enamoured guest.

The private theatricals were brought to a close, which had nearly proved of a tragic character, and Tone never beheld the lady more. But "no human passion," he said, "is proof against time and absence," and so it proved to be in his case. In 1785 he married a young creature, not sixteen years of age, "as beautiful as an angel," Matilda Witherington, whose sister, at a later period, wed the Thomas Reynolds of secret service money celebrity. Tone, having taken out his degree of bachelor of arts, resigned his scholarship in the university, and began the study of law. He had obtained three premiums at college, and as many medals from the Historical Society, of which he was auditor, and one of its most distinguished ornaments. His intimacy with his wife's family having been interrupted, he quitted Dublin with his wife, and went to reside with his father in Kildare. In 1787 he proceeded to London to enter his name as a student of law in the Temple. He took chambers in the Temple, at No. 4 Hare Court and contrived to maintain himself partly by contributing to the magazines. Several reviews of new publications, in the

"European Magazine" of 1787-8, were written by him. He likewise wrote a satirical novel, burlesquing the style of writers of romance, in conjunction with two of his friends, Jebb and Ratcliffe, called "Belmont Castle."

At the Temple he made the acquaintance of the Honourable George Knox, son of Lord Northland, one of his future most attached friends. Instead of studying Coke and Blackstone, poor Tone's head was still running on military matters. The scheme occurred to him of establishing, on a military plan, a colony in one of the South Sea Islands, newly discovered. He drew up a memorial recommending the adoption of his proposal, and addressed it to Mr. Pitt, with the intention, if adopted, of embarking in this project. Mr. Pitt took no notice of the project or the projector.

Tone's circumstances became so embarrassed in London, and his wife's friends had so deceived him with regard to her promised fortune, that he embraced the desperate resolution of enlisting as a common soldier in the East India Company's service. He proceeded to the India House with that resolution, and was informed that the season for sending out troops was past, and no more ships would be despatched until the beginning of the year following. He had now been two years at the Temple, and had kept eight terms, but as to law, "knowing exactly as much about

it as he did of necromancy." An arrangement with his wife's family enabled him to return to Dublin. He purchased a law library, and took lodgings in Clarendon Street in January, 1789, and in the Trinity term of that year was called to the bar. In the same year a decree in Chancery, instituted by his uncle Jonathan, gave the *coup-de-grace* to his father's affairs; all his property was sold, including two houses in Stafford Street and one on Summer Hill. Soon after this event Peter Tone obtained a situation in the Paving Board, which he retained to the period of his death. Theobald no sooner entered on his profession than he embarked in politics: his first pamphlet, in defence of the opposition and the Whig Club, "A Review of the Last Sessions of Parliament," had some success. Overtures were now made to him by the friends of Mr. Ponsonby, and by some leading members of the Whig party, to attach himself to them, and to promote the interest of the latter. But no cordial union took place between Tone and the Whigs; indeed it was impossible there could be any identity of operations, for there was no identity of principles, of views, or feelings between them. Tone set out in politics with the axiom of Swift and Molyneux, that "the influence of England was the radical vice of Irish government." The Whigs acted on the principle that the influence was salutary, but the mode of ex-

erting it was pernicious to a certain extent, which could be remedied by diminishing pensions, abolishing some places, limiting the prerogative, rescinding penal statutes, and demolishing the outworks of corruption in the representative system. Tone "looked on the little politics of the Whig Club with great contempt." His next pamphlet, on the appearance of a war with Spain, was intended to prove that Ireland was not bound by the declaration of war made by England, but might and ought to stipulate for a neutrality. The publisher, Byrne, suppressed the pamphlet as one of a dangerous tendency, "for which his own gods damn him," says the writer of it.

In the summer of 1790 Tone took a little cottage, in consequence of his wife's delicate state of health, at Irishtown, where, in a small circle of friends, the opinions were discussed, extended, and fortified, which had so important an influence on the state of Ireland a few years later. The parties to those discussions were his friend Thomas Russell, whose acquaintance he had made a short time previously in the gallery of the House of Commons; the venerable father of the latter, Captain Russell, occasionally his own brother William, from the county Kildare, who resided with his father at Clane, and Matthew, who had lately set up a cotton manufactory at Prosperous. In this year, with Russell's assist-

ance, Tone drew up, and addressed to Lord Granville, an enlarged plan of his former scheme for the establishment of a military settlement in one of the Sandwich Islands, which he "still thought might be attended with the most beneficial consequences to England." Louis Philippe, half a century later, has shown he entertained a similar opinion of the utility of such a settlement to France. The winter of 1790 Tone instituted a political club, composed of some remarkable men, including Messrs. Drennan, Stack, Pollock, Burrowes, John Whitley Stokes, and T. A. Emmet, the first of his (Tone's) friends. The club did not go on prosperously: it died a natural death in a few months. In 1791, August 1, Tone published a pamphlet, called "An Argument on behalf of the Catholics of Ireland, by a Northern Whig." Ten thousand copies were struck off in Belfast, and another edition in Dublin. This was one of the ablest productions in favour of the claims of Catholics that had yet appeared, and it has not been equalled by any subsequent vindication of them.

This pamphlet made Tone known advantageously in the north; and in October of that year, he was invited to Belfast by the Volunteers of that town, whither he proceeded, in company with Russell, and, in conjunction with Neilson and others, founded the first club which took the name of the Society of United Irishmen. He

then returned to Dublin, and in conjunction with James Napper Tandy and the Honourable Simon Butler, formed a similar society in the capital. In the spring of 1792, the Catholic Committee appointed Tone to the office of agent to their body, with the title of assistant secretary, then vacant by the resignation of Richard Burke, with a salary of £200 per annum.

Tone's exertions in his new office were incessant and invaluable to the Catholics. His pen was never idle in writing addresses, manifestos, and resolutions, in favour of their cause. On the 14th of July, 1792, Tone assisted at Belfast, in his Volunteer uniform, in the celebration of the success of the French Revolution, and commemoration of the anniversary of the taking of the Bastile, when about six thousand Volunteers and inhabitants voted an address of congratulation to the French people.

In December, 1792, the Catholic Convention, under the name of the General Committee, assembled in Dublin. The scheme of this convention, which produced such extraordinary results, had been devised by Myles Keon, of Keon Brook, in the county of Leitrim; but the energy, activity, talent, and intrepidity which carried it into practical effect, through innumerable difficulties, party opposition, paltry fears, and base acts of perfidy, on the part of *soi disant* friends and advocates of the cause, were exhibited by T.

W. Tone. With respect to his political views, when he formed the Northern and Leinster Societies of United Irishmen, he says, "I think it right to mention that at this time the establishment of a republic was not the immediate object of my speculations; my object was to secure the independence of my country under any form of government,"[1] etc.

But in the course of eighteen months, he gave practical proof of his opinions being in favour of republicanism, and indeed, from the commencement of his career, they seem to have been in that direction.

In 1792, when Tone was the leading advocate of the Catholic cause, the sub-committee consisted of the following persons:

John Keogh, Thomas Fitzgerald, Thomas Braughall, Edward Byrne, Randall M'Donnell, Thomas Ryan, M.D., Martin F. Lynch, Hugh Hamill, Denis Thomas O'Brien, Thomas Warren, John Sweetman, Secretary.

The other foremost advocates of the Catholic cause in 1792, were:—The Honourable Simon Butler (subsequently proscribed, had to fly the country, and died in Wales); Major Edward Sweetman (killed in a duel); Sir Thomas French (committed suicide); Edward Devereux; Christopher Bellew; William Coppinger; J. J. M'Donnell; Dr. M'Donnell; Dr. M'Der-

[1] "Tone's Life," vol. i., p. 55.

mott; Harvey Hay (hanged in 1798); Owen O'Connor; Luke Teeling (proscribed in 1798); —— O'Gorman; James Plunkett (proscribed in 1798, had to fly the country); Richard M'Cormick (proscribed and a fugitive in 1798); Dr. William James M'Neven; and T. A. Emmet (banished); James Nangle; Sir Thomas Esmonde; William Todd Jones (proscribed and imprisoned in 1798).

Tone, and the political friends with whom he was most intimately connected in public affairs, and also in social intercourse, were in the habit of designating each other by *sobriquets* which have been recorded by young Tone, in his father's memoirs, vol. i., p. 136. In Tone's diary, from 1791 to 1795, they are of constant recurrence:—

Mr. Hutton, or John Hutton,	Theobald Wolfe Tone
P.P., Clerk of the Parish .	Thomas Russell
The Draper, ...	William Sinclaire
The Jacobin, ...	Samuel Neilson
The Tanner, ...	Robert Simms
The Hypocrite, ...	Dr. M'Donnell
The Irish Slave, ...	Thomas M'Cabe
The Keeper, ...	Whitley Stokes
The Tribune, . .	James Napper Tandy
The Vintner, ...	Edward Byrne
Gog, ...	John Keogh

Magog, ... Richard M'Cormick
The Pismire, . . . Thomas Addis Emmet
The Czar, ... Peter Burrowes

Of the preceding notabilities of the first society of United Irishmen, not one is now living. Tone committed suicide. Russell was executed. Neilson, Tandy, and Thomas A. Emmet died in exile. Dr. M'Donnell, Robert Simms, Thomas M'Cabe, William Sinclaire, Whitley Stokes, Edward Byrne, John Keogh, and Peter Burrowes died natural deaths in their own land.[1]

The first important movement of the Catholic leaders, the most important ever made by them, was the carrying into execution the plan of taking the sense of all the Catholics of Ireland through the means of a convention. The project of appointing delegates for this purpose had been adopted at a meeting of the general committee, the 17th of March, 1792. The plan devised by Keon, and proposed by Theobald Wolfe Tone, according to Mr. Wyse, was in some respects analogous to one devised by his father in 1760. Wyse's Catholic convention was to be a secret convocation of delegates; they were to hold their hole-and-corner meetings wherever it was possible to escape detection. Tone's Catholic convention was to hold its sittings in face of day, in the metropolis, with all possible publicity; and

[1] "Wyse's History of the Catholic Association," p. 104.

when the delegates were appointed to carry over the petition to the king, Tone's influence, and his sense of the important part he had played in bringing this project into execution, had the effect of parading the delegates through the north of Ireland, *on their way to London from Dublin.* At Belfast, the five delegates, Messrs. Keogh, Byrne, Devereux, Bellew, and French, were received with public honours; the horses were taken from their carriage, and entertainments given them by the leading members of the United Irish Society. The earliest meeting of the delegates was in Taylor's Hall, Back Lane, Dublin, on the 2nd of December, 1792, on which occasion Dr. M'Neven first distinguished himself as an advocate of the claims of the great majority of his countrymen. The Catholic convention of December, 1792, was, then, virtually the work of Theobald Wolfe Tone.[1] The power on which its leaders relied for resisting the opposition of the ascendency party, and daring to take so formidable a step, was the spreading influence of the northern societies, based on the principle of uniting Irishmen of all religious persuasions. This convention was to Catholic claims in 1792, precisely what the Clare election was to them in 1829; and it is singular enough to find the same

[1] In the list of delegates, the name of Edward Madden (the author's father) figures as a delegate for the town of Enniskillen.

man, whose clear perception distinguished the portentous signs of the times at the latter period, and who saw no alternative but Catholic emancipation or civil war, so far back as sixty-five years ago, coming forward in his place in the Irish parliament in favour of a similar measure, with the view of averting the evils with which the successful proceedings of the Catholic convention were evidently fraught. The Honourable Lieutenant Arthur Wellesley was returned for the borough of Trim in the latter part of 1790. During the two following years his name is not found in the reports of the debates, as having taken any part in them on any question.

The first speech we find reported of his, was on the 10th of January, 1793, at the opening of the session.[1] The address to the throne was moved by the Earl of Tyrone. The Honourable Mr. Wellesley seconded the motion.

In the preceding year, on the presentation of the petition of the Roman Catholics of Ireland to the House, which was rejected by an overwhelming majority of 208 to 23, the solicitor-general, Mr. Toler, plainly expressed his opinion, that "the petition, though under a very modest guise, considering where it came from, I am inclined to suspect as a piece of the same principles" as those, he went on to state, "which are taught by political quacks who tell us that

[1] "Irish Parliamentary Debates," vol. xiii., p. 5.

radical reformation is necessary in parliament. I have seen papers signed by Theobald M'Kenna, with Simon Butler in the chair, and Napper Tandy lending his countenance."

"Such fellows" (to use the language of Lord Headfort) "are too despicable to notice, and therefore I shall not drag them from their obscurity." In a subsequent part of the debate, in disclaiming supposed personal allusions to an honourable member, he said, "I did not allude to him, but to that blasted society called United Irishmen."[1]

Tone, at the time the establishment of a political society in Belfast had been determined on, had never been in that town; he was only known there as a writer whose pen had been employed in the service of the Whig Club and in behalf of the Catholics. In the spring of 1791, his friend Russell having been appointed to an ensigncy on full pay in the 64th regiment of foot, then quartered in Belfast, visited that town, and became acquainted with many of the popular members of the Volunteer Association. At their instance he wrote to Tone to draw up a declaration, in which the Catholic question was to be noticed in favourable terms. Tone complied with his request, but when the declaration came to be read by the Belfast Volunteers, the passage alluding to the settlement of the Catholic claims, "for the

[1] "Irish Parliamentary Debates," vol. xii, p. 202.

sake of unanimity, was withdrawn for the present."[1]

This was the first connection of Tone with the politics of Belfast, and it probably recommended him to Neilson, and those who thought with him on the subject of Catholic emancipation. In the beginning of October, 1791, Tone states that "I was invited to spend a few days in Belfast, in order to assist in framing rules and declarations of the first club of United Irishmen, and to cultivate a personal acquaintance with those men whom, though I highly esteemed, I knew as yet but by reputation."[2]

In consequence of this invitation, he went down with his friend Russell (who at this time, having quitted the army, had returned to Dublin), and on arrival at Belfast, the persons whom he names as having some reasons to esteem himself particularly fortunate in forming connections with, were Samuel Neilson, Robert and William Sims, William Sinclair, and Thomas M'Cabe, "the men most distinguished for their virtue, talent, and patriotism." He proceeds to say: "We formed our club, of which I wrote the declaration, and certainly the formation of that club commenced a new epoch in the politics of Ireland."

After remaining about three weeks in Belfast,

[1] See "Tone's Life," by his Son, American edition, vol. i., p. 51.
[2] See "Tone's Life," vol. i., p. 53.

Tone and Russell returned with instructions to cultivate the leaders in the popular interest, being Protestants, and, if possible, to form in the capital a club of United Irishmen. It is evident that the idea of forming the Society of United Irishmen originated with Samuel Neilson, met with the concurrence of Henry Joy M'Cracken and Thomas Russell, was adopted by the Simses, M'Tier, M'Cabe, Hazlitt, and Sinclaire; that Tone reduced that plan into form, and acted at the onset, in the organization of it, in accordance with the views previously taken up of those already named, and in connection a little later, with other members of considerable influence from their wealth and station in the town.

In fact, strictly speaking, Samuel Neilson was the originator, and Tone the organizer, of the society, the framer of its declaration, the pensman to whom the details of its formation were intrusted. The object of Tone in assisting in the formation of the Belfast and Dublin societies is not to be mistaken—he clearly announces it in his diary. In concluding the account of the part he took in the formation of the former, he plainly states, "to break the connection with England, the never-failing source of all our political evils, and to assist the independence of my country—these are my objects."

That Russell was acquainted with his views, we have a proof in the letter addressed to him

by Tone in the early part of 1791, which fell into the hands of the government.[1] Whatever the republican tendencies of Neilson and his associates may have been, the probability is, that although, if they had the power of choosing a form of government, they would have given the preference to a republic over any other, they had at the beginning no definite object beyond parliamentary independence, reform, and emancipation. Tone's influence in the Belfast societies suffered no diminution during his stay in Ireland; but in Dublin, his republican opinions had a very different effect. With few exceptions, the principal leaders of the society which Tone had just formed, were apprehensive of being committed by his opinions. He says: "The club was scarcely formed before I lost all pretensions to anything like influence in their measures."

We find by Tone's account of his first visit to Belfast, in October, 1791, that before the United Irish Society was yet organized, there was a secret committee of the leading political men of the popular party in the town. "Their mode of doing business was by a secret committee, who are not known or suspected of coöperating, but who in fact direct the secret movements of Belfast." The members of this secret committee were William Sinclaire, Samuel Neilson, Wil-

[1] "Commons' Report from Secret Committee," Appendix.

liam M'Cabe, William Sims, Robert Sims, Henry Hazlitt, William Tennent,—Campbell, Gilbert M'Ilveen.

On the 14th of October, 1791, Thomas Russell and T. W. Tone were admitted members of it. It was at the meeting on this occasion the arrangements for the first public meeting of the Belfast Club of United Irishmen were entered into. M'Tier to be in the chair,—Sinclair to move the resolutions, Sims to second them, Neilson to move the printing, and Tone and Russell to state the sentiments of the people of Dublin.

On the 18th of October, the meeting took place, and Tone having dined with Neilson, attended it. The club consisted of thirty-six members originally, and six new members were proposed on this occasion. The counterfoil of a certificate of membership in the society of United Irishmen of Theobald Wolfe Tone of a much later date (given me by Miss M'Cracken of Belfast) is thus filled up:

"First Society of United Irishmen, No. 20, granted to Theobald Wolfe Tone, 10th of June, 1795.

"H. J. M'C.

"Thod. Wolfe Tone."

The latter signature is in the handwriting of T. W. Tone. As Tone was a member of the Bel-

fast society from the date of its formation, it must be concluded that it was after the society changed its organization that this certificate of the 10th of June, 1795, was of the newly organized society which was given to him.

A committee of correspondence was formed, the latter part of 1791, which consisted of Neilson, M'Tier, Hazlitt, and Sims. The chief business done was entering into communication with the Catholic Committee, and soliciting the cooperation of the Dublin popular leaders. An erroneous impression generally prevails with respect to the direction of the affairs of the United Irish societies throughout the country. The directory of the Leinster societies, the principal members of which, subsequently to 1796, were O'Connor, M'Neven, Emmet, Bond, and others of the Dublin leaders at different periods, it is commonly supposed was the only one in existence; such, however, is not the fact. Ultimately there were four nominal directories, one for each of the provinces; but two only were regularly organized. The Ulster directory was the first established. The principal members of the Ulster directory were Samuel Neilson, two merchants of the name of Sims, and Dr. White, now residing in America. The Munster directory was only in existence a short time before the suppression of the rebellion. The Connaught directory was likewise of short duration, and its

action was more limited than any of the others. The Ulster directory was formed the beginning of 1795. In 1796, Oliver Bond was associated with its other members, and at a later period, Arthur O'Connor, and Lord E. Fitzgerald. In O'Connor's examination, he states that he acted with that association in conducting the affairs of the union, and when the Leinster organization was completed, early in 1797, he was regularly elected a member of that executive, though he declined to act officially. He, however, continued in the confidence of the union, and was consulted by them on all affairs of moment.[1]

The circumstances of the early existence of the Ulster directory, and the emanation from it of the most important measures, subsequently taken up, and attempted to be carried into effect by the Leinster directory, is worthy of notice. These measures, it is generally imagined, originated with the latter. Arthur O'Connor became a member of the Leinster directory in November, 1796; Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and the late Lord Cloncurry (I state on the authority of the latter), were nominated at the same time; T. A. Emmet was not appointed till January, 1797; and Dr. W. J. M'Neven about the same period. "None of them were members of the united system previously to September or October, 1796."

[1] "Lords' Report, 1798." Examination of state prisoners.

In November, 1796, Arthur O'Connor, accompanied by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, visited Belfast on the occasion of the former offering himself as a candidate for the representation of the county of Antrim. They took a house in the immediate vicinity of Belfast, and resided there for some months. During their stay, their intercourse with the Belfast leaders prepared the way for the combined action of the Dublin and northern societies. But long previously to their arrival, foreign aid for the accomplishment of their designs was contemplated by both directories. The nature of the negotiations between parties in Ireland and the French government at various times, is well deserving of attention, and a rapid sketch of former applications of a similar kind may not be uninteresting or uninstructive.

From the period of the armament afforded by Louis XIV. to James II., when 6,000 French troops landed at Kinsale, under the command of Count Lauzun, the 14th March, 1689, no hostile attempt had been made on the coast of Ireland until the 21st February, 1760, when Commodore Thurot arrived in the Bay of Carrickfergus on a marauding expedition, with three vessels of war, the Belleisle, of 44, the Blonde, of 32, and Terpsichore, of 24 guns, and landed between 700 and 800 men at Kilroot Point, about two miles east of Carrickfergus. The Castle of Carrickfergus was taken by the enemy after a slight re-

sistance; the total amount of its force consisting only of 138 persons under arms.

On the 22nd of February, Thurot despatched an officer with a flag of truce to Belfast, demanding a supply of provisions to the amount of £1,500 sterling for his troops, and menacing both Belfast and Carrickfergus with destruction if his application was refused. An answer was returned that the application would be complied with. On the 23rd a part of the provisions were sent; and on the 25th, news having reached the French general that the troops were marching against him from Belfast, he reëmbarked with his men, and immediately set sail. On the 28th the French squadron was attacked and captured off the Isle of Man by the Eolus, Pallas and Brilliant frigates under the command of Captain Elliot, and Thurot was killed in the action.

Thurot was a grandson of an Irish officer of the name of Farrell, who had served in the army of James II., and had fled to France with his master, where he died. He left an only son, who was brought up at Boulogne by his mother's family under their name. He married at Boulogne, and his son, Mons. Thurot, at an early age went to England, and forming some connection with a smuggler at Anglesea, he occasionally went in command of his vessels. From Anglesea he proceeded to Carlingford, and transacted the business of his employer there for

about a year. He then went to Ireland, lived for two years in the service of Lord B——, subsequently in the service of Lord Antrim, and once more, after a short time, took to the old smuggling business.

From 1748 till 1752 he traded between London and Boulogne, and was at length arrested at the latter place on a charge of smuggling. After suffering imprisonment at Boulogne and Dunkirk, he was sent to Paris, underwent an examination as to the best means of stopping contraband trade, was liberated, got the command of a sloop of war and of a small squadron which was captured by Captain Elliot.[1]

The news of the landing of the French caused the gentry of the counties Antrim, Down, and Armagh to enrol their tenants and dependents in volunteer corps, and these, to the number of 5,352, were provided with arms, and marched to Carrickfergus, within four days of the capture of that place by the enemy.

In the preceding occurrences may be traced the events which made the possibility of obtaining foreign aid familiar to the northern malcontents, and likewise the necessity of banding together the people in military associations, obvious

[1] Vide "Annual Register," 1760. For a more complete account of this French-Irish adventurer see a reprint of a curious pamphlet concerning his career in "Popular Songs Illustrative of the French Invasions of Ireland," Ed. by T. Crofton Croker —London, The Percy Society, 1845.

to those whose loyalty was animated by a detestation of "Popery and arbitrary power." It had long been the custom to attribute every popular movement in Ireland to the influence of French politics. The author from whose excellent history of Carrickfergus the preceding account of Thurot's attempt is chiefly taken (Samuel M'Skimmin), labours under the old delusion. He maintains that the Defenders were in open communication with the French, and had made overtures to the government of that country for the invasion of Ireland.

There can be no doubt that it was the object of France to keep alive the fear of invasion both in England and in Ireland, to exhaust, by all possible means, the resources of the country, and to waste its energies in preparations for resisting invasions, which, with the exception of Conflans' meditated descent, for nearly 200 years prior to 1796, had no existence but in the minds of the enemies of the king's peace, and of his people in Ireland.[1]

[1] In 1536 foreign assistance was sought by Thomas Fitzgerald, then in rebellion, whose father, the Earl of Kildare, was at that time a prisoner in the Tower of London. The messenger employed was Dominick Power, of Waterford: his mission was to the Emperor Charles V., "to crave his aid to conquer Ireland. He presented him with twelve great hawks, and fourteen fair hobbies; but the emperor informed him that he came too late, for his father, the Lord Thomas, and five of his uncles, had been executed at London, the 3rd of February." The emperor subsequently sued Henry VIII. to permit Power to return to his country. His pardon was granted, but Mr. Power prudently

M'Skimmin asserts that an early treasonable intercourse was kept up between Ireland and France, and that the Defenders had sought French aid. He likewise refers to a passage in the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1792, page 1211, as affording proof that in November, 1792, a treasonable correspondence was opened with France by the political leaders of Belfast. On referring to the passage in question, it will be found that some of the Belfast societies had followed the example of the London Corresponding Society in sending congratulatory addresses to the National Assembly of France; but no communication with France of the kind mentioned by M'Skimmin, is there any evidence of ever having taken place.

Another authority on which he rests is that of Sir R. Musgrave, who states that "in 1791 and 1792 Rabaud de St. Etienne, the bosom friend of Brissot, the famous leader of the Girondist party in the French National Assembly, passed some time between Dublin and Belfast, sowing the seeds of future combustion."

In the autobiography of A. H. Rowan, it is certainly stated that about December, 1792, an offer was sent from the French Convention, di-

declined to return. The tender mercies of Henry VIII. in regard to the father and five uncles of his friend Fitzgerald seem to have made some impression on his mind. He remained on the Continent, and died at Lisbon.—*Smith's Hist. of Waterford,* p. 129.

rected "to the popular leaders in Ireland," stating that they would deposit in any bank in Europe the pay of 40,000 men for six months, on the condition that the Irish would declare an absolute independence of England; but the agent appears to have met with no encouragement. In M'Neven's "Pieces of Irish History," the same circumstance is also repeated, and its occurrence is dated "the summer of 1793."

In the Report of the Commons' Secret Committee it is stated, "that previous to the summer of 1796 no formal and authorized communication appears to have taken place between the Irish executive and the French government, though Jackson had been sent by the latter to Ireland in 1794."

In the summer of 1796 Lord Edward Fitzgerald, accompanied by O'Connor, proceeded by Hamburgh to Switzerland, and O'Connor, who entered France without his companion, had an interview with General Hoche, the object of his mission being to apply for assistance in men and arms from the French Directory. In March of 1797, Lewins was sent to France as the accredited agent of the Irish union. In June, 1797, a second agent, Dr. M'Neven, was despatched with the necessary credentials to the French minister at Hamburg, with increased earnestness, urging their application on the French government, and instructed to negotiate,

if possible, a loan of half a million, or at least £300,000. The force solicited was one not exceeding 10,000, nor less than 5,000, with 40,000 stands of arms, and the assistance of such Irish officers as were then in the French service. The identical memorial presented by M'Neven to the French minister, and a copy of which exists in the French foreign department, was shown by Lord Clare to M'Neven, on his examination before the Committee.

In April, 1794, the Rev. William Jackson, an emissary of the French, arrived in Dublin, accompanied by Mr. John Cockayne, a London solicitor of Lyons Inn, on a treasonable mission. He had received his instructions from an Irishman, named Madgett, long settled in France, and employed in the office of Minister for Foreign Affairs. Jackson had been residing in Paris,—a man verging on 56 or 58 years of age, of ruined fortune, unfitted for his profession, and hopeless of any preferment in it. His treasonable mission extended to England, and commenced in that country. He was furnished in Paris with letters of introduction to John Horne Tooke and a Dr. Crawford; these, however, for some unexplained reason, had not been delivered by him. His mission, as far as England was concerned, was unfavourable to the objects he had in view, and he wrote to that effect letters, addressed to Mr. John Stone and Mr. Benjamin

Berresford, both engaged in commercial affairs in Paris, cognizant of his mission, and in communication, it would appear, with the French government. Mr. Berresford was married to a sister of Archibald Hamilton Rowan. Cockayne had been an old friend and legal adviser of Jackson, and possessed the entire confidence of the latter, and thus had the secret of Jackson's treasonable mission communicated to him.

Cockayne, from motives of loyalty, as he alleged, lost no time in turning his old friend and client to some account, communicated Jackson's secret mission to Mr. Pitt, and stipulated to be guaranteed against losses he might incur, to the extent of £300. Cockayne was a prudent as well as a loyal attorney. Jackson owed him, as he subsequently stated, from £250 to £300; and as he must lose the amount of this debt if his old friend and client the debtor was hanged, he discreetly secured himself, and had Mr. Pitt pledged to the indemnity.

By Mr. Pitt's instructions, Cockayne accompanied Jackson to Ireland on his mission of treason, with a free pardon in his pocket, as far as he (Cockayne) was concerned, for all acts of treason that might be done by him while engaged on that mission—attending Jackson, watching all his movements, and allowing him full scope for communication with all parties in Ireland, he chose to communicate with. Jackson brought

with him a letter of introduction to Lord Edward Fitzgerald, of which fact the government appear to have had no knowledge, and Tone in his journals makes no allusion to it. That Jackson was wholly unexpected by the popular leaders in Dublin may be inferred from the circumstance that Tone and others of his party at first were disposed to believe that Jackson was an agent of the British government. In a copy of Emmet's and M'Neven's "Pieces of Irish History," purchased at the sale of Hamilton Rowan's library, the following manuscript note, in the handwriting of Rowan, occurs at the bottom of the page where mention is made of Jackson's mission—"Lord Edward Fitzgerald declined to have any conversation with Jackson." Arthur O'Connor stated to me that he had no communication with him.

But Cockayne and his dupe were not dependent on Lord Edward Fitzgerald or O'Connor for access to the leaders of the United Irishmen. Cockayne had the advantage of acquaintance and relations, in the way of business too, with a very popular, pleasant, patriotic barrister of the name of Leonard M'Nally.

"The counsellor" hung loosely on the skirts of the Society of United Irishmen and the Catholic Committee. He was a social gentleman, greatly given to punning and saying smart things of equivocal meaning, an excellent com-

panion, a good fellow, in Ireland; in France, *diseur de bons mots, mauvais homme.* M'Nally dallied gaily with sedition, yet always with discretion and impunity. But it was otherwise with his associates—few pleasant gentlemen had ever to lament the untimely fate and premature loss of a greater number of hanged friends than Counsellor Leonard M'Nally.

M'Nally and Cockayne had been old acquaintances; their intimacy had commenced at the Inns of Court in England, when the former was keeping his terms there. M'Nally had been employed as an electioneering agent in Lord Hood's celebrated contest for Westminster, and in that capacity Cockayne and he had come in contact on several occasions; and it is well deserving of notice, that Cockayne, in his evidence on Jackson's trial, admitted incautiously that Jackson, as well as himself, had formerly known Mr. M'Nally in London.

The attorney-general, in his opening speech on the trial of Jackson, said:

> Mr. Cockayne, at the desire of Mr. Pitt, consented to accompany Jackson, in order to render abortive his wicked purposes. Towards the end of March Mr. Jackson set out for Dublin, accompanied by Mr. Cockayne; they arrived the 1st of April, 1794; they lodged at a house called Hyde's Coffee-house, at the corner of Palace Row (Palace Street, Dame Street), and it ap-

pears that Jackson in a day or two after his arrival made an acquaintance, or renewed an old one, with a gentleman of the name of Leonard M'Nally. Mr. M'Nally, merely, no doubt, from the hospitality in which Irishmen are never deficient, invited the two strangers to dine with him, and as a man of manners always does, he selected an agreeable company to meet them. Mr. Simon Butler and a Mr. Lewins were among others present at this entertainment. The conversation was naturally turned by the gentleman who had come on this kind mission to the state of the country. Much talk there was about the discontented state of this kingdom; anxiously did he inquire how far the people would be willing to rise if there should be an invasion by the French. I only mean to say that such was the turn of the conversation introduced by Mr. Jackson. I mean not to charge any man who has not an opportunity of defending himself. Opinions on the subject were delivered by the host and his guests. Mr. Butler held that, though there were some discontents in various parts of the country, yet that the generality of the people having property and education were loyal, and had a considerable influence over their tenantry, and that the invaders would be foiled in the attempt. Other gentlemen entertained different opinions. During this conversation something was said of a Mr. A. H. Rowan, then in prison in Newgate for publishing a seditious libel. Mr. Jackson, imagining that Mr. Rowan could give him full information on the subject he had so much at heart, expressed a desire to be introduced to his acquaintance. Some difficulty there was, both with the friends of Mr. Rowan and others, as to the authority

of Mr. Jackson to treat at all on the part of the French government. Mr. Lewins, however, undertook to introduce the prisoner to Mr. Rowan.[1]

Thus, within a few days of their arrival in Dublin, we find Jackson, Cockayne, the Hon. Simon Butler, and Mr. Lewins, an incipient attorney, nephew of one of the most eminent of the Catholic leaders, and most obnoxious to government, Thomas Braughall (that Lewins the future accredited agent of the United Irishmen at Paris), dining with "the counsellor" at his abode, No. 57 Dominick Street. Cockayne in his evidence on the trial of Jackson, in reference to this dinner at M'Nally's, deposed:—

"The conversation turned on the general politics of the day, and also the politics relative to the Irish nation. I cannot swear what Mr. M'Nally said, or what Mr. Lewins said, or what Mr. Butler said; they were all engaged in conversation." Lewins subsequently introduced Jackson to Rowan. After that meeting Jackson and Cockayne went to breakfast with Rowan; Jackson said Tone was to be there. At the meeting none present but Tone, Rowan, Jackson, and Cockayne. The conversation was of a plan to send somebody to France. Mr. Tone was asked to go. "At one time Tone said he would

[1] Trial of the Rev. Wm. Jackson, from reports of William Ridgeway, William Lapp, and John Schoales, Esqrs., barristers-at-law, p. 33.

go, at another he receded. He gave his reasons for agreeing to go and for receding."

At another meeting at Rowan's, saw Dr. Reynolds; thinks he saw Tone twice.[1] At one meeting it was proposed that Reynolds should go to France to carry some instruction to the French. This was when Tone left Dublin abruptly, without saying whether he would or would not go. Jackson said to him (Cockayne) he did not so much approve of Reynolds as Mr. Tone. Reynolds's proposed errand to France was the same as Tone's—"to carry a paper there to the French Convention. The paper was drawn up in Newgate. The paper was in the hands of Tone, and it was read by him and Rowan."

The treasonable paper referred to by Cockayne was delivered by Tone to Jackson, but no sooner delivered than it was demanded by Tone, when he reflected on the imprudence of his act. He, however, gave it on the spot to Rowan and authorized him to take a copy of it. At his next interview he says he discovered that Rowan had taken two or three copies of the paper and given them to Jackson, and was informed by Rowan that he had burned the original. Rowan, however, states he gave back the original to Tone.

On the 24th of April, 1794, Jackson wrote a letter, signed Thomas Popkins, to Mr. Berresford, and procured Cockayne to copy it, wherein

[1] Tone says he had three interviews with Jackson.

he says:—"You are requested to see Madgett directly, and inform him that this evening the opinion of two eminent council are sent to him." The opinion referred to was Tone's "Memoir of Ireland," revised by Rowan.

Four days later, the 28th of April, 1794, Jackson was arrested on a charge of treason, and in due course was tried and convicted; he anticipated his doom in twelve months from the date of his arrest, on the 30th of April, 1795.

The following account of Tone's acquaintance and communication with Jackson is taken from the statement, which he delivered to his friends Knox and Marcus Berresford:—

Some days previous to the Drogheda assizes, I was informed by A. —— that there was a gentleman in town who was very recently arrived from France, and who, he suspected, was in the confidence of the Comité de Salut Public. I was very desirous to see him, in order to hear some account of the state of France which might be depended on. A. —— accordingly wrote a note, which he gave me to deliver, stating that he could not have the pleasure of seeing the gentleman next day, being Sunday, but would be glad he would call any other time, and I believe added that the bearer was his particular friend. I did not then nor since ask A. —— how he became acquainted with the gentleman, nor do I yet know who introduced him. I went with this note, and saw the gentleman and another person at the hotel where they lodged. I stayed about

half an hour, and the conversation was either on mere general politics, or the want of accommodation for travellers in Ireland, the superiority of England in that respect, etc. On my rising to depart, the gentleman asked me to dine with him on Wednesday subsequent, which I accordingly agreed to. On the Monday after, as I recollect, I paid a visit to A. ——, which I was in the habit of doing daily for some time back; and while I was there, the gentleman above mentioned and his friend came in together; and after some time he and A. —— entered into close conversation, and his friend and I retired to a distant part of the room, where we talked of the mode of travelling in Ireland, and amused ourselves looking over Taylor's map, for about half an hour. Neither of us heard, nor could hear, the conversation between A. —— and the gentleman. A. —— at length beckoned me over, and I went. He then said that they had been talking of the state of the country; that I knew what that state was as well as anybody; and that it was that gentleman's opinion that if it were made fully known to people in France, they would, to a certainty, afford every assistance to enable the Irish to assert their independence. I said that it would be a most severe and grievous remedy for our abuses, but that I saw no other; for that liberty was shackled in Ireland by such a variety of ways, that the people had no way left to make known their sentiments but by open resistance; that, in the alternative between that and unconditional submission, many would differ; but that I was one of those who, seeing all the danger and horror of a contest, still thought the independence of the country an object worth risking all to obtain; satisfied

as I was that, until that were secured, Ireland would never attain to her natural state of power, and opulence, and glory. In these sentiments A. —— concurred, and the gentleman, as I recollect, again said, "if this were known in France, assistance might certainly be obtained." The conversation at that time went no farther. I had a latent suspicion he might possibly be an emissary of the British minister, and therefore to mortify him, if that were the case, I spoke with the greatest asperity of the English nation, and of their unjust influence on the government of Ireland. His friend sat a distance during this conversation, and I am sure could have heard no part of it; neither did I inquire, nor do I know, what conversation A. —— and the gentleman had previous to their beckoning me over; and the reason I did not inquire was, that not knowing how the affair might terminate, and especially not knowing but this person might be an English spy, I determined I would know as little of other people's secrets as I could, consistent with my taking any part in the business.

Tone goes on to state that A. —— ceased not to importune him on behalf of Jackson, till he drew up a memorial or representation of the state of this country for the use of the French government, which he placed in the hands of A. ——.[1]

But it is to be observed, this statement of Tone's is not a full account of his relations with

[1] "Tone's Life," vol. i., p. 276.

Jackson and the persons whom he had known in communication with him. He drew up this statement for two persons connected with the government, through whose mediation, after the discovery of Jackson's mission, he had escaped prosecution. His son observes:—"The only fact, for obvious and generous reasons, he passes over in silence, is, that any others were privy to these communications with Jackson."

Thus, Hamilton Rowan, who was then a prisoner in Newgate suffering the penalty of a seditious libel, through the good offices of M'Nally and the instrumentality of Mr. Lewins, was made acquainted with Jackson and Cockayne, and a party to Jackson's mission. A Dr. Reynolds shared the same fate. Opportunities were afforded Mr. Cockayne for entrapping men very obnoxious to the government. Reynolds, however, was a character very different from that of Rowan.[1]

[1] Dr. Reynolds, in 1793, was summoned to the bar of the House of Lords for refusing to give evidence before the secret committee, respecting the alleged disturbances in the northern provinces. He was committed to Newgate the 28th March, 1793. Reynolds was the president of a convention of members of all the Freemason lodges in the County of Tyrone, which began its sittings in Dungannon, the 7th January, that year. The lodges, whose members were delegated to this convention, were supposed to be connected with the Society of United Irishmen, as those lodges, over which Dr. Reynolds had presided so early as 1782 and 1783, were chiefly occupied with the political questions on which the armed Volunteers of that period were debating. A printed document, in the form of a handbill, fell into my hands,

The first intimation which Tone received of the discovery of his connection with Jackson was communicated to him by a friend opposed to his political principles, but strongly attached to him; for no man appears ever to have had personal qualities more calculated to attach people to him.

Tone was spending the evening at the house of the father of a young friend of his in Merrion Square: he and his companion were playing duets. Tone was passionately fond of music, though a very indifferent performer on his favourite instrument—the flute. A servant brought a letter for Tone, with orders to deliver it into his own hand. Tone read the letter, and said to his companion, "Phil, we must finish

which throws some light on the religious principles of Dr. Reynolds—principles which it is to be feared were too prevalent at that period with many of his northern associates.

"ROBBERY.

"Taken yesterday out of the room in Kilmainham Jail, in which the Grand Jury holds its meetings, a likeness of THOMAS PAINE in a gilt frame. The above being the property of Doctor Reynolds, and he having every reason to believe it was taken by some member of the present Grand Jury, will consider himself much obliged to any man of honour belonging to that body, that will inform him of the persons who committed the above mean and nefarious act.

"Kilmainham Jail, July 19, 1793."

Reynolds fled to America, and died in 1807, in Philadelphia. Young Tone charges him with having made away with many valuable documents of his father's, and other property, which had been unfortunately committed to his charge when T. W. Tone was on the point of setting out from America for France.

this duet; I must go when it is done." He went away, and the following day the Hon. George Knox, the son of Lord Northland, called on their mutual friend at Merrion Square. Knox inquired if Tone had received a note he had forwarded to him, and which the servant, not finding him at home, had taken to his (C.'s) house. On hearing it had reached Tone, Knox said, "Well, I suppose you will blame me: I have had a struggle between friendship to that man and the duty I owed to those I am connected with. (Knox then held some official situation.) I learned at the Castle that he was implicated in Jackson's treason, and that his life was in jeopardy, and I determined on apprising him of his danger, and giving him timely notice to escape. I felt," said Knox, "that politics were things of a day, but friendship was a matter that was for ever."

Powerful influence was exercised by Tone's friends with the government on his behalf, and with such success that no criminal proceedings against him were instituted. He was required, however, to quit the country, but ample time was allowed him to make the necessary arrangements for his departure.

During Lord Fitzwilliam's administration of the government in Ireland, Tone was not troubled by government; Mr. Grattan, indeed, remonstrated with the Catholic Committee on

their "retaining in the service a man so obnoxious and so deeply compromised." Tone, it is to be remembered, had mortally offended the Whig leaders by refusing his services as a pamphleteer to them.

In February, 1795, the Catholics addressed the king on the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, and forwarded their petition by delegates, of which delegation Tone was secretary, notwithstanding the notoriety of his connection with Jackson.

The government of Lord Fitzwilliam's successor, however, lost no time in notifying to Tone the urgent necessity of his fulfilment of the engagement he had entered into to quit the kingdom. He accordingly prepared for expatriation, and set out for Belfast with his family, but not before engagements were entered into by him with Thomas Addis Emmet, Richard M'Cormick, and John Keogh, which afforded a prospect of his speedy return to Ireland, more largely accompanied than he was about to leave it. His last interview with Thomas Addis Emmet was soon after the conviction and death of the unfortunate Jackson. Russell and he walked out together to Rathfarnham to see Emmet, who had a charming villa there. "Emmet showed his two friends a little study of an elliptical form, which he was building at the bottom of the lawn, and which he said he would consecrate to their meetings, if ever they lived to see

their country emancipated." Poor Tone, who felt not a little depressed on that occasion, could not, however, resist the opportunity of indulging in a joke at the expense of his staid-looking, solemn-faced, but by no means unsocial or abstemious friend P. P., "the parish clerk" of Tone's diaries, Tom Russell. He begged of Emmet, if he intended Russell should be of the party, in addition to the books and maps the study would naturally contain, to fit up a small cellaret, which should contain a few dozen of his best claret. Tone on this occasion states he said to his friends Emmet and Russell, as they walked together into town, that, "I considered my compromise with government to extend no further than the banks of the Delaware, and the moment I landed I was free to follow any plan which might suggest itself to me for the emancipation of my country. . . . They both agreed with me on those principles, and then I proceeded to tell them that my intention was, immediately on my arrival in Philadelphia, to wait on the French minister, to detail to him fully the situation of affairs in Ireland, to endeavour to obtain a recommendation to the French government, and if I succeeded so far, to leave my family in America and set off instantly for Paris, and apply, in the name of my country, for the assistance of France to enable us to assert our independence. It is unnecessary, I believe, to

say that this plan met the warmest approbation and support from both Russell and Emmet. We shook hands, and having repeated our professions of unaltered regard and esteem for each other, we parted, and this was the last interview which I was so happy as to have with those two invaluable friends together. I remember it was in a little triangular field that this conversation took place, and Emmet remarked to us that it was exactly in one like it, in Switzerland, that William Tell and his associates planned the downfall of the tyranny of Austria. The next day, returned to Belfast." [1]

The garden scene and conference of Tone, Emmet, and Russell, have left vivid impressions on many minds of their countrymen. For the late Thomas Davis, the actors in this scene, and the incidents recorded of it, had an ideal life and energizing reality in them, which he had the power of picturing in words singularly graphic and impressive.

To the Catholic leaders, M'Cormick and John Keogh, who had particularly interested themselves for him, and been instrumental in obtaining the vote for granting him a sum of £300 in addition to the arrears due him by the Catholic Committee as their former secretary, Tone likewise opened his projects with respect to com-

[1] "Life of T. W. Tone," by his son. Washington, 1826. Vol. i., p. 125.

municating with the French government; and he tells us: "It was hardly necessary to men of their foresight to mention my plans; however, for greater certainty, I consulted them both, and I received, as I expected, their most cordial approbation; and they both laid the most positive injunctions upon me to leave nothing unattempted on my part to force my way to France and lay our situation before the government, then observing at the same time, that if I succeeded there was nothing in the power of my country to bestow to which I might not fairly pretend."

Tone set off from Dublin for Belfast on the 20th of May, 1795, with his wife, sister, and three children. His worldly goods and property consisted of a well-selected library of 600 volumes, and about £700 in money and bills on Philadelphia.

Tone met with a reception from the principal people of Belfast that had more in it of an ovation than a simple manifestation of private affection and regard for an acquaintance or an associate about to depart—an exile compelled to leave home and friends for a distant land. On one occasion a party was made for him on the Cave Hill, near the town of Belfast, when, as he informs us in his diary, "Russell, Neilson (Robert), Simms, M'Cracken, and one or two more of us, on the summit of M'Art's Fort, took

a solemn obligation, which I think I may say I have on my part endeavoured to fulfil, never to desist in our efforts until we had subverted the authority of England over our country, and asserted her independence." [1]

The reader need hardly be reminded of the interview with Emmet in his garden at Rathfarnham, at which it was determined that Tone, on his arrival in America, should obtain, if possible, a recommendation from the French minister to his government in France, and should immediately set off for Paris, leaving his family in America. I visited the spot on the Cave Hill where the same engagement was entered into, accompanied by the daughter of Henry Joy M'Cracken, who died in the unfortunate attempt to fulfil that obligation, as his friend Russell perished in it at a later period. The consequences of that compact brought the heavy hand of power on Neilson, led to the destruction of his property, and drove him into exile. Its results proved too much for the fortitude of Simms. They were connected with the perils and difficulties of the desperate mission on which Tone went to France in February, 1796,—with the events of Hoche's expedition in the latter end of the same year; those of Hardy's unsuccessful one in the autumn of 1798, and the melancholy fate of Tone a little later; with the ruin, exile,

[1] "Tone's Life," vol. i., p. 128.

or death of nearly all his associates; with terrible sufferings and calamities to his native land. In consideration of these results of Tone's engagement with the leading men of the United Irish Society, there is abundant food for reflection. The boldness of the bravest spirit may be abashed in the presence of the spectres brought before the eye. The fervour and enthusiasm of the most ardent patriotism may feel a chill shudder at the recall of those results, reflecting on which seems to the pained mind walking as it were over the graves and treading on the scattered bones and broken coffins of one's own dearest dead.

CHAPTER II

TONE'S MISSION IN FRANCE

ON the 7th or 8th of August, 1795, Tone arrived at Wilmington, on the Delaware, and thence proceeded to Philadelphia, where he found his old friends and associates in Jackson's affair, Hamilton Rowan and Dr. Reynolds. His designs were then opened to them. He stated to them his intention of waiting the next day on the French minister with such credentials as he had brought with him, which were the two votes of thanks of the Catholics, and his certificate of admission into the Belfast Volunteers, engrossed on vellum, and signed by the chairman and secretaries, and he added, that he would refer to them both for his credibility, in case the minister had any doubts.

With a letter of introduction from Rowan for Citizen Adet, the French minister resident at Philadelphia, Tone waited on his excellency in the high official character he had taken on him of representative of the Irish nation, and was received "very politely." The result of this first interview with the French minister was an intimation that a memorial embodying all that was to be communicated on the subject of Ire-

land should be prepared and sent in by Tone, which was accordingly done in a few days. Several weeks, however, passed over and nothing was heard of the memorial, except that it had been duly forwarded to the French government, and Tone at last began to think there was an end of all his hopes.

His first intention was to purchase a farm, and with that view he proceeded to Westchester, about thirty miles from Philadelphia, and thence to Princeton, in New Jersey, where he was in treaty for the purchase of a farm, hired a small house for the winter, and settled his family comfortably, beginning to think his lot was cast to be an American farmer.

But he was soon recalled from his agricultural speculations by letters of unmistakable import from Ireland, calling on him to redeem the pledge he had given in Emmet's garden at Rathfarnham, and on the summit of the Cave Hill, near Belfast.

The mental powers, the originality of mind, the strong volition, self-reliance, and resources at command for all emergencies, of Theobald Wolfe Tone were very conspicuously manifested on all occasions of his standing forth as the representative of the interests of his society. To treat of him as an ordinary person of an imaginative turn, of levity and versatility of mind, possessing merely the superficial glitter of some

showy talent, is an absurdity. He surely was no common man who counted for his friends, and found them in either fortune fast and faithful to him, Thomas Addis Emmet, William Conyngham Plunkett, Peter Burrowes, John Keogh, George Knox, and Whitley Stokes.

Tone did not remain long in the United States. After communicating with Hamilton Rowan, and obtaining letters from him, and others through his influence to persons of importance in Paris, some of them in high official situations, the object of which introduction was to accredit him as a recognized agent of the leaders of the United Irishmen, he took his departure from New York, arrived at Havre the 1st of February, 1796, and proceeded immediately to Paris.

When Tone, on his arrival in Paris, waited on Madgett, an old Irish emigrant, employed in the department of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, he was informed by Madgett that an Irishman of the name of Duckett had delivered in several memorials on the state of Ireland.[1]

Some inquiries were made of him by the secretary about one Fitzsimmons, a priest, whom it was in contemplation to send to Ireland, but who had been in France for twenty or thirty years. Another inquiry made of Tone is deserving of notice. Hoche asked him whether Defenders

[1] "Tone's Life," vol. ii., p. 33.

had ever sent any one to France to make representations? He answered, he could not positively say, but he believed not, they being for the most part the peasantry of Ireland, and of course not having the means nor proper persons to send.

Teeling denies that there was ever any communication between the Defenders and the French. In M'Neven's and Emmet's Essay towards the History of Ireland, we find it stated, "The Defenders likewise, in 1794, began to entertain an idea that possibly the French might visit Ireland, and that from thence benefits would result to them and their country; for in some places it was made a part of the oath, and in others well understood, that they should join the French in case of an invasion. There is not, however, any reason to believe that this expectation arose from any communication with France, but only from the strength and ardency of their own wishes.[1]

One of the northern informers and the earliest of them, Maguan, of Saintfield, in his depositions states, that an active communication was kept up between the United Irishmen in the north of Ireland and the French government. He frequently refers to the northern deputies in France, and to one of them drawing for large sums of money on the northern leaders. The

[1] "Pieces of Irish History," p. 71.

latter we know to be Tone, from the letters published in his memoirs, informing one of the northern leaders of having drawn upon him. The persons called delegates, Maguan speaks of as persons specially sent to France in the character of agents or envoys, were mere fugitives from Ireland, members of the United Irish Society, but in no wise competent or authorized to enter into negotiations with the French government on the part of the Ulster leaders and independently of the Leinster directory. And it is well to bear in mind, that, where Maguan speaks of the executive and national committee, the Leinster directory of Dublin is referred to. That some of the northern fugitives, who were in Paris in 1797, had communications with members of the French government, there is reason to believe; but such persons acted in their individual capacity and on their own views. Amongst such persons we find Tone.

Maguan, in his informations, states, that it was announced at a provincial meeting at Randalstown, 14th August, 1797:—"A few spirited men in Belfast now seeing the business frustrated (by the dissensions of the executive and national committee), subscribed five hundred guineas to send a person to France; but not knowing what road to take to send him, or how to get him introduced to the Directory, they applied to a member of the old executive, and found

the very person they had elected was sent ten days before by the executive."[1]

At another meeting on the 14th September, the return was announced from France of one of their delegates, and the news of the other delegates in France being appointed to accompany the expedition.

On the 14th October it was announced that one of their delegates in France had drawn a bill on the executive for £160. February 1, 1798, the Priest Quigley, then in Belfast, formerly of the county of Louth, was announced as "one of the delegates who had lately returned from France." February 27, 1798, at a provincial meeting at Armagh, the return of a delegate from France announced, that they had then fourteen delegates in France, and that the executive had answered a draft of £500 of theirs to be raised off the four provinces equally.

With respect to Mr. Duckett, referred to by Madgett, and who figures so frequently in Tone's journals, dogging the agent of the United Irishmen from bureau to bureau, from Paris to Brest, and from Brest to Rennes, a few words remain to be said. February 26, 1796, we find the Foreign Minister of France informing Tone that there was "an Irish patriot exiled on account of his political writings under the signature of 'Junius Redivivus,' now residing in Paris, who

[1] "Report of the Lords' Secret Committee."

has delivered in several memoirs on the state of Ireland."

September 23, 1796, Colonel Shee, a relative of General Clarke's, spoke to Tone of Duckett, who represented himself as having been sent to France by "The Catholic Committee of Nine," to act as their plenipotentiary.

We find throughout Tone's communications with the French government, that this man was continually crossing his path; on one occasion, in the ante-room of the minister, presenting Tone, who was then passing for a Frenchman, with an English newspaper, and endeavouring to get into conversation with him; on several other occasions succeeding in getting information from the secretaries and other functionaries, which ought not to have been communicated to such a person. Tone evidently distrusted him, and knew that he had no connection with the Catholic Committee, or any other body in Ireland; and yet we find this man, in the fulfilment of some duties imposed on him, putting forward an application very similar to that which had been made by Tone, evidently with the view of ascertaining the reception such an application was likely to meet with. When Tone and Hoche arrived at Brest, at the time of the completion of the preparations for the departure of the expedition, Mr. Duckett was there before them. Tone insisted on his being sent back to

Paris. Hoche thought it sufficient to determine on preventing him from taking part in the expedition.

A circumstance glanced at in Tone's diary deserves fuller notice than is given to it in the diary. Hoche had prudently deferred getting the proclamations intended for distribution in Ireland printed, till he arrived at Brest. Some days before the expedition sailed, he put the manuscript proclamation into the hands of a respectable printer. In the course of the day the printer called on Colonel Shee, and said that a gentleman with a foreign accent had called on him, and requested to see a copy of the proclamation which the French officer had left with him; that, on declining to produce it, the stranger had offered him a large sum of money, increased his offer, and finally raised it to the sum of fifty louis; that it occurred to him, the best course he could pursue was to tell the stranger the manuscript had been cut up into slips, and given to the compositors, but that if he returned at a time appointed, he should have a printed copy.

In the meantime Shee, on the part of Hoche by Tone's advice, had another proclamation printed, from the original draught, but wherever the word "Ireland" occurred and the word "Irish," he had these words changed, and for them substituted those of "Portugal" and the "Portuguese." "The proclamation, thus

amended, was given to the strange gentleman," and in a few days Sir John Colpoys' fleet, then stationed off Brest, watching the movements of the expedition, sailed up the Channel, and subsequently touching at Spithead, received intelligence which induced Colpoys to return to his former station. A movement that has hitherto appeared unaccountable—that of Colpoys in quitting his station at such a juncture, and thus allowing the Brest expedition to proceed to the coast of Ireland without molestation—is thus rendered intelligible. A British officer whose signature "H. C." is appended to the notes from which the following extracts from a remarkable statement of his are taken, who was closely connected with the Irish government, and had been officially cognizant of the proceedings at Bantry Bay, on the first intelligence of the arrival of the French, thus refers to the subject of Colpoys' departure from his cruising station, and, in ignorance of the real facts, attempts to account for it: —"Sir John Colpoys had been stationed for several weeks off Brest to watch the French fleet, which had been long ready to sail, full of troops, for either Lisbon or Ireland. A gale of wind blew our fleet off its station. On returning to it the French fleet had sailed. The great fault of our ministry was, that under this circumstance, which surely might have been expected, our admiral had no orders what to do, though common sense might

have pointed out Ireland as the most important object, and ought to have been first attended to; Colpoys, therefore, continued watching the empty harbour, in strict obedience to his orders, till the gale of the 25th drove him to Portsmouth, and one of his fleet, the Powerful, into Cove."

Thus we see Sir John Colpoys' quitting the Brest station ascribed to the elements, while, in point of fact, there is reason to believe his departure was occasioned by the proclamation of Hoche. "In the meantime," continues the officer just quoted, "circumstances equally unlucky attended the French fleet. The admiral and general, who were on board a swift-sailing frigate, with a proper attention to their own security in the event of falling in with the British squadron, bore away, on leaving Brest, in the direction of Lisbon. At ten at night they called all the captains on board their own vessel, made them set their watches to the admiral's, and ordered them at night to change their course without signal, and sail for Bantry Bay. They did so, and all seem to have met, except the frigate with the two commanders on board, who, for some reason never yet known, were certainly never in the Bay at all, and the troops having no orders how to act in this emergency, did, like Colpoys, nothing at all, and got back better than they deserved." It is needless to say, that if the writer had been aware of the ruse practised

on the spy employed to get the proclamation of Hoche, he would have attached no blame to Colpoys' departure.

From the period of the departure from Brest, no more mention is made of Mr. Duckett. The United Irishmen in Paris knew nothing more of his movements. The committee of the Catholics had no knowledge of him at any time.

Tone asks, "Who the devil ever heard of Junius Redivivus?" The letters were thus signed on which Mr. Duckett relied as his credentials, when he applied to the French Directory. It was not without some trouble the author was able to discover the letters signed "Junius Redivivus."

They were published in the "Northern Star," in 1794. These letters show the palpable imposition practised by the writer on the party whose principles he pretended to espouse.

It is a well-ascertained fact, one that admits not of the slightest doubt, that government employed writers to assume the advocacy of the views of the United Irishmen, to exaggerate opinions favourable to liberty, and by this means to bring the principles of their opponents into contempt.

In 1798 we find the *soi-disant* agent of the United Irishmen in Paris, whom there is good reason to believe was not employed by the Irish Directory, but by the British minister, Mr. Pitt.

He was denounced by another informer at the same period, to the English government, as an emissary of the Society of United Irishmen.[1]

This was about the same period that the Rev. William Jackson, an emissary of France, the secret of whose treasonable mission, on his arrival in London, was disclosed to Mr. Pitt by his companion, Cockayne, was permitted to go over to Ireland accompanied by the informer, for the express purpose of allowing him to proceed in his evil designs, and to involve the popular leaders in them.

The name of Duckett is to be found in the list of names specified in the Fugitive Bill, and mention is made of it very adroitly in the evidence given by Mr. Secretary Cooke before the Committee of the House of Lords on the Fugitive Bill, the 25th of August, 1798.[2]

Mr. Cooke sworn: "Said he had information for many years respecting Duckett; that he was employed by the French ministry to give them

[1] See "Life and Correspondence of Lord Castlereagh."

[2] Duckett appears to have been unjustly suspected. According to Fitzpatrick ("Secret Service under Pitt," p. 105), Duckett was secretary to Leonard Bourdon, and an amateur rebel envoy who incurred Tone's dislike from a too impulsive activity. He was employed by the French Government to excite mutiny in the British fleet, the first outburst of which occurred at Portsmouth and afterward at the Nore. His name does not appear in any pension list, nor any account of secret service money; nor is there one line to criminate him in the archives of the Home Office. His interest in furthering the cause of the United Irishmen in France was inspired by pure motives.

information of the state of this country; that he is now attached to the French, and receives their pay; that he was recently employed to collect intelligence of the state of the country for the French government."

The particulars of Tone's mission are given in his own journal with all the life and spirit for which even his most careless writings are remarkable. They are mixed up, however, with a mass of irrelevant matter, that renders it difficult to keep important subjects referred to therein, before the mind in a clear and connected manner. I therefore extract the particular passages in the diary bearing on the important subject of his mission, without any alteration whatsoever from these journals, from the date of his arrival in Paris—the beginning of February, 1796, to that of the failure of the expedition which he accompanied to Bantry Bay—the latter end of December, the same year.

February 4.—A swindler in the hotel; wishes to take me in; wants to travel with me to Paris; says he is an American, and calls me Captain; is sure he has seen me somewhere. Tell him perhaps it was in Spain.[1]

February 9.—My lover, the swindler, has been too cunning for us; he has engaged the fourth place in the coach, so we shall have the pleasure of his company on to Paris. He certainly has some designs on our

[1] It is very evident, from the time of Tone's arrival in France, he was beset by spies.

pockets, but I hope he will find himself defeated. Wrote to my family and to Dr. Reynolds of Philadelphia, and gave the letters to Capt. Baron. Tired of Havre, which is dreadfully monotonous, and D'Aucourt's peevishness, proceeding partly from ill health, makes him not the pleasantest company in the world. Got our passports; engaged post horses, etc. I do not bear the separation from my family well, yet I certainly do not wish them at present in France. If I can make out my brother Matthew, I shall be better off. Poor P. P.,[1] I shall never meet with such another agreeable companion in a post-chaise.

February 15.—Went to Monroe's, the ambassador, and delivered in my passport and letters. Received very politely by Monroe, who inquired a great deal into the state of the public mind in America, which I answered as well as I could, and in a manner to satisfy him pretty well as to my own sentiments. I inquired of him where I was to deliver my despatches. He informed me, at the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and gave me his address. I then rose and told him that when he had read B——'s letter (which was in cypher), he would, I hoped, find me excused in taking the liberty to call again. He answered, he would be happy at all times to see me, and, after he had inquired about Hamilton Rowan, how he liked America, etc., I took my leave, and returned to his office for my passport. The secretary smoked me for an Irishman directly. *A la bonne heure.* Went at three o'clock to the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Rue du Bacq, 471. Delivered my passport, and inquired for some one who spoke Eng-

[1] Thomas Russell.—R. R. M.

lish. Introduced immediately to the Chef de Bureau, Lamare, a man of an exceedingly plain appearance. I showed my letter, and told him I wished for an opportunity to deliver it into the minister's hands. He asked me, would it not do if he took charge of it? I answered, he undoubtedly knew the official form best, but if it was not irregular, I should consider myself much obliged by being allowed to deliver it in person. He then brought me into a magnificent ante-chamber, where a general officer and another person were writing, and, after a few minutes' delay, I was introduced to the minister, Charles de la Croix, and delivered my letter, which he opened, and seeing it in cypher, he told me, in French, he was much obliged to me for the trouble I had taken, and that the secretary would give me a receipt, acknowledging the delivery. I then made my bow and retired with the secretary, the minister seeing us to the door.

February 16, 1796.—There are about six persons in the world who will read these detached memorandums with pleasure; to every one else they would appear sad stuff. But they are only for the women of my family, for the boys, if ever we meet again, and for my friend P. P. Would to God he were here just now! Set off for Madgett's and delivered my letter. Madgett delighted to see me, tells me he has the greatest expectation our business will be taken up in the most serious manner; that the attention of the French government is now turned to Ireland, and that the stability and form it had assumed, gave him the strongest hopes of success; that he had written to Hamilton Rowan about a month since, to request I might come over instantly, in

order to confer with the French government and determine on the necessary arrangements, and that he had done this by order of the French executive. He then asked me had I brought any papers or credentials; I answered that I only brought the letter of Adet to the executive, and one to the American ambassador; that I had destroyed a few others on the passage, including one from Mr. Rowan to himself, as we were chased by a Bermudian; that, as to credentials, the only ones I had, or that the nature of the case would permit, I had shown to Adet on my first arrival in Philadelphia in August last. . . . Madgett then said, that was enough, especially as he had the newspapers, containing the resolutions I mentioned, and that the French executive were already fully apprised who I was. He then added, that we should have ten sail of the line, any quantity of arms that were wanted, and such money as was indispensable, but that this last was to be used discreetly, as the demands for it on all quarters were so numerous and urgent; and that he thought a beginning might be made through America, so as to serve both Ireland and France. That is to say, that military stores might be sent through this channel from France to Ireland, purchased there by proper persons, and provisions, leather, etc., returned in neutral bottoms. I answered, this last measure was impracticable, on account of the vigilance of the Irish government, and the operation of the gunpowder act, which I explained to him. I then gave him a very short sketch of what I considered the state of Ireland, laying it down as a *positum* that nothing effectual could be done there unless by a landing; that a French army was

indispensably necessary as a *point de ralliement;* and I explained to him the grounds of my opinion.

February 22.—Finished my memorial, and delivered a fair copy, signed, to Madgett for the Minister of Foreign Relations. Madgett in the horrors. He tells me he has had a discourse yesterday for two hours with the minister, and that the succours he expected will fall very short of what he thought. That the marine of France is in such a state that government will not hazard a large fleet; and, consequently, that we must be content to steal a march. That they will give 2,000 of their best troops, and arms for 20,000; that they cannot spare Pichegru nor Jourdan; that they will give any quantity of artillery, and, I think he added, what money might be necessary. He also said they would first send proper persons among the Irish prisoners of war, to sound them, and exchange them on the first opportunity. To all this, at which I am not disappointed, I answered, that as to 2,000 men, they might as well send 20. That with regard to myself, I would go if they would send but a corporal's guard; but that my opinion was, that 5,000 was as little as could be landed with any prospect of success, and that that number would leave the matter doubtful; that if there could be an imposing force sent in the first instance, it would overbear all opposition, the nation would be unanimous, and an immense effusion of blood and treasure would be spared. . . .

Suppose we get 5,000 men, and 30,000 or even 20,000 stand of arms and a train of artillery, I conceive, in the first place, the embarkation must be from Holland, but in all events the landing must be in the

north, as near Belfast as possible. Had we 20,000, or even 15,000 men, in the first instance, we should begin by the capital, the seizing of which would secure everything; but, as it is, if we cannot go large we must go close-hauled, as the saying is. With 5,000 we must proceed entirely on a revolutionary plan, I fear (that is to say, reckon only on the sans-culottes), and, if necessary, put every man, horse, guinea, and potato in Ireland in requisition. I should also conceive that it would be our policy at first to avoid an action, supposing the Irish army stuck to the government. Every day would strengthen and discipline us, and give us opportunities to work upon them. I doubt whether we could, until we had obtained some advantage in the field, frame any body that would venture to call itself the Irish Government, but if we could, it would be of the last importance. Hang those who talk of fear! With 5,000 men, and very strong measures, we should ultimately succeed. The only difference between that number and 20,000 is, that, with the latter, there would be no fighting, and with this, we may have some hard knocks.

February 23.—Quit Madgett, whom I believe honest, and whom I feel weak; go to Monroe; received very favourably. He has had my letter decyphered, and dropped all reserve. I told him I felt his situation was one of considerable delicacy, and therefore I did not wish to press upon him any information, relative either to myself or to my business, farther than he might desire. He answered that the letters had satisfied him, particularly that from H. R., of whom he spoke in terms of great respect, and that, as not responsible

for what he might hear, but for what he might do, I might speak freely. I then opened myself to him without the least reserve, and gave him such details as I was able of the actual state of things, and of the grounds of my knowledge from my situation. I also informed of what I had done thus far. He then addressed me in substance thus: "You must change your plan; I have no doubt whatever of the integrity and sincerity of the minister De la Croix,[1] nor even of Madgett, whom I believe to be honest. But, in the first place, it is a subaltern way of doing business, and, in the next, the vanity of Madgett will be very likely to lead him, in order to raise his importance in the eyes of some of his countrymen, who are here as patriots, and of whom I have by no means the same good opinion as to integrity that I have of him, to drop some hint of what is going forward. Go at once to the Directoire Executif, and demand an audience; explain yourself to them; and, as to me, you may go so far as to refer to me for the authenticity of what you may advance, and you may add that you have reason to think that I am in a degree apprised of the outline of your business." I mentioned Carnot, of whose reputation we had been long apprised, and who, I understood, spoke English. He said, "Nobody fitter," and that La Reveilliere Lepaux also spoke English; that either would do. I then expressed a doubt whether, as I was already in the hands of Charles de la Croix, there might not be some indelicacy in my going directly to the Directoire

[1] All the communications to La Croix from Reinhard, the French minister at Hamburgh, relating to Ireland, found their way into the hands of Mr. Pitt. See the Castlereagh Correspondence, vol. i., p. 270, etc.

Executif, and, if so, whether it might not be of disservice. He answered, By no means; that in his own functions the proper person for him to communicate with was De la Croix; but that, nevertheless, when he had any business of consequence, he went at once to the fountain head.

February 24.—Went at 12 o'clock in a fright to the Luxembourg, conning speeches in execrable French all the way. What shall I say to Carnot? Well, "whatever the Lord putteth in my mouth, that surely will I utter." . . . Arriving at the palace, mounted the stairs like a lion, went into the first bureau I found open, and demanded at once to see Carnot. The clerks stared a little, but I repeated my demand with a courage truly heroic; on which they instantly submitted, and sent a person to conduct me. This happened to be his day for giving audience, which each member of the Executive Directory gave in his turn. Introduced by my guide into the ante-chamber, which was filled with people—the officers of state all in their new costume. Wrote a line in English, and delivered it to one of the huissiers, stating that a stranger, just arrived from America, wished to speak to Citizen Carnot on an affair of consequence. He brought me an answer in two minutes, that I should have an audience. The folding doors were now thrown open, a bell being previously rung to give notice to the people, that all who had business might present themselves, and Citizen Carnot appeared in the *petit costume* of white satin with crimson robe richly embroidered. It is very elegant, and resembles almost exactly the draperies of Van Dyke. He went round the room, receiving papers and answer-

ing those who addressed him. I told my friend the huissier, in marvellous French, that my business was too important to be transacted there, and that I would return on another day, when it would not be Carnot's turn to give audience, and when I should hope to find him at leisure. He mentioned this to Carnot, who ordered me instantly to be shown into an inner apartment, and that he would see me as soon as the audience was over. That, I thought, looked well, and began accordingly to con my speech again. In the apartment were five or six persons, who being, like myself, of great distinction, were admitted to a private audience. I allowed them all precedence, as I wished to have my will of Carnot, and while they were in their turns speaking with him, I could not help reflecting how often I had wished for the opportunity I then enjoyed; what schemes I had laid, what hazards I had run; when I looked round, and saw myself actually in the cabinet of the Executive Directory, *vis-a-vis* with Citizen Carnot, the organizer of victory, I could hardly believe my own senses, and felt as if it were all a dream. However, I was not in the least degree disconcerted, and when I presented myself, after the rest were dismissed, I had all my faculties, such as they were, as well at my command as on any occasion in my life. . . .

I began my discourse by saying, in horrible French, that I had been informed he spoke English. "A little, sir; but I perceive you speak French, and, if you please, we will converse in that language." I answered, still in my jargon, that if he could have the patience to endure me, I would endeavour, and only prayed him to stop me, whenever I did not make myself understood.

I then told him I was an Irishman; that I had been secretary and agent to the Catholics of that country, who were about 3,000,000 of people; that I was also in perfect possession of the sentiments of the Dissenters, who were at least 900,000; and that I wished to communicate with him on the actual state of Ireland. He stopped me here to express a doubt as to the numbers being so great as I represented. I answered, a calculation had been made within these few years, grounded on the number of houses, which was ascertained for purposes of revenue; that, by that calculation, the people of Ireland amounted to 4,100,000, and it was acknowledged to be considerably under the truth. He seemed a little surprised at this, and I proceeded to state that the sentiments of all those people were unanimous in favour of France, and eager to throw off the yoke of England. He asked me then what they wanted. I said: An armed force in the commencement, for a *point d'appui*, until they could organize themselves, and undoubtedly a supply of arms and some money. I added that I had already delivered in a memorial on the subject to the Minister of Foreign Relations, and that I was preparing another, which would explain to him in detail all that I knew on the subject, better than I could in conversation. He then said: "We shall see those memorials." The organizer of victory proceeded to ask me were there not some strong places in Ireland. I answered, I knew of none but some works to defend the harbour of Cork. He stopped me here, saying: "Ay, Cork; but may it not be necessary to land there?" By which I perceived he had been organizing a little already in his own mind.

I answered, I thought not; that if a landing in force were attempted, it would be better near the capital, for obvious reasons: if with a small army, it should be in the north, rather than the south of Ireland, for reasons which he would find in my memorials. He then asked me: "Might there not be some danger or delay in a longer navigation?" I answered, it would make a difference of two days, which was nothing in comparison of the advantages. I then told him that I came to France by the direction and concurrence of the men who (and here I was at a loss for a French word, with which, seeing my embarrassment, he supplied me) guided the two great parties I had mentioned; that I should not think I had discharged my duty either to France or Ireland, if I left any measure unattempted which might draw the attention of the Directory to the situation of the latter country; and that, in consequence, I had presumed to present myself to him, and to implore his attention to the facts contained in the two memorials. I then rose, and after the usual apologies, took my leave, but I had not cleared the antechamber, when I recollected a very material circumstance, which was, that I had not told him, in fact, who, but merely what I was; I was, therefore, returning on my steps, when I was stopped by the sentry, demanding my card; but from this dilemma I was extricated by my lover, the huissier, and again admitted. I then told Carnot that, as to my situation, credit, and the station I had filled in Ireland, I begged leave to refer him to James Monroe, the American ambassador. He seemed struck with this, and then, for the first time, asked my name. I told him, in fact, I had two names, my real

one, and that under which I travelled and was described in my passport. I then took a slip of paper, and wrote the name "James Smith, citoyen Americain," and under it, "Theobald Wolfe Tone," which I handed him, adding that my real name was the undermost. He took the paper, and, looking over it, said "Ha! Theobald Wolfe Tone," with the expression of one who has just recollected a circumstance, from which little movement I augur good things. I then told him I would finish my memorial as soon as possible, and hoped he would permit me in the course of a few days after, to present myself again to him; to which he answered, "By all means;" and so I again took my leave. Here is a full and true account of my first audience of the Executive Directory of France, in the person of Citizen Carnot, the organizer of victory. I think I came off very clear. What am I to think of all this? As yet I have met no difficulty nor check, nothing to discourage me; but I wish with such extravagant passion for the emancipation of my country, and I do so abhor and detest the very name of England, that I doubt my own judgment, lest I see things in too favourable a light. I hope I am doing my duty. It is a bold measure; after all if it should succeed, and my visions be realized —Huzza! *Vive la Republique!* I am a pretty fellow, to negotiate with the Directory of France, pull down a monarchy, and establish a republic—to break a connection of six hundred years' standing, and contract a fresh alliance with another country.

March 14.—Went this day to the Luxembourg. I have the luck of going on the days that Carnot gives audience, and of course is most occupied; waited, how-

ever, to the last, when only one person remained besides myself. Carnot then called me over, and said: "You are an Irishman." I answered I was. "Then," said he, "here is almost a countryman of yours, who speaks English perfectly. He has the confidence of government: go with him, and explain yourself without reserve." I did not much like this referring me over: however, there was no remedy; so I made my bow, and followed my new lover to his hotel. He told me on the way that he was General Clarke; that his father was an Irishman; that he had himself been in Ireland, and had many relations in that country; he added (God forgive him if he exaggerated) that all the military arrangements of the republic passed through his hands, and, in short, gave me to understand that he was at the head of the war department. By this time we arrived at the hotel where he kept his bureau, and I observed in passing through the office to his cabinet an immense number of boxes labelled, "Armée du Nord, Armée des Pyrenées, Armée du Rhin," etc., etc., so that I was pretty well satisfied that I was on the right track. When we entered the cabinet, I told him in three words who and what I was, and then proceeded to detail at considerable length all I knew on the state of Ireland, which, as it is substantially contained in my two memorials, to which I referred him, I need not here recapitulate. This took up a considerable time: I suppose an hour and a half. He then began to interrogate me on some of the heads, in a manner which showed me that he was utterly unacquainted with the present state of affairs in Ireland, and particularly with the great internal changes which have taken place there within

the last three or four years, which, however, is no impeachment of his judgment or talents. There were, however, other points on which he was radically wrong. For example, he asked me would not the aristocracy of Ireland, some whom he mentioned, as the Earl of Ormond, concur in the attempt to establish the independence of their country? I answered, most certainly not; and begged him to remember that if the attempt were made, it would be by the people, and the people only; that he should calculate on all the opposition that the Irish aristocracy could give; that the French Revolution, which had given courage to the people, had, in the same proportion, alarmed the aristocracy, who trembled for their titles and estates; that this alarm was diligently fomented by the British minister, who had been able to persuade every man of property that their only security was in supporting him implicitly in every measure calculated to oppose the progress of what were called French principles; that, consequently, in any system he might frame in his mind, he should lay down the utmost opposition of the aristocracy as an essential point. At the same time, I added, that, in case of a landing being effected in Ireland, their opposition would be of very little significance, as their conduct had been such as to give them no claim on the affections of the people; that their own tenants and dependents would, I was satisfied, desert them, and they would become just so many helpless individuals, devoid of power and influence. He then mentioned that the Volunteer Convention in 1783 seemed to be an example against what I now advanced; the people then had acted through their leaders. I answered, they certainly

had, and as their leaders had betrayed them, that very convention was one reason why the people had for ever lost all confidence in what were called leaders. He then mentioned the confusion and bloodshed likely to result from a people such as I described, and he knew, the Irish to be, breaking loose without proper heads to control and moderate their fury. I answered, it was but too true; that I saw as well as he that, in the first explosion, it was likely that many events would take place in their nature very shocking; that revolutions were not made without much individual suffering; that, however, in the present instance, supposing the worst, there would be a kind of retributive justice, as no body of men on Earth were more tyrannical and oppressive in their nature than those who would be most likely to suffer in the event alluded to; that I had often in my own mind (and God knows the fact to be so) lamented the necessity of our situation; but that Ireland was so circumstanced that she had no alternative but unconditional submission to England, or a revolution, with a chance of all the concomitant sufferings; and that I was one of those who preferred difficulty and danger and distress to slavery, especially where I saw clearly there was no other means. "It is very true," replied he, "there is no making an omelette without breaking of eggs." He still seemed, however, to have a leaning towards the coöperation of our aristocracy, which is flat nonsense. He asked me was there no one man of that body that we could make use of, and again mentioned, "for example, the Earl of Ormond." I answered "No;" that as to Lord Ormond, he was a ——— ——, without a character of any

kind but that of a blockhead; that I did believe, speaking my own private opinion as an individual, that perhaps the Duke of Leinster might join the people, if the revolution was once begun, because I thought him a good Irishman; but that for this opinion I had merely my own conjectures; and that, at any rate, if the beginning was once made, it would be of very little consequence what part any individual might take. I do not know how Fitzgibbon's name happened to come in here, but he asked me would it not be possible to make something of him. Any one who knows Ireland will readily believe that I did not find it easy to make a serious answer to this question. Yes; Fitzgibbon would be very likely, from his situation, his principles, his hopes and his fears, his property, and the general tenor of his conduct, to begin a revolution in Ireland! At last, I believe I satisfied Clarke on the subject of the support to be expected from our aristocracy. He then asked me what I thought the revolution, if begun, would terminate in. I answered, undoubtedly, as I thought, in a republic allied to France. He then asked what security could I give, that in twenty years after our independence, we might not be found engaged as an ally of England against France? I thought the observation a very foolish one, and only answered that I could not venture to foretell what the combination of events for twenty years might produce; but that, in the present posture of affairs, there were few things which presented themselves to my view under a more improbable shape. He then came to the influence of the Catholic clergy over the minds of the people, and the apprehension that they might warp them against

France. I assured him, as the fact is, that it was much more likely that France would turn the people against the clergy; that within these last few years, that is to say, since the French Revolution, an astonishing change, with regard to the influence of the priests, had taken place in Ireland. I mentioned to him the conduct of that body, pending the Catholic business, and how much and how justly they had lost character on that account. I told him the anecdote of the Pope's legate, who is also Archbishop of Dublin, being superseded in the actual management of his own chapel, of his endeavouring to prevent a political meeting therein, and of his being forced to submit and attend the meeting himself; but, particularly, I mentioned the circumstance of the clergy excommunicating all Defenders, and even refusing the sacraments to some of the poor fellows *in articulo mortis*, which to a Catholic is a very serious affair, and all to no purpose. This last circumstance seemed to strike him a good deal. He then said that I was not to augur anything either way from anything that had passed on that day; that he would consider my memorials very attentively; but that I must see that a business of such magnitude could not be discussed in one conversation at the first; that I was not, however, to be discouraged because he did not at present communicate with me more openly.

March 21, 1796.—In the course of conversation, when I desired Clarke to count upon all the opposition which the Irish aristocracy, whether Protestant or Catholic, could give, he said he believed I was in the right; for that, since he saw me last, he had read over a variety of memorials on the subject of Irish affairs,

which had been given in to the French Government for forty years back, and they all supported my opinion as to that point. I answered, I was glad of it, but begged him not to build much on any papers above a very recent date; that the changes, even in France, were not much greater than in Ireland since 1789; that what was true of her ten or seven years ago, was not true now; of which there could not be a stronger instance than this, that if the French had landed during the last war, the Dissenters, to a man, and even the Catholics, would have opposed them; but then France was under the yoke, which she had since broken; that all the changes in the sentiments of the Irish people flowed from the Revolution in France, which they had watched very diligently; and that being the case, he would, I hope, find reason soon to believe that my opinion on the influence of the nobles and clergy was founded in fact. I then went on to observe, that, about one hundred years ago, Louis XIV. had an opportunity of separating Ireland from England, during the war between James II. and William III.; that, partly by his own miserable policy, and partly by the interested views of his minister, Louvois, he contented himself with feeding the war by little and little, until the opportunity was lost, and that France had reason to regret it ever since; for, if Ireland had been made independent then, the navy of England would never have grown to what it is at this day. He said that was very true; and added, "that even in the last war, when the Volunteers were in force, and a rupture between England and Ireland seemed likely, it was proposed in the French Council to offer assistance to Ire-

land, and overruled by the interest of Count de Vergennes, then prime minister, who received for that service a considerable bribe from England, and that he was informed of this by a principal agent in paying the money." So, it seems, we had a narrow escape of obtaining our independence fifteen years ago. It is better as it is, for then we were not united amongst ourselves, and I am not clear that the first use we should have made of our liberty, would not have been to have begun cutting each other's throats: so out of evil comes good. I do not like this story of Vergennes, of the truth of which I do not doubt. How, if the Devil should put into any one's head here to serve us so this time! Pitt is as cunning as Hell, and he has money enough, and we have nothing here but assignats: I do not like it at all. However, it is idle speculating on what I cannot prevent. I can answer for myself, at least, I will do my duty. But, to return: Clarke asked me had I thought of subsisting the French troops after the landing, in case the executive decided in favour of the measure. I answered, I had not thought in detail on the subject, but there was one infallible mode which presented itself, which was, requisition in kind of all things necessary, adding, that he might be sure, whoever wanted, the army should not want, and especially our allies, if we were so fortunate as to obtain their assistance. He asked me, "Might not that disgust the people of property in Ireland?" I answered, the revolution was not to be made for the people of property, etc. . . .

March 26.—I have protested again and again, in these memorandums, that I am acting to the best of my

judgment, seeing that I have no advisers, which is a great loss, and on the very fairest principles. Have I no selfish motives? Yes, I have. If I succeed here, I feel I shall have strong claims on the gratitude of my country; and as I love her, and as I think I shall be able to serve her, I shall certainly hope for some honourable station, as a reward for the sacrifices I have already made, and the dangers I have incurred, and those which I am ready, and shall have, to make and incur in the course of the business.[1] I hope (but I am not sure) my country is my first object, at least she is my second. If there be one before her, as I rather believe there is, it is my dearest life and love, the light of my eyes and spirit of my existence. I wish more than for anything on Earth to place her in a splendid situation. There is none so elevated that she would not adorn and that she does not deserve, and I believe that not I only, but every one who knows her, will agree as to that. Truth is truth! she is my first object. But would I sacrifice the interests of Ireland to her elevation? No! that I would not, and if I would, she would despise me, and if she were to despise me, I would go hang myself like Judas. . . .

April 10.—Aherne called on me this morning, and I gave him a list of the persons he is to see (in Ireland), viz., Gog, Magog, P. P., C. Teeling, R. S.—, and S. Neilson, Oliver Bond, W. J. M'Neven, with a query as to J. P. and T. A. Emmet.[2] I also gave him some trifling

[1] It was with difficulty, two years and a half later, means could be procured, and persons could be found, to bury his remains at Bodenstown—R. R. M.

[2] Aherne was a native of Cork, a physician. He had been employed in Scotland by the French government on some secret

anecdotes, known only to ourselves, which will satisfy them that he has seen and conversed with me. When we had done I went to Clarke, who was for the first time denied to me; however, I caught him coming out of his bureau. He said he had shown the newspapers to Carnot, who was very sorry the gentleman was arrested; but what could he do? I looked at him very earnestly, and repeated, "What could he do?" I then shrugged my shoulders, and repeated twice in French, "Mauvaise augure." "No," replied Clarke, "you must not look on it in that light—you must not infer anything from thence." We then walked on towards the Directory, where he was going; and I pressed him, if the business were at all attempted, on the necessity of not losing a moment. He interrupted me, by asking me, "How do you know that we are losing a moment?" I replied, that was enough; and so we parted. I am to see him again in a few days.

June 28.—Called on Clarke by appointment. I told him I had two things to mention: first, that as we had the Pope now in our grasp, I wished him to consider whether we might not artfully seduce him into writing to his legate, Dr. Troy, in order to secure, at least the neutrality, if not the support, of the Irish Catholic clergy. He objected that this would be recognizing the authority of the Pope, and said he was sure the Directory would make no public application of this sort,

mission. The persons he was to see in Ireland, on his similar treasonable mission, who are indicated by nicknames and initials, were John Keogh, who figures in the diaries as Gog; Richard M'Cormick, as Magog; Thomas Russell, as P. P.; R. T., Robert Simms; and the gentleman with a query as to J. P., in all probability, John Philpot Curran.—R. R. M.

besides, that it would be making the matter known in Italy. I replied, that undoubtedly it was not a matter for an official application, but for private address; and, as to making it known, it need not be applied for until the last stage of the business; nevertheless, I merely threw it out as a hint for his consideration, without pressing it, as I expected no formidable opposition from the priests in Ireland. . . .

July 12.—*Battle of Aughrim.* As I was sitting in my cabinet, studying my tactics, a person knocked at the door, who, on opening it, proved to be a dragoon of the third regiment. He brought me a note from Clarke, informing me that the person he mentioned was arrived, and desired to see me at one o'clock. I ran off directly to the Luxembourg, and was showed into Fleury's cabinet, where I remained till three, when the door opened, and a very handsome well made young fellow, in a brown coat and nankeen pantaloons, entered, and said, "Vous vous êtes le Citoyen Smith?" I thought he was a *chef de bureau*, and replied, "Oui, citoyen, je m'appelle Smith." He said, "Vous appelez, aussi, je crois Wolfe Tone"; I replied, "Oui, citoyen, c'est mon veritable nom." "Eh bien," replied he, "je suis le General Hoche." At these words I mentioned that I had for a long time been desirous of the honour I then enjoyed, to find myself in his company; "Into his arms I soon did fly, and there embraced him tenderly." He then said he presumed I was the author of the memorandums which had been transmitted to him. I said I was. Well, said he, there are one or two points I want to consult you on. He then proceeded to ask me, in case of the landing being effectuated, might he

rely on finding provisions, and particularly bread. I said it would be impossible to make any arrangements in Ireland previous to the landing, because of the *surveillance* of the government, but if that were once accomplished, there would be no want of provisions; that Ireland abounded in cattle, and, as for bread I saw by the *Gazette* that there was not only no deficiency of corn, but that she was able to supply England, in a great degree, during the late alarming scarcity in that country; and I assured him, that if the French were once in Ireland, he might rely that, whoever wanted bread, they should not want it. He seemed satisfied with this, and proceeded to ask me, might we count upon being able to form a provisional government, either of the Catholic Committee, mentioned in my memorials, or of the chiefs of the Defenders. I thought I saw an open here to come at the number of troops intended for us, and replied, that that would depend on the force which might be landed; if that force were but trifling, I could not pretend to say how they might act, but if it was considerable, I had no doubt of their coöperation. "Undoubtedly," replied he, "men will not sacrifice themselves when they do not see a reasonable prospect of support; but, if I go, you may be sure I will go in sufficient force." He then asked, did I think 10,000 men would decide them? I answered, undoubtedly, but early in the business the minister had spoken to me of 2,000, and that I had replied that such a number could effect nothing. No, replied he, they would be overwhelmed before any could join them. I replied I was glad to hear him give that opinion, as it was precisely what I had stated to the minister, and

I repeated that, with the force he mentioned, I could have no doubt of support and coöperation sufficient to form a provisional government. He then asked me what I thought of the priests, or was it likely they would give us any trouble. I replied, I certainly did not calculate on their assistance, but neither did I think they would be able to give us any effectual opposition; that their influence over the minds of the common people was exceedingly diminished of late, and I instanced the case of the Defenders, so often mentioned in my memorials and in these memorandums. I explained all this at some length to him, and concluded by saying, that, in prudence, we should avoid as much as possible shocking their prejudices unnecessarily, and that, with common discretion, I thought we might secure their neutrality at least, if not their support. I mentioned this merely as my opinion, but added that, in the contrary event, I was satisfied it would be absolutely impossible for them to take the people out of our hands. We then came to the army. He asked me how I thought they would act. I replied, for the regulars I could not pretend to say, but that they were wretched bad troops; for the militia, I hoped and believed that when we were once organized, they would not only not oppose us, but come over to the cause of their country *en masse;* nevertheless, I desired him to calculate on their opposition, and make his arrangements accordingly; that it was the safe policy, and if it became unnecessary, it was so much gained. He said he would undoubtedly make his arrangements so as to leave nothing to chance that could be guarded against; that he would come in force, and bring great quantities of arms, ammunition,

stores, and artillery, and, for his own reputation, see that all the arrangements were made on a proper scale. I was very glad to hear him speak thus; it sets my mind at ease on divers point. He then said there was one important point remaining, on which he desired to be satisfied, and that was what form of government we would adopt on the event of our success. I was going to answer him with great earnestness, when General Clarke entered, to request we would come to dinner with citizen Carnot. We accordingly adjourned the conversation to the apartment of the president, where we found Carnot and one or two more. Hoche, after some time, took me aside and repeated his question. I replied, "Most undoubtedly a republic." He asked again, Was I sure? I said as sure as I could be of anything; that I knew nobody in Ireland who thought of any other system, nor did I believe there was anybody who dreamt of monarchy. He asked me, was there no danger of the Catholics setting up one of their chiefs for king. I replied, "Not the smallest," and that there were no chiefs amongst them of that kind of eminence. . . . Hoche related to Carnot the substance of what had passed between him and me. When he mentioned his anxiety as to bread, Carnot laughed, and said, "There is plenty of beef in Ireland; if you cannot get bread, you must eat beef." I told him I hoped they would find enough of both; adding, that within the last twenty years Ireland had become a great corn country, so that, at present, it made a considerable article in her exports. . . .

July 23.—I asked Hoche was he apprised of the Directory having honoured me with the rank of *chef de*

brigade. He replied he was, and made me his compliments. I then observed to him, I presumed I should be of most service in some situation near his person; that I spoke French, as he might observe, very imperfectly; nevertheless, I could make myself understood, and as he did not speak English, I might be useful in his communications with the people of Ireland. He replied, "Leave all that to me; as soon as you join, and that your regiment is formed, I will apply for the rank of adjutant-general for you; that will place you at once in the *etat major;* and besides you must be in a situation where you may have a command if necessary." I returned him a thousand thanks; and he proceeded to ask me, did I think it was likely that the men of property, or any of them, wished for a revolution in Ireland. I replied, "most certainly not," and that he should reckon on all the opposition that class could give him; that, however, it was possible that when the business was once commenced, some of them might join us on speculation, but that it would be sorely against their real sentiments. He then asked me did I know Arthur O'Connor. I replied, I did; and that I entertained the highest opinion of his talents, principles, and patriotism. He asked me, did he not some time ago make an explosion in the Irish Parliament? I replied, he made the ablest and honestest speech, to my mind, that ever was made in that house. Well, said he, will he join us? I answered, I hoped, as he was *foncierement Irlandais*, that he undoubtedly would. So it seems O'Connor's speech is well known here. If ever I meet him, as I hope I may, I will tell him what Hoche said, and the character that he bears in France. It

must be highly gratifying to his feelings. Hoche then went on to say, "There is a lord in your country (I was a little surprised at this beginning, knowing as I do, what stuff our Irish peers are made of); he is son to a duke; is he not a patriot?" I immediately smoked my lover, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and gave Hoche a very good account of him. He asked me then about the duke. I replied that I hoped for his assistance, or at least neutrality, if the business were once commenced. He then mentioned Fitzgibbon. Of all men in the world, I endeavoured to do him justice, as I had to the others he spoke of; and I believe I satisfied Hoche that he will not meet with prodigious assistance from his Majesty's Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. He then asked me "what quantity of arms would be necessary." I replied, the more the better, as we would find soldiers for as many firelocks as France would send us. He then told me he had demanded 80,000, but was sure of 50,000. That is a piece of good news. I answered, with 50,000 stand to begin with, we should soon have all the arms in the nation in our hands, adding that I had the strongest hopes that the militia, who composed the only real force in Ireland, would give us no opposition. *Oh*, said he, *pour l'opposition, je m'en f*——; which the reader will not expect me to translate literally; but it was as much as to say that he disregarded it. He then asked me very seriously did I apprehend any royalism or aristocracism in Ireland? I assured him I did not; that in case of a change, we should most undoubtedly establish a republic; and I mentioned my reasons, which seemed to satisfy him. He observed, however, as Clarke had done before, that even if monarchy in Ireland were

to be the result, it would not alter the system on which France was proceeding, as the main object was to establish the independence of Ireland, under any form of government, though undoubtedly she would prefer a republic. We then spoke of the aristocracy of Ireland, and I assured him, as I had done Clarke, that what I apprehended was, not the aggrandizement, but the massacre of that body, from the just indignation of the people, whom they have so long and so cruelly oppressed, adding that it was what I sincerely deprecated, but what I feared was too likely to happen. He said, certainly the spilling of blood was at all times to be avoided as much as possible; that he did conceive, in such explosions as that which was likely to take place in Ireland, it was not to be supposed but that some individuals would be sacrificed, but the less the better; and it was much wiser to secure the persons of those I mentioned, or to suffer them to emigrate to England, as they would no doubt be ready to do, than to put them to death; in which I most sincerely agreed, for I am like Parson Adams, "*I do not desire to have the blood even of the wicked upon me.*" Hoche mentioned also, that great mischief had been done to the principles of liberty, and additional difficulties thrown in the way of the French Revolution, by the quantity of blood spilled. "*For,*" added he, "*when you guillotine a man, you get rid of an individual, it is true, but then you make all his friends and connections enemies for ever to the Government.*" A sentence well worth considering. I am heartily glad to find Hoche of this humane temperament, because I hope I am humane myself, and trust we shall be able to prevent unneces-

sary bloodshed in Ireland, which I shall most sincerely exert my best endeavours to do. I should have mentioned, that Hoche asked me whether the Defenders had ever sent any one to France to make representations. I answered, I could not positively say, but I believed not, they being, for the most part, the peasantry of Ireland, and, of course, not having the means nor proper persons to send. At twelve I went and saw Clarke.

CHAPTER III

BANTRY BAY EXPEDITION

August 1, 1796.—(Sings) "Oh, merry be the first and merry be the last, and merry be the first of August." This is a sprightly beginning however. I am plaguy musical this morning, but God knows the heart. Called on Clarke from mere idleness: did not see him: but, coming out, met General Hoche, who took me in his carriage to General Cherin, with whom I am to travel. On the way, I told Hoche that I hoped the glory was reserved for him to amputate the right hand of England for ever; and I mentioned the immense resources in all respects, especially in men and provisions, which Ireland furnished to that country, and of which I trusted we were now on the eve of depriving her. Hoche observed, that his only anxiety was about finding subsistence for the troops. I replied, that, as to that, I hoped there would be no difficulty; that it was Ireland which victualled the navy, the West Indies, and the foreign garrisons of England; and I reminded him of what I had before told him, that, in the late scarcity, so far from difficulties at home, she exported vast quantities of corn to that country. I might have added, but it did not occur to me, that we are now on the eve of harvest, so I am sure we will find abundance of everything. I went on to say, that my difficulty was not how to subsist, but how to get there, for that I dreaded that eternal fleet. Hoche laid his hand on my arm and said,

General Hoche

Leader of the French Expedition to Ireland. From a Rare French Engraving

"*Ne craignez rien, nous y irons; vous pouvez y compter; ne craignez rien.*" I answered, that being so, I had not a doubt of our success. Hoche then asked me, "Who were those Orange-boys?" I explained it to him, adding, that as to them it was an affair of no consequence, which we would settle in three days after our arrival. "Oh," said he, "*ce n'est rien.*" I then told him I hoped he would take care to have a sufficiency of cannoniers and artillery, with which we were quite unprovided. "You may depend upon it," said he, "that I will bring enough, and of the best, particularly the artillerie legere." . . .

September 13, 14, 15.—At last I have brought Cherin to the point; he has received a courier last night from General Hoche, and tells me now I may set off with the first courier, or wait a few days for him, but I am tired waiting. I wrote, therefore, by his direction, a note to the Minister at War, praying an order to depart with the first courier for Rennes, and he has promised to get it for me by to-morrow. Huzza! . . .

September 16, 1796.—At three o'clock in the afternoon left Paris. It is now exactly seven months and five days since I arrived there—a very important era in my life: whether it was for good or evil to my country and to myself, the event must determine; but I can safely say I have acted, all through, to the very best of my conscience and judgment, and I think I have not conducted myself ill. I certainly did not expect, on my arrival, to have succeeded as well as I have done; and I have been under some difficulties at times, having not a soul to advise or communicate with. . . .

September 26.—The general (Hoche) set off this

morning for Brest. I hope in God he may hurry those fellows. I dread the equinoctial gales passing over and finding us unprepared. By Shee's discourse I fancy it is intended that we shall make a race for it. Happy go lucky in that case. I was in hopes the Spanish fleet would have joined us at Brest; but he tells me they are returned to Cadiz, after escorting Richery to some unknown latitude. Damn their foolish souls, they will be beaten, and the French fleet also in detail; whereas, if they were instantly to join their united fleets in the Channel, they would be stronger than anything England could for some time oppose to them, and a week would be sufficient for our business. If they let this occasion escape them, as I fear they will, they need never expect to meet such another. I am in the horrors to-day. Well, let us see what Hoche's expedition will produce. He will be absent five or six days. Brest is one hundred and eighty miles from this. Time! time! At all events for me the die is cast, and I am utterly desperate as to the event. Come what, come may; I have done, and am doing my duty; and if I fall, I fall. I have not, on that score, the smallest burthen on my mind. A short time now must, I think, put me at least out of uncertainty; and I am sure that the worst that can befall cannot be much more painful than the state of suspense and anxiety in which I have long languished. Once again, courage. Let us see what Hoche will say on his return. . . .

October 4-5.—I collect that it is resolved, if possible, to turn in a gang of six or seven thousand desperadoes into England, who will live at free quarters, and commit all manner of devastation. If this takes effect, it

will embarrass her extremely. She has never yet seen the smoke of an enemy's fire; and I always remember, that 5,000 ragged, half starved Highlanders forced their way to within 100 miles' distance of London, and might, perhaps, have achieved what remained, if the Pretender had not been a poltroon. It is, to be sure, a horrible mode of making war; but England showed the way, by disgorging so many hordes of emigrants into France; and the enormities which have been committed in consequence, in this country, are such as to justify France in adopting any means of revenge; it is, in a word, but strict retaliation. I am curious to see how England will relish a war of Chouans in her own bowels. Colonel Shee and I were employed yesterday in digesting and arranging different routes from the several harbours where we might land, to Dublin. I find him very reasonable. We agreed that our first object was to get ashore anywhere, and, of course, the nearest port to Brest was the best, as we could make any shift when we were once landed, our army being composed of veterans who have been in service in La Vendee for years, and are steeled against every hardship, having been well used to dispense with clothes, shoes, or even bread, at times. Supposing, however, we had a port to choose, we agreed it should be Belfast, or at least as near Belfast as possible; if not, Waterford or that neighbourhood. The distance from Dublin is pretty nearly equal. We calculated, however, for, I believe, a dozen different landing places round the coast.

October 6-7.—A letter from Hoche. He says that he is moving Heaven and Earth to get things in readiness

at Brest, and that he hopes in three weeks we may be getting aboard. The marine agents are scoundrels, and there is a scarcity of seamen, but orders have been this day expedited to all the military commanders along the coast, to make diligent search, secure, and send on to Brest all seafaring persons, and there is a reward of six livres a-head to the soldiers for all they can find, which will sharpen them up to their business. It will be November before we arrive, if we are so fortunate as to arrive at all; of course we shall have, in that case, a winter campaign of it. No matter, we are better able to stand it than those who will be opposed to us. The country gentlemen of Ireland, with their warm feather beds, their beef and claret, will make, I think, no great figure before our grenadiers, who have been seasoned these four years to all manner of hardships and privations in this execrable war of La Vendee, which Hoche has had the glory of terminating.

October 17.—The general told Colonel Shee he had appointed me to the rank of adjutant-general, which will give me, as a military man, very great advantages; and he added, that one reason which kept him under restraint as to me, was the presence of that rascal Duckett, who had written him an impertinent letter, and whom he intended to cashier next morning. He added many other civilities, to which Colonel Shee made the proper acknowledgments on my part. Certainly nothing can be handsomer than this conduct of the general. I am heartily glad, for divers reasons, that he is resolved to send Mr. Duckett to wander. Colonel Shee then told me that he expects we will set off in four or five days, and that he had requested of the general that

we might travel together, and that the general had given orders to his *aid-de-camp*, Poiton, to that effect. The general has likewise read my address to the peasantry of Ireland, which he entirely approves, so all, as to me, at least, is going on as well as I could desire. Huzza! I am an adjutant-general! . . .

October 20.—This day received my orders to set out for Brest the day after to-morrow. Huzza! huzza!

November 1-2.—I have just read in the "Moniteur," the memorial given in by Lord Malmesbury, the English plenipotentiary in Paris, the memoir of Charles de la Croix, and the reply of the Directory, which is admirable. I have not time to abstract them, but the negotiation is at an end for the present. I never thought anything would come of it, for I did not believe Pitt serious; and, apparently, the Directory are of the same opinion, for it is on that principle they have framed their answer. My Lord Malmesbury may now go back if he pleases. . . .

November 4, Head Quarters.—Found Hoche pressing Joyeuse extremely to be ready for the expedition, and Joyeuse starting every possible difficulty, particularly on the score of the transports. Hoche then said he would go with the men-of-war only, crowding as many men aboard as they could carry. Joyeuse then came down to five sail of the line and five frigates, the best sailors who might, by dint of seamanship and quick sailing, escape from the English, who were, he said, in waiting for them off Cape Clear, and who had also *eclaireurs* off Ushant, as every morning the report was that two large ships and three frigates were seen there. Colonel Shee asked him how many men, for a short

passage, could he stow on the ships he mentioned; he said 600 on each of the line of battleships, and 300 on each of the frigates. That makes in all but 4,500 men. The general then said that his word was pledged to the government and to his friends in Ireland; that the time was even elapsed for which he had engaged himself; that he would go in a single frigate, if the admiral could give him no more, and he pressed him again and again in the strongest manner. Joyeuse still hung back, and I believe he was sorry, to judge by his manner, that he had spoken of even five ships of the line; at length he proposed, merely, as I think, to gain time, to send out a vessel to reconnoitre, and bring possible intelligence of the state of the country, and another to learn the actual position of the English fleet; and, upon this proposal, the meeting broke up. I augur the worst possible event from any business in which the marine of France is concerned.[1] . . .

[1] In 1792, when Villaret Joyeuse was promoted to the rank of captain, he was known to be inimical to the new order of things, but continued to serve under the republican government. He commanded under the Admiral Morard de Galles, who was superseded the year following, and Joyeuse was then made vice-admiral, on which occasion St. Andre, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, said, "I know that Villaret is nothing but an aristocrat, but he is brave, and will do his duty." The miserable policy of conciliating public enemies by conferring official favours on them, was amply demonstrated in France. Villaret did not do his duty; he sacrificed it to his own political predilections. After Hoche's serious complaints against him, Villaret tendered his resignation, he being charged with the marine preparations for the expedition. In his communications to his government, he predicted the failure of the expedition; he appears to have been one of Sir Jonah Barrington's order of prophets, who leave no means unattempted to fulfil their own

November 24-25.—The 1st of January I left Sandy Hook. The 1st of February I arrived at Havre, and if we arrive safe at our destination, it is possible that on the 1st of January next I may be once more in Dublin. *Quanquam, oh!* General Clarke set off nine days ago, at a minute's warning, for Vienna, by way of Italy. That looks like peace with the emperor; but, thank God, I see no signs as yet of peace with England; on the contrary, Lord Malmesbury and my old lover Charles de la Croix, are keeping up a very snappish correspondence, which the Directory publishes regularly. I have been hard at work half this day translating orders and instructions for a Colonel Tate, an American officer, who offered his services, and to whom the general has given the rank of *chef de brigade*, and 1,050 of the Legion Noire, in order to go on a buccaneering party into England. Excepting some little errors in the locality, which, after all, may seem errors to me from my own ignorance, the instructions are incomparably well drawn; they are done, or at least corrected by the general himself, and if Tate be a dashing fellow, with military talents, he may play the devil in England before he is caught. His object is Liverpool, and I have

predictions. In September, 1797, his name was placed by the Directory on the list of banished persons, but he was allowed to go into voluntary exile. In 1801, he was recalled by Buonaparte, and placed in command of a new expedition destined against St. Domingo. He was subsequently appointed governor-general of Martinique, and in 1809, when that island was attacked by an English force, he capitulated on easy terms. His bravery was not called in question, but his conduct was blamed by a court of inquiry. He remained unemployed till 1811, when he was named governor-general of Venice, and died there the year following. Biographic Cotem. Tom. 4, p. 1521.—R. R. M.

some reason to think the scheme has resulted from a conversation which I had a few days since with Colonel Shee, wherein I told him that if we were once settled in Ireland, I thought we might make a piratical visit in that quarter, and, in fact, I wish it was we should have the credit and profit of it. I should like, for example, to pay a visit to Liverpool myself, with some of the gentlemen from Ormond Quay, though I must say the citizens of the Legion Noire are very little behind my countrymen, either in appearance or morality, which last has been prodigiously cultivated by three or four campaigns in Bretagne and La Vendee. A thousand of these desperadoes, in their black jackets, will edify John Bull exceedingly, if they get safe into Lancashire. Every day I walk for an hour alone on the ramparts, and look down on the fleet which rides below. There are about fifty sail of ships of war, of all sizes, of which, perhaps twenty are of the line.

BANTRY BAY EXPEDITION—ON BOARD.

December, 1796.

December 1-2.—Received my order to embark on board the 'Indomitable,' of 80 guns, Captain Bedout. Packed up directly, and wrote a long letter of directions to my wife, in which I detailed everything I thought necessary, and advised her, in case of anything happening to me, to return to America, and settle in Georgia or Carolina.

December 3-4.—As it is now pretty certain that the English are in force off Ushant to the number of six-

teen ships of the line and ten frigates, it seems hardly possible that we can make our way to Ireland without falling in with them; and, as even the most successful action must be attended with damages in our masts and rigging, so that, even if victorious, which I do not expect, we may yet be prevented from proceeding on the expedition, considering the stormy season of the year, I have been devising a scheme, which, I think, in the present state of things in Ireland, can hardly fail of success. It is this:—That three, or, at most, four sail of the fastest going ships should take advantage of the first favourable moment, as a dark night and a strong gale from the north-east, and slip out with as many troops as they can carry, including at least a company of the *artillerie legere*, and steering such a course as, though somewhat longer, should be most out of the way of the English fleet; that they should proceed round the coast of Ireland, keeping a good offing for fear of accidents, and land the men in the north, as near Belfast as possible, etc. . . . .

If we were able to go in force, *a la bonne heure*, but as we are not, and as I have no expectation but that we shall be well beaten, and the whole expedition miscarry, I look upon my proposal as the best means to save so much out of the fire, and perhaps, with the force I speak of, we might succeed, even though the main body might miscarry. I say perhaps, though in fact I do not doubt it. As to the general's objection on the score of the hazard, undoubtedly there is great hazard; but, in the first place, I look upon the actual hazard to be much greater on his plan, inasmuch as four ships have an infinitely better chance of escaping

the vigilance of Admiral Gardner, who is watching us without with eighteen sail of the line, than fifteen, of which our squadron consists, not including frigates on either side; and as to fighting, they will beat us as surely with our fifteen sail as with four, and the consequence will be, of course, the failure of our expedition. In the next place, as to the hazard, there is no possibility of executing so great a measure as that which we have in hand, without infinite hazard; and as we are undoubtedly the weaker at sea, we are to choose that party which offers us the least risk, and in that respect I have no doubt of the superiority of my plan. However, it is decided otherwise, and I must submit. Our force is of fifteen sail of the line, ten frigates, and seven or eight transports; that makes upwards of thirty sail, a force which can never escape the vigilance of the English, unless there should come a furious storm for two or three days, without remission, which would blow them up the Channel.

December 12.—The *etat-major* came aboard last night: we are seven in the great cabin, including a lady in boy's clothes, the wife of a commissaire—one Ragoneau. By what I see, we have a little *army* of commissaires, who are going to Ireland to make their fortunes. If we arrive safe, I think I will keep my eyes a little upon those gentlemen.

In consequence of the arrival of Richery, our squadron will be augmented with two if not three ships, and the army with 1,700 men, which, with 13,400 already on board, will make 15,100—a force more than sufficient for our purpose—if, as I am always obliged to add, we have the good fortune to reach our destination

in safety. Shee tells me the general thinks the marine are trifling with him, on purpose to gain time until the bad weather sets in; when, if it holds any time, as is highly probable, our stores of all sorts will be exhausted, and the business must be given up from pure necessity. This I apprehended myself. He also says that Bruix, a rear-admiral, who is charged with the execution of the naval department, and in whose zeal the general had great confidence, has cooled exceedingly within these few days, so much that to-day, when the general called on him and was pressing him on our affair, Bruix, instead of answering him, was dandling one of his little children. The excuse now is, that we are waiting for some charts or plans, which must be washed in water-colours, and will take two days; a worthy subject for delay in the present stage of the business!

December 15.—At eleven o'clock this morning the signal was made to heave short, and I believe we are now about to sail in downright earnest. There is a signal also at the point for four sail of enemies in the offing; it is most delicious weather, and the sun is as warm and as bright as in the month of May; "I hope," as Lord George Brilliant says, "he may not shine through somebody presently." We are all in high spirits, and the troops are as gay as if they were going to a ball. With our fifteen thousand, or, more correctly, thirteen thousand nine hundred and seventy-five men, I would not have the least doubt of our beating thirty thousand of such as will be opposed to us; that is to say, if we reach our destination. The signal is now flying to get under way; so one way or other, the affair will be at last brought to a decision, and God

knows how sincerely I rejoice at it. The wind is right aft. Huzza! At one we got under way, and stood out of the Goulet until three, when we cast anchor by signal in the Bay de Camaret, having made about three leagues. Our ship, I think, would beat the whole fleet; we passed, with easy sail, a frigate, La Surveillante, under her top-gallant sails, and nothing was able to come near us. We are now riding at single anchor, and I hope we shall set off to-morrow.

This morning, to my infinite mortification and anxiety, we are but eighteen sail in company, instead of forty-three, which is our number. We conjecture, however, that the remaining twenty-five made their way through the Yroise, and that we shall see them to-morrow morning; at the same time, we much fear that some of our companions have perished in that infernal Raz. We have nothing for it now but to wait till to-morrow. (At night.) This day has passed without any event; the weather moderate, the wind favourable, and our eighteen sail pretty well together.

December 18.—How, after all, if we were not to join our companions? What will Grouchy and Bouvet determine? We are enough to make the attempt, but we must then steer for the north of Ireland. If it rested with me, I would not hesitate a moment, and as it is, I will certainly propose it, if I can find an opening.

> If we are doomed to die, we are enough
> To do our country loss; and if to rise,
> The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

This damned fog continues without interruption. (At night.) Foggy all day, and no appearance of our

comrades. I asked General Cherin what we should do, in case they did not rejoin us. He said that he supposed General Grouchy would take the command with the troops we had with us, which, on examination, we found to amount to about 6,500 men. I need not say that I supported this idea with all my might.

December 19.—This morning, at eight, signal of a fleet in the offing. I see about a dozen sail, but whether they are friends or enemies God knows. It is a stark calm, so that we do not move an inch, even with our studding-sails, but here we lie rolling like so many logs on the water. It is most inconceivably provoking; two frigates that were ordered to reconnoitre, have not advanced one hundred yards in an hour with all their canvas out. It is now nine o'clock; damn it to —— for a calm, and in the middle of December! Well, it cannot last long. If this fleet prove to be our comrades, it will be famous news; if we had a fair wind, we should be in Bantry Bay to-morrow morning. How if these damned English should catch us at last, after having gone on successfully thus far? Our force, leaving Brest water, was as follows:—Indomptable, 80 guns; Nestor, Cassard, Droits le'Homme, Tourville, Ecole, Fougueux, Mucius, Redoubtable, Patriote, Pluton, Constitution, Trajan, Watigny, Pegaze, Revolution, and the unfortunate Seduisant, of 74 guns (seventeen sail of the line); La Cocarde, Bravoure, Immortalité, Bellone, Coquille, Romaine, Sirene, Impatiente, Surveillante, Charente, Resolue, Tartare, and Fraternité, frigates of 36 guns (thirteen frigates); Scevola and Fidele, armés en fiute; Mutine, Renard, Atalante, Voltigeur, and Affronteur, corvettes; and Nicodeme,

Justine, Ville d'Orient, Suffren, Experiment, and Alegre, transports, making, in all, forty-three sail. Of these, there are missing this day, at three o'clock, the Nestor and Seduisant, of 74 guns; the Fraternité, Cocarde, and Romaine, frigates; the Mutine and Voltigeur, corvettes, and three other transports.

December 20.—Last night, in moderate weather, we contrived to separate again, and this morning, at eight o'clock, we are but fifteen sail in company, with a foul wind and hazy. I am in horrible ill-humour, and it is no wonder. We shall lie beating about here, within thirty leagues of Cape Clear, until the English come and catch us, which will be truly agreeable.

December 21.—Stark calm all the forepart of the night; at length a breeze sprung up, and this morning, at daybreak, we are under Cape Clear, distant about four leagues; so I have, at all events, once more seen my country; but the pleasure I should otherwise feel at this is totally destroyed by the absence of the general, who has not joined us, and of whom we know nothing. At the moment I write this, we are under easy sail, within three leagues, at most, of the coast, so that I can discover here and there patches of snow on the mountains. What if the general should not join us? If we cruise here five days, according to our instructions, the English will be upon us, and then all is over. We are thirty sail in company, and seven or eight absent. Is that such a separation of our force, as, under all the circumstances, will warrant our following the letter of our orders, to the certain failure of the expedition? If Grouchy and Bouvet be men of spirit and decision, they will land immediately, and

trust to their success for justification. If they be not, and if this day passes without our seeing the general, I much fear the game is up. I am in indescribable anxiety, and Cherin, who commands aboard, is a poor creature to whom it is vain to speak; not but I believe he is brave enough, but he has a little mind. There cannot be imagined a situation more provokingly tantalizing than mine at this moment, within view, almost within reach, of my native land, and uncertain whether I shall ever set my foot on it. We are now (nine o'clock) at the rendezvous appointed; stood in for the coast till twelve, when we were near enough to toss a biscuit ashore; at twelve tacked, and stood out again: so now we have begun our cruise of five days in all its forms, and shall, in obedience to the letter of our instructions, ruin the expedition, and destroy the remnant of the French navy, with a precision and punctuality which will be truly edifying. We opened Bantry Bay, and in all my life rage never entered so deeply into my heart as when we turned our backs on the coast. I sounded Cherin as to what Grouchy might do, but he turned the discourse; he is *Taata Enos*.[1] Simon is entirely of my opinion, and so is Captain Bedout: but does that signify?

December 22.—This morning, at eight, we have neared Bantry Bay considerably, but the fleet is terribly scattered; no news of the Fraternité. I believe it is the first instance of an admiral in a clean frigate, with moderate weather and moon-light nights, parting company with his fleet. Captain Grammont, our first lieutenant, told me his opinion is, that she is either

[1] See "Cook's Voyages."

taken or lost, and, in either event, it is a terrible blow to us. All rests now upon Grouchy, and I hope he may turn out well; he has a glorious game in his hands, if he has spirit and talent to play it. If he succeeds, it will immortalize him. I do not at all like the countenance of the *etat major* in this crisis. When they speak of the expedition, it is in a style of despondency, and, when they are not speaking of it, they are playing cards and laughing; they are every one of them brave of their persons, but I see nothing of that spirit of enterprise, combined with a steady resolution, which our present situation demands. They stared at me this morning when I said that Grouchy was the man in the whole army who had least reason to regret the absence of the general, and began to talk of responsibility and difficulties, as if any great enterprise was without responsibility and difficulties. I was burning with rage: however, I said nothing, and will say nothing, until I get ashore, if ever I am so happy as to arrive there. We are gaining the bay by slow degrees, with a head wind at east, where it has hung these five weeks. To-night we hope, if nothing extraordinary happens, to cast anchor in the mouth of the bay, and work up to-morrow morning: these delays are dreadful to my impatience. I am now so near the shore, that I can see distinctly two old castles, yet I am utterly uncertain whether I shall ever set foot on it. According to appearances, Bouvet and Grouchy are resolved to proceed; that is a great point gained, however. Two o'clock: we have been tacking ever since eight this morning, and I am sure we have not gained one hundred yards; the wind is right ahead, and the fleet dis-

persed, several being far to leeward. I have been looking over the schedule of our arms, artillery, and ammunition; we are well provided; we have 41,160 stand of arms, twenty pieces of field artillery, and nine of siege, including mortars and howitzers; 61,200 barrels of powder, 7,000,000 musket cartridges, and 700,000 flints, besides an infinite variety of articles belonging to the train, but we have neither sabres nor pistols for the cavalry; however, we have nearly three regiments of hussars embarked, so that we can dispense with them.

The day has passed without the appearance of one vessel, friend or enemy, the wind rather more moderate, but still ahead. To-night, on examining the returns with Waudré, *chef d'etat-major* of the artillery, I find our means so reduced by the absence of the missing, that I think it hardly possible to make an attempt here with any prospect of success; in consequence I took Cherin into the captain's room, and told him frankly my opinion of our actual state, and that I thought it our duty, since we must look upon the main object as now unattainable, unless the whole of our friends returned to-morrow, and the English gave us our own time, which was hardly to be expected, to see what could be best done for the honour and interest of the republic, with the force which remained in our hands, and I proposed to him to give me the Legion des Francs, a company of the artillerie legere, and as many officers as desired to come volunteers in the expedition, with what arms and stores remained, which are now reduced by our separation to four field pieces, 20,000 firelocks at most, one thousand pounds of powder, and 3,000,000 car-

tridges, and to land us in Sligo Bay, and let us make the best of our way. If we succeeded, the republic would gain infinitely in reputation and interest; and, if we failed, the loss would be trifling, as the expense was already incurred; and as for the legion, he knew what kind of desperadoes it was composed of, and for what purpose. Consequently, in the worst event, the republic would be well rid of them. Finally, I added that though I asked the command, it was on the supposition that none of the generals would risk their reputation on such a desperate enterprise, and that if another was found, I would be content to go as a simple volunteer. This was the outline of my proposal, which I pressed on him with such arguments as occurred to me, concluding by observing that, as a foreigner in the French service, my situation was a delicate one, and if I were simply an officer, I would obey in silence the orders of my superiors; but, from my connections in Ireland, having obtained the confidence of the directory so far as to induce them to appoint me to the rank of *chef de brigade*, and of General Hoche, who had nominated me adjutant-general, I thought it my duty, both to France and Ireland, to speak on this occasion, and that I only offered my plan as a *pis aller*, in case nothing better suggested itself. Cherin answered, that I did very right to give my opinion, and that as he expected a council of war would be called to-morrow, he would bring me with him, and I should have an opportunity to press it. The discourse rested there, and to-morrow we shall see more, if we are not agreeably surprised, early in the morning, by a visit from the English, which is highly probable. I am now so near

the shore, that I can in a manner touch the sides of Bantry Bay with my right and left hand, yet God knows whether I shall ever tread again on Irish ground. . . .

It was agreed in full council that General Cherin, Colonel Wadré, *chef d'etat major* of the artillery, and myself should go aboard the Immortalité, and press General Grouchy in the strongest manner to proceed on the expedition with the ruins of our scattered army. Accordingly, we made a signal with the admiral, and in about an hour we were aboard. I must do Grouchy the justice to say that the moment we gave our opinion in favour of proceeding, he took his part decidedly, and like a man of spirit, he instantly set about preparing the *ordre de bataille*, and we finished it without delay. We are not more than 6,500 strong, but they are tried soldiers, who have seen fire, and I have the strongest hopes that, after all, we shall bring our enterprise to a glorious termination. It is a bold attempt, and truly original. All the time we were preparing the *ordre de bataille*, we were laughing most immoderately at the poverty of our means, and I believe, under the circumstances, it was the merriest council of war that was ever held; but "*De Chevaliers francais tel est le caractere.*" . . . It is altogether an enterprise truly *unique;* we have not one guinea; we have not a tent; we have not a horse to draw our four pieces of artillery; the general-in-chief marches on foot; we leave all our baggage behind us; we have nothing but the arms in our hands, the clothes on our backs, and a good courage, but that is sufficient. With all these original circumstances, such as I believe never were found united

in an expedition of such magnitude as that we are about to attempt, we are all gay as larks. I never saw the French character better exemplified than in this morning's business. Well, at last I believe we are about to disembark; God knows how I long for it. But this infernal easterly wind continues without remorse, and though we have been under weigh three or four hours, and made I believe three hundred tacks, we do not seem to my eyes to have gained one hundred yards in a straight line. . . . I apprehend we are to-night 6,000 of the most careless fellows in Europe, for everybody is in the most extravagant spirits on the eve of an enterprise, which, considering our means, would make many people serious. . . . My enemy, the wind, seems just now, at eight o'clock, to relent a little, so we may reach Bantry by to-morrow. The enemy has now had four days to recover from his panic and prepare to receive us; so much the worse, but I do not mind it. We purpose to make a race for Cork as if the devil were in our bodies, and when we are fairly there, we will stop for a day or two to take breath and look about us. From Bantry to Cork is about forty-five miles, which, with all our efforts, will take us three days, and I suppose we may have a brush by the way, but I think we are able to deal with any force that can at a week's notice be brought against us. . . .

December 25.—Last night I had the strongest expectations that to-day we should debark, but at two this morning I was awakened by the wind. I rose immediately, and wrapping myself in my great coat, walked for an hour in the gallery, devoured by the most gloomy reflections. The wind continues right

ahead, so that it is absolutely impossible to work up to the landing-place, and God knows when it will change. The same wind is exactly favourable to bring the English upon us, and these cruel delays give the enemy time to assemble his entire force in this neighbourhood, and perhaps (it is, unfortunately, more than perhaps) by his superiority in numbers, in cavalry, in artillery, in money, in provisions, in short in everything we want, to crush us, supposing we are even able to effectuate a landing at last, at the same time that the fleet will be caught as in a trap. Had we been able to land the first day and march directly to Cork, we should have infallibly carried it by a *coup de main*, and then we should have a footing in the country; but as it is, if we are taken, my fate will not be a mild one; the best I can expect is to be shot as an *emigré rentré*, unless I have the good fortune to be killed in the action; for, most assuredly, if the enemy will have us, he must fight for us. Perhaps I may be reserved for a trial, for the sake of striking terror into others, in which case I shall be hanged as a traitor, and embowelled, etc. As to the embowelling, *je m'en fiche:* if ever they hang me, they are welcome to embowel me if they please. These are pleasant prospects! Nothing on Earth could sustain me now, but the consciousness that I am engaged in a just and righteous cause. For my family, I have, by a desperate effort, surmounted my natural feelings so far that I do not think of them at this moment. This day, at twelve, the wind blows a gale still from the east, and our situation is now as critical as possible, for it is morally certain that this day, or to-morrow in the morning, the English fleet will be in the harbour's

mouth, and then adieu to everything. In this desperate state of affairs, I proposed to Cherin to sally out with all our forces, to mount the Shannon, and, disembarking the troops, make a forced march to Limerick, which is probably unguarded, the garrison being, I am pretty certain, on its march to oppose us here; to pass the river at Limerick, and, by forced marches, push to the north. I detailed all this on a paper which I will keep, and showed it to Captain Bedout and all the generals on board, Cherin, Simon, and Chasseloup. They all agreed as to the advantages of the plan, but after settling it, we find it impossible to communicate with the general and admiral, who are in the Immortalité, nearly two leagues ahead, and the wind is now so high and foul, and the sea so rough, that no boat can live, so all communication is impracticable, and to-morrow morning, it will, most probably, be too late; and on this circumstance, perhaps, the fate of the expedition and the liberty of Ireland depend. I cannot conceive for what reason the two commanders-in-chief are shut up together in a frigate. Surely they should be on board the flag-ship.

My prospects at this hour are as gloomy as possible. I see nothing before, unless a miracle be wrought in our favour, but the ruin of the expedition, the slavery of my country, and my own destruction. Well, if I am to fall, at least I will sell my life as dear as individual resistance can make it. So now I have made up my mind. I have a merry Christmas of it to-day.

December 26.—Last night, at half after six o'clock, in a heavy gale of wind, still from the east, we were surprised by the admiral's frigate running under our

quarter, and hailing the Indomptable, with orders to cut our cable and put to sea instantly; the frigate then pursued her course, leaving us all in the utmost astonishment. Our first idea was that it might be an English frigate, lurking in the bottom of the bay, which took advantage of the storm and darkness of the night to make her escape, and wished to separate our squadron by this stratagem; for it seems utterly incredible that an admiral should cut and run in this manner, without any previous signal of any kind to warn the fleet, and that the first notice we should have of his intention should be his hailing us in this extraordinary manner with such unexpected and peremptory orders. After a short consultation with his officers (considering the storm, the darkness of the night, that we have two anchors out, and only one spare one in the hold), Captain Bedout resolved to wait, at all events, till to-morrow morning, in order to ascertain whether it was really the admiral who hailed us. The morning is now come, the gale continues, and the fog is so thick that we cannot see a ship's length ahead; so here we lie in the utmost uncertainty and anxiety. In all probability, we are now left without admiral or general: if so, Cherin will command the troops, and Bedout the fleet; but, at all events, there is an end of the expedition. Certainly, we have been persecuted by a strange fatality from the very night of our departure to this hour. We have lost two commanders-in-chief; of four admirals not one remains; we have lost one ship of the line that we know of, and probably many others of which we know nothing; we have been now six days in Bantry Bay, within five hundred yards of the shore, without being able to

effectuate a landing; we have been dispersed four times in four days; and at this moment, of forty-three sail, of which the expedition consisted, we can muster of all sizes but fourteen. There only wants our falling in with the English to complete our destruction; and, to judge the future by the past, there is every probability that that will not be wanting. All our hopes are now reduced to get back in safety to Brest, and I believe we will set sail for that port the instant the weather will permit. It is hard, after having forced my way thus far, to be obliged to turn back; but it is my fate, and I must submit. Notwithstanding all our blunders, it is the dreadful stormy weather and easterly winds, which have been blowing furiously, and without intermission since we made Bantry Bay, that have ruined us. Well, England has not had such an escape since the Spanish Armada, and that expedition, like ours, was defeated by the weather; the elements fight against us, and courage is here no avail.

December 27.—Yesterday several vessels, including the Indomptable, dragged their anchors several times, and it was with great difficulty they rode out the gale. At two o'clock, the Revolution, a 74, made signal that she could hold no longer, and, in consequence of the commodore's permission, who now commands our little squadron, cut her only cable and put to sea. In the night, the Patriote and Pluton, were forced to put to sea, with the Nicomede, so that this morning we are reduced to seven sail of the line and one frigate. Any attempt here is now desperate, but I still think, if we were debarked at the mouth of the Shannon, we might yet recover all. At ten o'clock, the commodore made

signal to get under way, which was delayed by one of the ships, which required an hour to get ready. This hour we availed ourselves of to hold a council of war, at which were present Generals Cherin and Harty and Humbert, who came from their ships for that purpose; Adjutant-Generals Simon, Chaseloup, and myself; Lieut.-Col. Waudré, commanding the artillery, and Favory, captain of engineers, together with Commodore Bedout, who was invited to assist; General Harty, as senior officer, being president. It was agreed that, our force being now reduced to 4,168 men, our artillery to two four-pounders, our ammunition to 1,500,000 cartridges and 500 rounds for the artillery, with 500 pounds of powder; this part of the country being utterly wild and savage, furnishing neither provisions nor horses, and especially as the enemy, having seven days' notice, together with three more which it would require to reach Cork, supposing we even met with no obstacle, had time more than sufficient to assemble his forces in numbers sufficient to crush our little army; considering, moreover, that this province is the only one of the four which testies no disposition to revolt; that it is the most remote from the party which is ready for insurrection; and, finally, Captain Bedout having communicated his instructions, which are, to mount as high as the Shannon, and cruise there five days; it was unanimously agreed to quit Bantry Bay directly, and proceed for the mouth of the Shannon, in hopes to rejoin some of our scattered companions; and when we are there, we will determine, according to the means in our hands, what part we shall take. . . .

December 28.—Last night it blew a dreadful hurri-

cane. At one this morning, a dreadful sea took the ship in the quarter, stove in the quarter gallery, and one of the dead lights in the great cabin, which was instantly filled with water to the depth of three feet. The cots of our officers were almost all torn down, and themselves and their trunks floated about the cabin. For my part, I had just fallen asleep when wakened by the shock, of which I at first did not comprehend the meaning; but hearing the water distinctly rolling in the cabin beneath me, and two or three of the officers mounting in their shirts, as wet as if they had risen from the bottom of the sea, I concluded instantly that the ship had struck and was filling with water, and that she would sink directly. . . . The frigate Coquille joined us in the course of the day, which we spent standing off and on the shore, without being joined by any of our missing companions.

December 29.—At four this morning, the commodore made the signal to steer for France: so there is an end of our expedition for the present—perhaps for ever. I spent all yesterday in my hammock, partly through sea-sickness, and much more through vexation. At ten we made prize of an unfortunate brig, bound from Lisbon to Cork, laden with salt, which we sunk.

December 30-31.—On our way to Brest. It will be supposed I am in no great humour to make memorandums. This is the last day of the year 1796, which has been a very remarkable one in my history.

January 1, 1797.—At eight this morning, made the island of Ushante, and at twelve opened the Goulet. We arrive seven sail: the Indomptable, of 80; Watigny, Cassard, and Ecole, 74; Coquille, 36; the Atalante, 20;

and the Vautour, lugger, of 14. We left Brest forty-three sail, of which seventeen were of the line. I am utterly astonished that we did not see a single English ship of war, going nor coming back. They must have taken their measures very ill not to intercept us, but perhaps they have picked up some of our missing ships. Well, this evening will explain all, and we shall see now what is become of our four admirals and of our two generals-in-chief.[1]

[1] "The Life of T. W. Tone," by his Son.

CHAPTER IV

AFFAIRS IN FRANCE AND HOLLAND

THE 2nd of January, 1796, we arrived at Brest with the remnant of the expedition from Bantry Bay. In the preceding month of May Tone had written to his wife, desiring her to remove with all the family to France by the first opportunity. It was not, however, till the end of December, 1796, he had the happiness of hearing of their arrival at Hamburg, and being then settled there, "his wife, sister and children, his brother having decided to settle in America." The brother unnamed in the journal was Matthew.

The following letters of Tone to his wife will show how he was occupied from the time of the Bantry Bay failure to that of the preparation for the second expedition that was intended to have proceeded to Ireland from Holland:

PARIS, January 13, 1797.

Thank God, you are safe thus far, with our darling babies! I will not hear, I will not believe, that your health is not in the best possible state; at the same time, I entreat you, as you value my life, that you may take all possible care of yourselves. I am only this morning arrived at Paris from Brest, whence I was

despatched by the general commanding the army intended for Ireland, in the absence of General Hoche, in order to communicate with the Executive Directory. I am at present adjutant-general, and I can live on my appointments; and when the peace comes, we will rent a cabin and a garden, and be as happy as emperors on my half-pay; at the same time, I am not without hopes that the government here may be doing something better for me; but for all this, it is indispensable that you be in rude health. Who will milk the cows or make the butter if you are not stout? . . . The sixteenth of last month we sailed from Brest, with seventeen sail of the line, besides frigates, etc., to the number in all of forty-three sail, having on board 15,000 troops and 45,000 stand of arms, with artillery, etc. We were intended for Ireland, but no unfortunate fleet was ever so tossed by storm and tempest; at length the division in which I embarked was forced to return to Brest, the second of this month, after lying eight days in Bantry Bay, near Cork, without being able to put a man ashore. We brought back about 5,000 men, and as the general has not yet returned, we are in great hopes that he has effected a landing with the other 10,000, in which case we shall retrieve everything. In the meantime I am here waiting the orders of the government. If the expedition be renewed, I shall, of course, return to Brest; if not, I will await your arrival at Paris. This is a hasty sketch of my affairs, but I have a journal for you in eleven little volumes. I have only to add that I am in the highest health, and should be in good spirits, if it were not for those two cruel lines where you speak of yourself. Let me now come to your

affair, or rather Mary's. I will give my opinion in one word, by saying that I leave everything to her own decision; I have no right, and if I had, I have no wish, to put the smallest constraint upon her inclination; I certainly feel a satisfaction at the prospect of her being settled, and I entreat her to receive my most earnest and anxious wishes for her future happiness. As far, therefore, as my consent may be necessary, I give it in the fullest and freest manner. I write to M. Giauque, accordingly, by the same post which brings you this.[1] . . . I shall soon know now whether our affair will be prosecuted or not; if it is, I am of course compelled to take my share, and must return to my post; if it is not, I will go for you myself to Hamburgh.

I return to my own affairs. You desire me to write something comfortable, and, in consequence, I tell you, in the first place, that I doat upon you and the babies; and, in the next place, that my pay and appointments amount to near eight thousand livres a year, of which one-fourth is paid in cash, and the remainder in paper; so that I receive now about eighty-four pounds sterling a year, and when we come to be paid all in cash, as we shall be some time or other, my pay will be about three hundred and fifty-four pounds sterling a year. I will rent a cottage and a few acres of land within a few miles of Paris, in order to be on the spot, and with our eighty-four pounds a year, a couple of cows, a hog, and some poultry, you will see whether we will

[1] Giauque was a young Swiss merchant, who had come over from America in the same vessel in which the Tones embarked for Holland.—R. R. M.

not be happy. That is the worst that can happen us; but if our expedition succeeds, of which as yet I know nothing, but which a very few days must now decide, only think what a change that will make in our affairs; and even if anything should happen me in that event, you and the babies will be the care of the nation; so let me entreat of you not to give way to any gloomy ideas.

Direct your answer to Le Citoyen Smith, Petite Rue St. Roche, Poissoniere, No. 7, a Paris.

My sincere love to Mary and the little ones. God Almighty for ever bless you, because I doat on you.

Yours, ever,

J. SMITH.

LETTER TO MRS. TONE.

PARIS, 17, 1797.

With regard to your finances, all I have to say is, that

> When both house and land is spent,
> Then learning is most excellent.

I desired Reynolds, in my letter, to get you specie for your stock, and not to meddle with bills of exchange, and I see he did not pay the least attention to my request, "for which his own gods damn him." I do not well understand that part of your letter, where you speak of your having a bill on London, for 500 dollars, which is not received. However, as Mons. Giauque is, or is about to be, one of our family, and as he is a man used to commercial affairs, of which I know noth-

ing, I presume he will do his best to recover the money for you; but, if it should be lost, let it go! we shall be rich enough to make ourselves peasants, and I will buy you a handsome pair of *sabots* (in English, wooden shoes), and another for myself: and you will see, with my half-pay, which is the worst that can happen us, we shall be as happy as the day is long. I will, the moment I am clear of the business in which I am engaged, devote the remainder of my life to making you happy and educating our little ones; and I know you well enough to be convinced that, when we are once together, all stations in life are indifferent to you.

I am surprised you did not receive my last letter addressed to you at Princeton, because I enclosed it in one to Reynolds and Rowan jointly, which it seems they received, which is a little extraordinary; however, as it happens, it is no great matter, for it is little more than a duplicate of the one you got by way of Havre.[1]

I am heartily glad that Matt is safe and well. If I had him here now, I could make him a captain and my *aide-de-camp* for a word's speaking to the general; so that, if he has any wish for a military life, it is unlucky that he did not come with you, as I desired in my letter to you which miscarried. I will reserve for Matt the very first company of grenadiers in the army; so Mary will have two brothers, in that case, of the *etat militaire*, instead of one; and perhaps she may have three, for Arthur (of whom I have not heard one

[1] These letters contained directions to my mother to carry the papers and everything from America. Can it be that Reynolds already meditated to keep them?—Editor of Tone's Journals, etc.

word since he left Philadelphia) is now old enough to carry a pair of colours.[1]

February 11, 1797.—I gave you, in my last, a short sketch of our unlucky expedition, for the failure of which we are, ultimately, to accuse the winds alone, for, as to any enemy, we saw none. In the event, the British took but one frigate and two or three transports; so you see the rhodomontades which you read in the English papers were utterly false. I mentioned to you that I had been sent by General Grouchy, with his despatches, to the Directoire Executif, which you are not to wonder at, for I am highly esteemed by the said general; inasmuch as, "the first day I marched before him, thinking of you, I missed the step, and threw the whole line into confusion; upon which I determined to retrieve my credit, and exerted myself so much, that, at the end of the review, the general thanked me for my behaviour." I hope you remember my quotation, which is a choice one. I thought, at the time I wrote, that I should be ordered back to Brest, but General Hoche, who commanded our expedition in chief, has, it seems, taken a liking to me: for, this very blessed day, he caused to be signified to me, that he thought of taking me, in his family, to the army of Sambre and Meuse, which he is appointed to command; to which I replied, as in duty bound, that I was at all times ready to obey his orders; so, I fancy, go I shall. . . . I rely upon

[1] Arthur, who had joined his brother in America soon after his arrival, had been sent home in January, 1796, on an important mission by his brother, namely, to communicate the intelligence of his approaching departure for France, and the commencement of his negotiations with the French Government, to the northern leaders of the United Irishmen.—R. R. M.

your courage in this, as on every former occasion in our lives; our situation is to-day a thousand times more desirable than when I left you in Princeton; between ourselves, I think I have not done badly since my arrival in France; and so you will say when you read my memorandums. I came here knowing not a single soul, and scarcely a word of the language; I have had the good fortune, thus far, to obtain the confidence of the government, so far as was necessary for our affair, and to secure the good opinion of my superior officers, as appears by the station I hold. It is not every stranger that comes into France, and is made adjutant-general, "with two points on his shoulder," as you say right enough; but that is nothing to what is, I hope, to come. I cannot explain myself further to you by letter; remember the motto of our arms, "never despair!" . . .

I have written by this post to Monsieur Giauque, with a postscript to Mary, on the supposition that they are married. I most sincerely wish them happy; yet I cannot help thinking how oddly we are dispersed at this moment: no two of us together! I am sure if there were five quarters in the globe, one of us would be perched upon the fifth. . . .

Your ever affectionate husband,

J. S., Adjt. Gen.!!!

TO MRS. TONE.

PARIS, March 10, 1797.

MY DEAR LIFE AND SOUL,

I have this instant received your letter, and you see

with what eagerness I fly to answer it. You are, however, to consider this but as the prologue to another, which will follow it in four or five days. I must again begin with what interests me more than all other things on Earth, your health. Let me entreat you, light of my eyes and pulse of my heart, to have all possible care of yourself. You know well that I only exist in your well being, and, though I desire you to live and take care of our babies, whatever becomes of me, I feel, at the same moment, that I am giving counsel which I have not firmness myself to follow. You know the effect the imagination has on the constitution; only believe yourself better; count upon my ever-increasing admiration of your virtues and love for your person; think how dear you are to me—but that is too little; think that you are indispensable to my existence; look at our little children, whom you have the unspeakable happiness to see around you; remember that my very soul is wrapt up in you and them, and—but I need add no more; I know your love for me, and I know your courage. We will both do what becomes us. This very day the Executive Directory has ratified the nomination of General Hoche, and I am, to all intents and purposes, adjutant-general, destined for the army of Sambre and Meuse.

J. SMITH.

JOURNAL.

Amsterdam, May 3-4-5-6.—Tormented with the most terrible apprehensions on account of the absence of my

dearest love, about whom I hear nothing, walked out every day to the canal two or three times a day, to meet the boats coming from Lieuschans, where she will arrive. No love! no love! I never was so unhappy in all my life.

May 7.—At last, this day, in the evening, as I was taking my usual walk along the canal, I had the unspeakable satisfaction to find my dearest love and our little babies, my sister, and her husband, all arrive safe and well; it is impossible to describe the pleasure I felt. (Here is an end of my journals now, for some time at least.) Since I came to France, which is now above fourteen months, I have continued them pretty regularly for the amusement of my dearest love. As we are now together once more, they become unnecessary; we must wait for another separation.

FROM TONE'S JOURNALS DURING THE PERIOD THAT GENERAL TONE WAS ATTACHED TO THE BATAVIAN ARMY. WRITTEN ABOARD THE VRYHEID, OF 74 GUNS, COMMANDED BY ADMIRAL DEWINTER, AT THE TEXEL, JULY 10, 1797.

June 12.—This evening the general called me into the garden and told me he had some good news for me. He then asked, Did I know one Lewines? I answered I did, perfectly well, and had a high opinion of his talents and patriotism. "Well," said he, "he is at Neuwied, waiting to see you; you must set off to-morrow morning; when you join him, you must go together to Treves, and wait for further orders." The next

morning I set off, and, on the 14th, in the evening, reached—

(June 14) Feuwied, where I found Lewines waiting for me. I cannot express the unspeakable satisfaction I felt at seeing him. I gave him a full account of all my labour, and of everything that had happened since I have been in France, and he informed me of everything of consequence relating to Ireland, and especially to my friends now in jeopardy there. I cannot pretend to detail his conversation, which occupied us fully during our stay at Neuwied, and our journey to—

(June 17) Treves, where we arrived on the 17th. What is most material is, that he is sent here by the Executive Committee of the United People of Ireland, to solicit, on their part, the assistance in troops, arms, and money, necessary to enable them to take the field and assert their liberty. The organization of the people is complete, and nothing is wanting but the *point d'appui*. His instructions are to apply to France, Holland, and Spain. At Hamburgh, where he passed almost two months, he met a Senor Nava, an officer of rank in the Spanish navy, sent thither by the Prince of Peace on some mission of consequence. He opened himself to Nava, who wrote off, in consequence, to his court, and received an answer, general, it is true, but in the highest degree favourable. A circumstance which augurs well is, that, in forty days from the date of Nava's letter, he received the answer, which is less time than he ever knew a courier to arrive in, and shows the earnestness of the Spanish minister. Lewines' instructions are to demand of Spain £500,000 sterling, and 30,000 stand of arms. At Treves, on the 19th,

Dalton, the general's aide-de-camp, came express with orders for us to return to—

(June 21) Coblentz, where we arrived on the 21st, and met General Hoche. He told us that, in consequence of the arrival of Lewines, he had sent off Simon, one of his adjutant-generals, who was of our late expedition, in order to press the Executive Directory and Minister of the Marine; that he had also sent copies of all the necessary papers, including especially those lately prepared by Lewines, with his own observations, enforcing them in the strongest manner; that he had just received the answers of all parties, which were as favourable as we could desire; but that the Minister of Marine was absolutely for making the expedition on a grand scale, for which two months, at the very least, would still be necessary. We both observed that it was not a strong military force that we wanted at this time, but arms and ammunition, with troops sufficient to serve as a *noyau d'armée*, and protect the people in their first assembling; adding, that 5,000 men sent now, when the thing was feasible, would be far better than 25,000 in three months, when, perhaps, we might find ourselves again blocked up in Brest Harbour; and I besought the general to remember that the mutiny aboard the English fleet would most certainly be soon quelled, so that there was not one minute to lose.

From June to October, 1797, we find by Tone's journal, active preparations were making for the Dutch expedition at the Texel. At the close of September, 1797, Tone, on his arrival from Holland in Paris, had found his wife

and children there in health and spirits. He also found his friend Lewines, of Dublin, there in the capacity of accredited agent of the Leinster Directory of the United Irishmen, "as minister from Ireland"; and of that appointment Tone says: "I am heartily glad of it, for I have an excellent opinion of his integrity and talents." But there had been there another quondam leader of the United Irishmen, of whom Tone wrote a little later thus to his wife: "What, in God's name, is T. doing at Paris? and especially why does he go by a name so notorious? I will whisper you that it is out of pure vanity; but let it go no farther. (Sings)—'Oh, 'tis thus we'll all stand by the great Napper Tandy.'"

Tone, in his journal, 23rd June, 1797, says:

Hoche showed Lewines Simon's letter, which contained the assurance of the Directory "that they would make no peace with England wherein the interests of Ireland should not be fully discussed, agreeably to the wishes of the people of that country." This is a very strong declaration, and has most probably been produced by a demand made by Lewines in his memorial, "that the French government should make it an indispensable condition of peace, that all the British troops be withdrawn from Ireland, and the people left at full liberty to declare whether they wished to continue the connection with England or not." Hoche added, that preparations were making also in Holland for an expedition, the particulars of which he would communi-

cate to us in two or three days, and in the meantime he desired us to attend him to Cologne.

June 25.—At nine o'clock at night the General sent us a letter from General Daendels, commander-in-chief of the army of the Batavian Republic, acquainting him that everything was in the greatest forwardness, and would be ready in a very few days; that the army and the navy were in the best possible spirit; that the Committee for Foreign Affairs (the Directory per interim of the Batavian Republic) desired most earnestly to see him without loss of time, in order to make the definite arrangements; and, especially, they prayed him to bring with him the deputy of the people of Ireland, which Daendels repeated two or three times in his letter. In consequence of this, I waited on the General, whom I found in his bed in the Cour Imperiale, and received his orders to set off with Lewines without loss of time, and attend him at the Hague.

June 27.—Hoche, on our arrival, began by telling us that the Dutch Governor, General Daendels, and Admiral De Winter, were sincerely actuated by a desire to effectuate something striking, to rescue their country from that state of oblivion and decadence into which it had fallen; that, by the most indefatigable exertions on their part, they had got together at the Texel sixteen sail of the line and eight or ten frigates, all ready for sea and in the highest condition; that they intended to embark 15,000 men, the whole of their national troops, 3,000 stand of arms, eighty pieces of artillery, and money for their pay and subsistence for three months; that he had the best opinion of the sincerity of all parties, and of the courage and conduct of the

general and admiral, but that here was the difficulty: the French government had demanded that at least 5,000 French troops, the *elite* of the army, should be embarked instead of a like number of Dutch, in which case, if the demand was acceded to, he would himself take the command of the united army, and set off for the Texel directly; but that the Dutch government made great difficulties, alleging a variety of reasons, of which some were good; that they said the French troops would never submit to the discipline of the Dutch navy, and that, in that case, they could not pretend to enforce it on their own, without making unjust distinctions and giving a reasonable ground for jealousy and discontent to their army; "but the fact is," said Hoche, "that the Committee, Daendels, and De Winter, are anxious that the Batavian Republic should have the glory of the expedition, if it succeeds; they feel that their country has been forgotten in Europe, and they are risking everything, even to their last stake—for if this fails, they are ruined—in order to restore the national character." Both Lewines and I now found ourselves in a considerable difficulty. On the one side, it was an object of the greatest importance to have Hoche and his 5,000 grenadiers; on the other, it was most unreasonable to propose anything which could hurt the feelings of the Dutch people, at a moment when they were making unexampled exertions in our favour, and risking, as Hoche himself said, their last ship and last shilling to emancipate us. I did not know what to say. Lewines, however, extricated himself and me with considerable address. After stating very well our difficulty, he asked Hoche whether he

thought that Daendels would serve under his orders, and, if he refused, what effect that might have on the Batavian troops. I will never forget the magnanimity of Hoche on this occasion. He said he believed Daendels would not, and, therefore, that the next morning he would withdraw the demand with regard to the French troops, and leave the Dutch government at perfect liberty to act as they thought proper. When it is considered that Hoche has a devouring passion for fame; that his great object, on which he has endeavoured to establish his reputation, is the destruction of the power of England; that he has, for two years, in a great degree devoted himself to our business, and made the greatest exertions, including our memorable expedition, to emancipate us; that he sees, at last, the business likely to be accomplished by another, and, of course, all the glory he had promised to himself ravished from him; when, in addition to all this, it is considered that he could, by a word's speaking, prevent the possibility of that rival's moving one step, and find, at the same time, plausible reasons sufficient to justify his own conduct, I confess his renouncing the situation which he might command, is an effort of very great virtue.

June 28.—This morning, at ten, Lewines and I went with General Hoche to the Committee for Foreign Affairs, which we found sitting. General Hoche began by stating extremely well the history of our affairs since he had interested himself in them; he pressed, in the strongest manner that we could wish, the advantages to be reaped from the emancipation of Ireland, the almost certainty of success if the attempt were once

made, and the necessity of attempting it, if at all, immediately. It was Citizen Hahn who replied to him. He said he was heartily glad to find the measure sanctioned by so high an opinion as that of General Hoche; that originally the object of the Dutch government was to have invaded England, in order to have operated a diversion in favour of the French army, which it was hoped would have been in Ireland; that circumstances being totally changed in that regard, they had yielded to the wishes of the French government, and resolved to go into Ireland; that, for this purpose, they had made the greatest exertions, and had now at the Texel an armament of sixteen sail of the line, ten frigates, 15,000 troops in the best condition, eighty pieces of artillery, and pay for the whole for three months; but that a difficulty had been raised within a few days, in consequence of a requisition of the Minister of Marine, Truguet, who wished to have 5,000 French troops, instead of so many Dutch, to be disembarked in consequence. That this was a measure of extreme risk, inasmuch as the discipline of the Dutch navy was very severe, and such as the French troops would probably not submit to; that, in that case, they could not pretend to enforce it with regard to their own troops, the consequence of which would be a relaxation of all discipline. This was precisely what General Hoche told us last night. He immediately replied, that such being the case, he would take on himself to withdraw the demand of the Minister of Marine, and satisfy the Directory as to the justice of their observations; and that he hoped, all difficulty on that head being removed, they would press the embarkation without a moment's delay.

It was easy to see the most lively satisfaction on all their faces at this declaration of General Hoche, which certainly does him the greatest honour. General Daendels especially was beyond measure delighted. They told us then that they hoped all would be ready in a fortnight, and Hahn observed at the same time, that, as there was an English squadron which appeared almost every day at the mouth of the Texel, it was very much to be desired that the Brest fleet should, if possible, put to sea, in order to draw off at least a part of the British fleet, because, from the position of the Texel, the Dutch fleet was liable to be attacked in detail in sailing out of the port; and even if they beat the enemy, it would not be possible to proceed, as they must return to refit. To this General Hoche replied, that the French fleet could not, he understood, be ready before two months, which put it out of the question. . . . A member of the committee, I believe it was Van Leyden, then asked us, supposing everything succeeded to our wish, what was the definite object of the Irish people. To which we replied, categorically, that it was to throw off the yoke of England, break for ever the connection now existing with that country, and constitute ourselves a free and independent people. They all expressed their satisfaction at this reply, and Van Leyden observed that he had travelled through Ireland, and to judge from the luxury of the rich, and extreme misery of the poor, no country in Europe had so crying a necessity for a revolution. To which Lewines and I replied, as is most religiously the truth, that one great motive of our conduct in this business was the conviction of the wretched state of our peas-

antry, and the determination, if possible, to amend it. The political object of our visit being now nearly ascertained, Hahn, in the name of the committee, observed that he hoped either Lewines or I would be of the expedition, as our presence with the general would be indispensable. To which Hoche replied, "that I was ready to go," and he made the offer, on my part, in a manner peculiarly agreeable to my feelings. It was then fixed that I should set off for the army of Sambre et Meuse for my trunk, and especially for my papers, and that Lewines should remain at the Hague, at the orders of the committee, until my return, which might be seven or eight days. The meeting then broke up.

July 4.—Instantly on my arrival at the Hague, I waited on General Daendels, whom I found on the point of setting out for the Texel. He read the letter, and told me everything should be settled with regard to my rank, and that I should receive two months' pay in advance, to equip me for the campaign. . . .

July 8.—Arrived early in the morning at the Texel, and went immediately on board the admiral's ship, the Vryheid, of 74 guns, a superb vessel. Found General Daendels aboard, who presented me to Admiral De Winter, who commands the expedition. . . .

July 10.—I have been boating about the fleet, and aboard several of the vessels; they are in very fine condition, incomparably better than the fleet at Brest, and I learn from all hands that the best possible spirit reigns in both soldiers and sailors. Admiral Duncan, who commands the English fleet off the Texel, sent in yesterday an officer with a flag of truce, apparently with a letter, but in fact to reconnoitre our force. De

Winter was even with him: for he detained his messenger, and sent back the answer by an officer of his own, with instructions to bring back an exact account of the force of the enemy.

July 11.—This day our flag of truce is returned, and the English officer released. Duncan's fleet is of eleven sail of the line, of which three are three-deckers.

July 13.—I have had a good deal of discourse to-day with General Daendels, and I am more and more pleased with him. His plan is, to place such of our people as may present themselves at first in the cadres of the regiments which we bring out, until our battalions are 1,000 each; that then we may form a corps, and he will give us proper officers to discipline and organize it; that he will keep the main army of 8,000 or 10,000 men in activity, and leave the security of our communications, the guarding of passes, rivers, etc., to the national troops, until they are in a certain degree disciplined. A great deal of this is good, but we must be brought more forward in the picture than that for every reason in the world. . . .

July 14.—General Daendels showed me to-day his instructions from the Dutch government. They are fair and honest, and I have no doubt he will act up to them. The spirit of them is, always to maintain the character of a faithful ally, not to interfere in the domestic concerns of the people, to aid them by every means in his power to establish their liberty and independence, and to expect no condition in return, but that we should throw off the English yoke, and that, when all was settled on that score, we should arrange our future commerce with the Dutch Republic on the

basis of reciprocal advantage and accommodation. And I am convinced, from what I see of Daendels, and the frankness of his character, that he will act up to his instructions. The report to-day is, that we shall get under way to-morrow, and I see a bustle in the ship, which seems to confirm it; but I follow my good old rule, to ask no questions. It is, to be sure, glorious, the prospect of this day.[1]

Our land force I do not yet accurately know. I should have remarked that two or three days ago Noel, Minister of the French Republic, dined aboard us, with his wife. All was in grand costume, the shrouds manned, and twenty-one guns fired at his departure. He was dressed like a *representant du peuple aux armées*, in blue, with a tri-colour sash, and his hat *à la* Henry IV., with a band and panache, also *aux trois couleurs*. Yesterday the Swedish ambassador dined with us, with his *unchat*, etc. He is a damned dog, and a dunce, and an English partisan, as I soon found out, and, I understand, a spy. The rascal! To-day, indeed at this present writing, I can see from the cabin windows ten sail of English ships of war, little and big,

[1] Line of Battle.—*Avant Garde*—Jupiter, 74 guns; Cerberus, 68; Haarlem, 68; Alkmaar, 56; Delft, 56. *Frigates*—Monnikendam, 44; Minerva, 24; Daphne, 16. Five sail of the line, and three frigates and sloops.

Corps de Bataille—Vryheid, 74; Staaten-General, 74; Batavia, 56; Wassenear, 68; Leyden, 68. *Frigates*—Mars, 44; Furie; Galatea; Atalanta. Five sail of the line, and four frigates and sloops.

Arriere Garde—Brutus, 74; Hercules, 68; Glyheid, 68; Admiral De Vries, 68; Beschermer, 56. *Frigates*—Embuscade, 44; Waakzenheid, 24; Ajax. Five sail of the line, and three frigates and sloops, with twenty-seven sail of transports, from one hundred and fifty to four hundred and fifty tons burthen.

that have presented themselves off the mouth of the Texel. It put me in mind of the Goulet of Brest, where I have been often regaled in the same manner. Nobody here seems to mind them, and so, "*Je m'en fich, allons!*"

July 16.—The general tells me just now that a spy, sent out by the admiral, returned last night with the news that the English fleet is strong—twenty-four sail of the line. A few days ago he said nineteen; but he explains that by saying that five sail had been detached to assist at the execution of Parker the mutineer. The admiral's opinion is, that the fellow is a double spy, and that the story of twenty-four sail is a lie, in which I join him.

July 17.—The wind is as foul as the Devil. At Brest we had, against all probability, a fair wind for five days successively, during all which time we were not ready, and at last, when we did arrive at our destination, the wind changed and we missed our blow. Here all is ready, and nothing is wanting but a fair wind. We are riding at single anchor. I hope the wind may not play us a trick. It is terribly foul this evening. Hang it and damn it! For me, I am in a rage which is truly astonishing, and can do nothing to help myself. Well, well!

July 18.—The wind is as foul as possible this morning; it cannot be worse. An officer sent out in disguise to reconnoitre is just returned; his report is favourable; he saw the English fleet strong—twelve sail of the line and seven or eight frigates; one of the frigates bore down on the admiral, and spoke him, on which he instantly made signal, and the whole squadron stood to the S. W. I do not conceive what could be the reason

of that manœuvre, for it leaves us clear if the wind would let us stir out.

July 19.—Wind foul still. Horrible! Horrible! Admiral De Winter and I endeavour to pass away the time playing the flute, which he does very well; we have some good duets, and that is some relief. It is, however, impossible to conceive anything more irksome than waiting, as we now are, on the wind; what is still worse, the same wind which locks us up here is exactly favourable for the arrival of reinforcements to Duncan, if Lord Spencer means to send him any. Naval expeditions are terrible for their uncertainty. I see in the Dutch papers, for I am beginning, with the help of a dictionary, to decypher a little, that the Toulon fleet is at sea since the 20th of June, strong, six sail of the line, two of eighty, and four of seventy-four guns, and six frigates. I wish them safe and well in Brest Harbour. There never was, and never will be, such an expedition as ours if it succeeds; it is not merely to determine which of two despots shall sit upon a throne, or whether an island shall belong to this or that state; it is to change the destiny of Europe, to emancipate one, perhaps three, nations, to open the sea to the commerce of the world, to found a new empire, to demolish an ancient one, to subvert a tyranny of six hundred years. And all this hangs to-day upon the wind. I cannot express the anxiety I feel. Well, no matter! I can do nothing to help myself, and that aggravates my rage.

July 20.—This evening I had the pleasure to count nineteen sail of British vessels, which passed the mouth of the Texel under an easy sail. The general assures me, however, that there are not above twelve sail of the

line among them, according to the comparison of the best accounts which have been received. Wind foul, as usual. The following is the state of our army: infantry, eighteen battalions, of 452 men, 8,136; chasseurs, four battalions, at 540 men, 2,160; cavalry, eight squadrons, 1,650; artillery, nine companies, 1,049; light artillery, two companies, 389; etat major, 160; total, 13,544. It is more than sufficient. Would to God we were all arrived safe and well at our destination! . . .

July 24-25-26.—To-day I saw in the Dutch papers that great changes have taken place in the French ministry. Talleyrand Perigord, *ci devant* Bishop of Autun, whom I saw in Philadelphia, is appointed to the Foreign Affairs, in place of Charles de la Croix; Pleville Pelet to the Marine, in place of Truguet; Lenoir Laroche to the Police, in place of Cochon; François de Neufchateu to the Interior, in place of Benezech; and Hoche to the War Department, in place of Petiet. Of all these new men I only know Hoche. Sat down immediately and wrote him a letter of congratulation, in which I took occasion to mention the negotiation now going on at Lisle, with the English plenipotentiary, Lord Malmesbury, and prayed him, in case that peace was inevitable, to exert his interest to get an article inserted to restore to their country or liberty all the Irish patriots who are in exile or in prison, and assuring him, at the same time, that I should never profit of such an article, as I never would return to Ireland while she remained in slavery.

July 27-28.—Yesterday we had a sort of fair wind, but which came so late, and was so feeble, that we could

not weigh anchor; at eight in the evening it came round to the west, as bad as ever, and to-day it is not much better. I am weary of my life. The French are fitting out a squadron at Brest, which, it now appears, is to be only twelve sail of the line. Lord Bridport's fleet is twenty-two sail; *ergo*, he may detach, with perfect security, seven sail to reinforce Duncan, who will then have at least nineteen sail against our fifteen; *ergo*, he will beat us, etc. Damn it to all eternity! For me, I am in a transport of rage, which I cannot describe. Everything now depends upon the wind, and we are totally helpless. Man is a poor being in that respect. Fifty millions of money cannot purchase us an hour of fair wind.

July 29.—This morning the wind is fair, but so little of it that we cannot stir. About mid-day it sprung up fresh, but the tide was spent, and it was too late. To sail out of the Texel, there must be a concurrence of wind and tide. The admiral went ashore to-day, and mounted the downs with his perspective glass, like Robinson Crusoe; he counted twenty-five sail of three-masted vessels, and six luggers, or cutters, of the English, at anchor; he concludes they are about fifteen or sixteen of the line, the rest frigates.

August, 1797.

August 1-2.—Everything goes on here from bad to worse, and I am tormented and unhappy more than I can express, so that I hate even to make these memorandums. Well, it cannot be helped. On the 30th, in

the morning early, the wind was fair, the signal given to prepare to get under way, and everything ready, when, at the very instant we were about to weigh the anchor and put to sea, the wind chopped about and left us. Nothing can be imagined more tormenting. The admiral, having some distrust of his pilots (for it seems the pilots here are all Orangeists), made signal to all the chiefs of the fleet to know if they thought it possible to get out with the wind, which then blew E. S. E., but their answer was unanimous in the negative, so there was an end of the business. In an hour after, the wind hauled round more to the S., and blew a gale, with thunder and lightning; so it was well we were not caught in the shoals which environ the entry of this abominable road. At last it fixed in the S. W., almost the very worst quarter possible, where it has remained steadily ever since. Not to lose time, the admiral sent out an officer with a letter addressed to Admiral Duncan, but, in fact, to reconnoitre the enemy's force. He returned yesterday with a report that Duncan's fleet is of seventeen sail of the line, including two or three three-deckers, which is pleasant. It is decided that we all remain on board the Vryheid and take our chance, which is very brave and foolish: for there is no manner of proportion between the good to be obtained, and the hazard to be run—a rule by which I am fond to examine questions. . . . I am, to-day, twenty-five days aboard, and at a time when twenty-five hours are of importance. There seems to be a fate in this business. Five weeks, I believe six weeks, the English fleet was paralyzed by the mutinies at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and the Nore. The sea was open, and nothing to prevent both the Dutch and

French fleets to put to sea. Well, nothing was ready; that precious opportunity, which we can never expect to return, was lost; and now that, at last, we are ready here, the wind is against us, the mutiny is quelled, and we are sure to be attacked by a superior force.

August 5.—This morning arrived aboard the Vryheid, Lowry, of county Down, member of the executive committee, and John Tennant, of Belfast. I am in no degree delighted with the intelligence which they bring. The persecution in Ireland is at its height, and the people there, seeing no prospect of succour, which has been so long promised to them, are beginning to lose confidence in themselves and their chiefs, whom they almost suspect of deceiving them. They ground their suspicions on the great crisis of the mutiny being suffered to pass by, without the French government making the smallest attempt to profit of it, and I can hardly blame them. They held out till the 24th of June, the last day allowed by the British government, in the proclamation offering a general pardon, and, that day being arrived, they have almost entirely submitted and taken the oath of allegiance; most of them have likewise given up their arms, but it appears that the number of firelocks was much less than was imagined. In consequence of all this, the Executive Committee has doubled its efforts. M'Neven was despatched from Dublin to France, and sailed from Yarmouth on the 5th July; of course he is, I reckon, long before this, in Paris. Lowry, Tennant, and Bartholomew Teeling came together to Hamburg, where they arrived about a fortnight ago, and finding the letter I wrote to my sister, acquainting her with my being here, Teeling immedi-

ately sailed for England, and I am in hopes he will get back safe, in which case his arrival will give courage to the people; the other two came here. But, as I said already, it is hard to judge at a distance. Keogh, I know, is not fit for a *coup de main;* he has got, as Lewines tells me, M'Cormick latterly into his hands, and, besides, Dick is now past the age of adventure. I am surprised that Emmet did not show more energy, because I know he is as brave as Cæsar of his person. It seems to me to have been such an occasion missed as we can hardly expect to see return. Lowry and Tennant say there are now at least 80,000 men in Ireland of British troops, including the militia and yeomanry corps, who, together, may make 35,000; but in this account I am sure there is great exaggeration; for they spoke very much by guess, and a number that is guessed, as Johnson remarks, is always exaggerated. . . .

August 10-11.—Passed two days very agreeably with Lowry and Tennant, and then returned on board. They are a couple of fine lads, especially Lowry, whom I like extremely. I think he will make a figure, if ever we have the good fortune to reach our own country.

August 12.—The wind is as foul as ever, and I began fairly to despair of our enterprise. To-night Admiral De Winter took me into secret and told me he had prepared a memorial to his government, stating that the design originally was to be ready for the beginning of July, and that everything was, in consequence, embarked by the 9th; that the English fleet at that time consisted, at the very most, of thirteen sail of the line, which could not make any effectual opposition; that contrary winds having prevailed ever since, without an

hour's intermission, the enemy had time to reinforce himself to the number of seventeen sail of the line, so that he had now a superiority in force over the Dutch fleet, which, of course, rendered the issue of an engagement, to a certain degree, doubtful; that, by this unforeseen delay, which might, and probably would, continue still longer, a great additional consumption of provisions had taken place, so that, in a very few days, there would be barely sufficient for the voyage north about. . . . He proposed that a report should be published industriously that the expedition had been abandoned; but that from 2,500 to 3,000 of the troops, with twenty or thirty pieces of artillery, and all the arms and ammunition, should be despatched in a small flotilla for the original destination, where they should land the men, arms, and artillery, and he would charge himself with the execution of the plan. . . . These are, most certainly, very strong reasons, and, unfortunately, the wind gives them every hour fresh weight. I answered, that I did not see at present any solid objection to propose to his system; and that all I had to say was, that, if the Batavian Republic sent but a corporal's guard to Ireland, I was ready to make one. So here is our expedition in a hopeful way. It is most terrible. Twice within nine months, has England been saved by the wind. It seems as if the very elements had conspired to perpetuate our slavery and protect the insolence and oppression of our tyrants. . . .

August 13.—The wind is as foul as ever, viz., S. W. . . . General Dumonceau, our second in command, and I have been poring over the map of England, and he has been mooting a plan, which, in my mind, is flat non-

sense, viz., to land at or near Lynn, in Lincolnshire, with his 14,000 men, where he thinks he could maintain himself until the fleet could return and bring him a reinforcement of as many more, and then march upon London and stand a battle. It is hardly worth while combating a scheme which will certainly never be adopted; it is sufficient to observe, that his plan necessarily includes that he must be absolute master of the sea during the whole time necessary for its execution, which, without going further, is saying enough. Besides, I presume, it is hardly to be expected that, with even 28,000 men, supposing he had horses to mount his cavalry and draw his artillery, which he would not have, that he would be able to force his way through an enemy's country for above one hundred miles, who would have time more than sufficient to collect his forces, and make the necessary dispositions to give him a warm reception. . . .

August 14.—I set off for the Texel to see Lowry and Tennant, and talk over the admiral's new plan (for Ireland) in order to have their opinion thereupon. After dinner we walked out to a pretty little farm, about half a mile from the town, where they are lodged, and sat down on a hillock, where we had a view of the fleet riding at anchor below. I then told them that I looked upon our expedition, on the present scale, as given up, and I stated the reasons assigned by De Winter, and which are unanswerable. I then communicated his plan, and desired their advice and opinion on the whole, and especially as to the material fact, whether they thought the people would join us, if they saw no more than 3,000 men. After a long consultation, their opinion

finally was, that the scheme was practicable, but difficult, and that, by great exertions and hazards on the part of their chiefs, the people might be brought forward; but that for that, it was indispensable that the landing should be effected in the counties of Down or Antrim, but especially the former, where there were, in June last, twenty-four regiments of a thousand men each, ready organized, with all their officers and sub-officers. . . .

August 15.—As it will require from three weeks to a month to arrange matters for the expedition on the present plan, Lowry and Tennant have determined to go on to the Hague, and, if they have time, to Paris, in order to see MacNeven and Lewines, and to join with them in endeavouring to procure assistance from France, and especially, if possible, to obtain a small armament to coöperate with that from the Texel, and which, by spreading the alarm, and distracting the attention of the enemy, must produce the most beneficial effects. . . .

August 21.—Breakfasted with the general. He told me, in the first place, that the government had rejected a plan proposed by the admiral, viz., to transport 2,500 men, and the arms, stores, and ammunition, and had determined to persist in their original design; that, however, in consideration of the lateness of the season, he had prepared a memorial, which he showed me, for a new arrangement, which is shortly this—to sail out and fight Admiral Duncan. If the issue of the battle be favourable, to pass over immediately 15,000 men, or as many more as we can send, in everything that will swim, to Scotland; to seize, in the first instance,

on Edinburgh, and march right on to Glasgow, taking every possible means to alarm the enemy with the idea that we meant to penetrate by the north of England, which is to be done by detaching flying parties, making requisitions, etc., on that side; to maintain ourselves, meantime, behind the canal which joins the Frith of Forth to the Clyde, having our right at Dumbarton and our left at Falkirk, as well as I can remember, for I have not at present either the map or the memorial before me; to collect all the vessels in the Clyde, and pass over the army to the north of Ireland; to send round, whilst these military operations were going on by land, the frigates, and such transports, as few as possible, as might be necessary, to carry over the artillery, stores, etc. Finally, that the English would probably be alarmed by all this for their own country, and perhaps recall a part of their troops from Ireland. . . .

August 25-26.—The general has submitted his plan to Geneal Dejean, who approves of it entirely in a military point of view, provided the frigates can get round to meet us.

SEPTEMBER, 1797.

September 1.—Admiral Duncan's fleet has been reinforced to twenty-one sail of the line, so that, even if the wind come round in our favour, it would be madness in us to venture an action with such a terrible inferiority of force; in addition to which, we have now, in consequence of the delays occasioned by the wind, not above ten days' provisions remaining for the troops on board. The plan proposed is, in fact, but an improve-

ment on the last one, viz., to land the troops, and quarter them in the neighbourhood, so as to be able to collect them in forty-eight hours; to appear to have renounced the idea of the expedition, but in the meantime to revictual the fleet with all diligence and secrecy, which may occupy probably a month; to endeavour even to reinforce it by one or two vessels, which might, in that time, be got ready for sea. All this will bring us to the time of the equinox, when it will be impossible for the enemy, who will, besides, it is probable, have relaxed in his vigilance, in consequence of these manœuvres, to keep the sea. When all is ready, the troops are to be reembarked with the greatest expedition, and a push to be made instantly for Scotland, as already detailed.

September 2-3.—This day the general gave me my instructions to set off to join General Hoche at Wetzlar, and give him a copy of the memorial containing the plan already mentioned. In addition, he gave me verbal instructions to the following import: that, in addition to the written plan, it might be expedient to follow up the first debarkation by a second of 15,000 of the French troops now in the pay of Holland, with which reinforcement, the army being brought up to 30,000 men, could maintain itself in Scotland in spite of any force that could be brought against him; that they might even penetrate into England, and by that means force the enemy to a peace; that 25,000 might be employed on this service, and the remaining 5,000 detached into Ireland, from whence it was morally certain that a great portion of the troops would be withdrawn to defend England itself; that, if General Hoche would in that case take the command of the united

armies, he (Daendels) desired nothing better than to serve under him; if not, he was ready to serve under any French general, being a senior officer; in which case each army was, as to all matters of discipline, administration, etc., to remain under their respective chiefs. . . .

September 13.—This day I saw General Hoche in Paris, who is just returned from Frankfort. He has been very ill with a violent cold, and has still a cough, which makes me seriously uneasy about him; he does not seem to apprehend anything himself, but I should not be surprised, for my part, if, in three months, he were in a rapid consumption. He is dreadfully altered, and has a dry, hollow cough, that it is distressing to the last degree to hear. I should be most sincerely and truly sorry if anything were to happen him, but I very much fear he will scarcely throw off his present illness. I immediately explained to him the cause of my arrival, gave him Daendels' plan, and the map of Scotland, and such further elucidation as I was able in conversation. He shook his head at the idea of a second debarkation at the mouth of the Clyde, and observed, that if we got safe into Scotland, the British would immediately detach a squadron of frigates into the Irish Channel, which would arrive, to a moral certainty, before the Dutch frigates, which were, according to the plan proposed, to go north about, and that they would thus be cut off from all communication with Ireland.

September 15-16-17.—The general's health is in a most alarming state, and nobody here seems to suspect it, at least to the extent that I do. I look on it as a moral impossibility that he should hold out long, if he persists to remain at the army, as he seems determined

to do. As for his physician, I have no great faith in his skill, and, in short, I have the most serious alarms for his life. I should be sincerely sorry, for every reason, public and private, that we should lose him. Urgent as the affair is on which I am here, I have found it impossible to speak to him about it, and God knows when, or whether I may ever find an opportunity, which, in addition to my personal regard and love for him, is a circumstance which very much aggravates my uneasiness. To-day he has been removed by four grenadiers from one chamber to another: for he is unable to walk. It is terrible to see a fine handsome fellow, in the very flower of his youth and strength, so reduced. My heart bleeds for him. I am told that the late attacks made on him by the royalists in the Convention, and the journalists in their pay, preyed exceedingly on his spirits, and are the probable cause of his present illness. Is it not strange that a man who has faced death a thousand times with intrepidity in the field, should sink under the calumny of a rabble of miscreants? . . .

September 18-19.—My fears with regard to General Hoche are too well founded. He died this morning at four o'clock. His lungs seemed to me quite gone. This most unfortunate event has so confounded and distressed me that I know not what to think, nor what will be the consequence. . . .

October 15.—The day after the proclamation of the peace of France with Austria, I saw an *arrêté* of the Directory, ordaining the formation of an army, to be called *l'armée d'Angleterre*, and appointing Buonaparte to command it. Bravo! This looks as if they were in earnest. General Desaix, of the army of the Rhine, who

distinguished himself so much by his defence of Kehl against Prince Charles in the last campaign, is ordered to superintend the organization of the army until the arrival of Buonaparte. All this is famous news.

It is singular enough that I should have forgotten to mention in its place the famous battle fought on the 11th of October, between the English fleet, under Admiral Duncan, and the Dutch, commanded by De Winter. It shows the necessity of making memorandums on the moment. There never was a more complete victory than that gained by the English. The fleets were equal in number, but they had the advantage in number of guns and weight of metal. De Winter fought like a lion, and defended himself to the last extremity; but was at length forced to strike, as were nine of his fleet, out of sixteen whereof it consisted. With him were taken Admiral Reyntzies, who is since dead; and Meurer Bloys lost his right arm, and Story is the only one who came off clear; the two last were not taken. I cannot conceive why the Dutch government sent out their fleet at that season, without motive or object, as far as I can learn. My opinion is, that it is direct treason, and that the fleet was sold to Pitt; and so think Barras, Pleville le Pelley, and even Meyer, the Dutch ambassador, whom I have seen once or twice.

NOVEMBER, 1797.

November 1-2-3.—My brother Matthew joined me from Hamburgh, where he arrived about a month ago. It is a great satisfaction to me, and I hope he arrives just to take a part in the expedition.

November 4-5-6-7-8-9.—This day General Hédouville brought me to General Berthier, and presented me to him, recommending me in the warmest manner. We had very little conversation, but he promised to speak of me to General Buonaparte, whom he sets off to join in three or four days. Two days after, I called, and left for him a memorial of about five lines, addressed to Buonaparte, offering my services, etc. It is droll enough I should be writing to Buonaparte.

November 20.—Yesterday General Hédouville presented me to Desaix, who is arrived within these few days. I could not possibly desire to meet a more favourable reception; he examined me a good deal as to the localities of Ireland, the face of the country, the facility of finding provisions; on which I informed him as well as I could. He told me that he had not directly the power himself to name the officers who were to be employed in the army of England, but that I need not be uneasy, for I might rely I should be of the number. His expression at parting was, '*Laissez moi faire, nous arrangerons tout cela.*' So I may happen to have another offer at John Bull before I die. I desire it. . . .

November 21-22-23-24-25.—This day we, viz., Lewines, Lowry, Tennant, Orr, Teeling, and myself, gave a grand dinner at Méots, to Generals Desaix, Hédouville, Watrin, Mermet, Dufalga, and one or two of their aides-de-camp. . . .

DECEMBER, 1797.

December 11-12.—Called this day, with Lewines, on General Desaix, and gave him Taylor's map of Ireland.

He tells us to be under no anxiety; that the French government will never quit the grip which they have got of England, till they humble her to the dust; that it is their wish and their interest (that of all France, as well as of Ireland); that the government now had means, and powerful ones, particularly money, and they would devote them all to this great object; it might be a little sooner or a little later, but that the success of the measure was inevitable. Barras has lately, in one or two different conversations, gone as far with Lewines as Desaix with me.

December 13.—Talleyrand Perigord sent for Lewines this morning, to tell him that the Directory were positively determined on our business; that the arrangements were all concluded upon, and that everything would be ready for April next, about four months from this. All this is very good. . . .

December 18-19-20-21.—General Desaix brought Lewines and me this morning and introduced us to Buonaparte, at his house in the Rue Chantereine. He lives in the greatest simplicity; his house is small, but neat, and all the furniture and ornaments in the most classical taste. He is about five feet six inches high, slender, and well made, but stoops considerably; he looks at least ten years older than he is, owing to the great fatigues he underwent in his immortal campaign of Italy. His face is that of a profound thinker, but bears no marks of that great enthusiasm and unceasing activity by which he has been so much distinguished. It is rather, to my mind, the countenance of a mathematician than of a general. He has a fine eye, and a great firmness about his mouth; he speaks low and hollow. So

much for his manner and figure. We had not much discourse with him, and what little there was, was between him and Lewines, to whom, as our ambassador, I gave the *pas*. We told him that Tennant was about to depart for Ireland, and was ready to charge himself with his orders, if he had any to give. He desired us to bring him the same evening, and so we took our leave. In the evening we returned with Tennant, and Lewines had a good deal of conversation with him; that is to say, Lewines insensed him a good deal on Irish affairs, of which he appears a good deal uninformed: for example, he seems convinced that our population is not more than two millions, which is nonsense. Buonaparte listened, but said very little. When all this was finished, he desired that Tennant might put off his departure for a few days, and then, turning to me, asked whether I was not an adjutant-general. To which I answered, that I had the honour to be attached to General Hoche in that capacity. He then asked me where I had learned to speak French. To which I replied, that I had learned the little that I knew since my arrival in France, about twenty months ago. He then desired us to return the next evening but one, at the same hour, and so we parted. . . .

December 23.—Called this evening on Buonaparte, by appointment, with Tennant and Lewines, and saw him for about five minutes. Lewines gave him a copy of the memorials I delivered to the government in February, 1796 (nearly two years ago), and which, fortunately, have been well verified in every material fact, by everything that has taken place in Ireland since. He also gave him Taylor's map, and showed him half a

dozen of Hoche's letters, which Buonaparte read over. He then desired us to return in two or three days, with such documents relating to Ireland as we were possessed of, and, in the meantime, that Tennant should postpone his departure. We then left him. His manner is cold, and he speaks very little; it is not, however, so dry as that of Hoche, but seems rather to proceed from languor than anything else. He is perfectly civil, however, to us; but, from anything we have yet seen or heard from him, it is impossible to augur anything good or bad. We have now seen the greatest man in Europe three times, and I am astonished to think how little I have to record about him. I am sure I wrote ten times as much about my first interview with Charles de la Croix, but then I was a greenhorn; I am now a little used to see great men, and great statesmen, and great generals, and that has, in some degree, broke down my admiration. Yet, after all, it is a droll thing that I should become acquainted with Buonaparte. This time twelve months I arrived in Brest from my expedition to Bantry Bay. Well, the third time, they say, is the charm. . . .

JANUARY, 1798.

January 1.—I wished myself the compliments of the season; a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Received a letter from my sister, wherein she informs me that my father has at length received a letter from my brother William, of whom I have not heard since 1794; he is alive and well, in the service of the Mahrattas, with a liberal appointment of £750 per annum, and

this is the whole of what she tells me, and, I suppose, of what she knows.

One or two things have happened lately, which gave me personally some pleasure. The Minister of Foreign Affairs has written to the Minister of Police, that, whereas Pitt may probably endeavour to slide in some of his emissaries under the character of refugee United Irishmen, none be permitted to remain but such as I may vouch for, which shows they have some confidence in me. The first use I made of it was to apply for the liberty of two lads, named Burgess and Macan, who are detained at Liege, and I hope they are enlarged before this. Another thing is a young man, whom I do not know, named M'Kenna, who was recommended, as he says, by Tallien, applied to Buonaparte to be employed as his secretary and interpreter. Buonaparte, after some discourse, gave him, for answer, to address himself to me, and that I should report thereupon to him, Buonaparte. All this is very good; I have not seen the general since, but I expect I shall in a few days.

January 7.—I saw Buonaparte again. After Lewines had had a good deal of discourse with him, I mentioned the affair of M'Kenna, who desires to be employed as secretary. Buonaparte observed that he believed the world thought he had fifty secretaries, whereas he had but one; of course there was an end of that business; however, he bid me see what the man was fit for, and let him know. I took this opportunity to mention the desire all the refugee United Irishmen now in Paris had to bear a part in the expedition, and the utility they would be of in case of a landing in Ireland. He answered

that they would all be undoubtedly employed, and desired me to give him in, for that purpose, a list of their names. Finally, I spoke of myself, telling him that General Desaix had informed me that I was carried on the tableau of the *Armée Angleterre;* he said, "I was." I then observed that I did not pretend to be of the smallest use to him whilst we were in France, but that I hoped to be serviceable to him on the other side of the water; that I did not give myself to him at all for a military man, having neither the knowledge nor the experience that would justify me in charging myself with any function. "*Mais vous êtes brave,*" said he, interrupting me. I replied that, when the occasion presented itself, that would appear. "*Eh bien,*" said he, "*cela suffit.*" We then took our leave.

February 1.—The number of Irish refugees is considerably increased. Independent of Lewines, Tennant, and Lowry, of whom I have spoken, there are Teeling, of Lisburn; Orr, of Derry; M'Mahon, of county Down; Macan and Burgess, of county Louth; Napper Tandy, and my brother. There is also one Maguire, who was sent by Reynolds from Philadelphia, in consequence of my letter to him by Monroe, and one Ashley, an Englishman, formerly secretary to the Correspondng Society, and one of those who were tried with Thomas Hard, in London, for high treason. We all do very well except Napper Tandy, who is not behaving correctly. He began some months ago by caballing against me with a priest of the name of Quigley, who is since gone off, no one knows whither; the circumstances of this petty intrigue are not worth my recording. It is sufficient to say that Tandy took on him to summon a meet-

ing of the Irish refugees, at which Lewines and I were to be arraigned, on I know not what charges, by himself and Quigley. Lewines refused to attend, but I went, and when I appeared, there was no one found to bring forward a charge against me, though I called three times to know "whether any person had anything to offer." In consequence of this manœuvre, I have had no communication since with Tandy, who has also lost ground, by this mean behaviour, with all the rest of his countrymen; he is, I fancy, pestering the government here with applications and memorials, and gives himself out for an old officer and a man of great property in Ireland, as I judge from what General Murat said to me, in speaking of him the other night at Buonaparte's. He asked me did I know one Tandy, "*un ancien militaire, n'est ce pas?*" I said I did know him, but could not say that he was exactly "*un ancien militaire,*" as he had never served but in the Volunteer corps of Ireland, a body which resembled pretty much the *Garde Nationale* of France at the beginning of the Revolution. "*Mais c'est un très riche proprietaire.*" I told him I believed he was always in easy circumstances; and then there the discourse ended. By this, I see how he is showing himself off here. He has got lately a coadjutor in the famous Thomas Muir, who has arrived at Paris, and has inserted two or three very foolish articles, relating to the United Irishmen now in Paris, with the exception of Tandy. It was settled that Lowry, Orr, Lewines, and myself should wait upon Muir, and, after thanking him for his good intentions, entreat him not to introduce our business into any publications which he might hereafter think proper to make. . . .

APRIL—MAY, 1798.

April 1-2.—Lewines waited yesterday on Merlin, who is president of the Directory for this *trimestre*, and presented him a letter of introduction from Talleyrand. Merlin received him with great civility and attention. Lewines pressed him, as far as he could with propriety, on the necessity of sending succours to Ireland at the earliest possible moment, especially on account of the late arrestations; and he took that occasion to impress him with a sense of the merit and services of the men for whom he interested himself so much on every account, public and personal. Merlin replied that, as to the time or place of succour, he could tell him nothing, it being the secret of the state; that, as to the danger of his friends, he was sincerely sorry for the situation of so many brave and virtuous patriots; that, however, though he could not enter into the details of the intended expedition, he would tell him thus much to comfort him: "That France never would grant peace to England on any terms short of the independence of Ireland." This is grand news. It is far more direct and explicit than any assurance we have yet got. Lewines made the proper acknowledgments, and then ran off to me to communicate the news. The fact is, whatever the rest of our countrymen here may think, Lewines is doing his business here fair and well, and like a man of honour. I wish others of them whom I could name had half as good principles.

Apropos of Lewines' private affairs. He has been now on the continent for the public business above fifteen months, at his own expense, to the amount of at least

£500; during which time his colleagues at home have not thought proper to remit him one farthing; and it is now in order to raise money that he is going to Holland. . . . Lewines called, a day or two before we left town, on Buonaparte, to endeavour to interest him in behalf of our unfortunate friends now in arrestation, and try whether it would be feasible to obtain a declaration from the Directory similar to that which they issued in the case of the patriots of the Pays de Vaud, for whose safety they made the aristocracy of Berne personally responsible. Buonaparte replied that the case was totally different: with regard to the Swiss, France was in a situation to follow up the menace by striking instantly: with England it was not so. She was a power of the first rank, and the Republic must never threaten in vain. Under these circumstances, he thought any interposition on the part of the French government in favour of the Irish patriots, might injure them materially, by inflaming still more the English government against them, and could, at the same time, do them no possible service. In this reasoning Lewines was obliged to acquiesce, and, in fact, the answer is unanswerable. . . .

April 21 to 24.—The last Paris papers mention, that Buonaparte is decidedly set off to take the command of the expedition which is preparing in the Mediterranean. It is, I learn, to consist of three divisions, one to embark at Toulon, commanded by Buonaparte in person; another at Genoa, by Kleber; and the third, at Civita Vecchia, by Desaix. The object declared is Egypt and Syria. . . .

April 25.—William Hamilton, who married J. Rus-

sell's daughter, arrived a few days since in Paris. He was obliged to fly from London, in consequence of the arrestation of O'Connor and his party. On his way he met Lewines at Brussels, and also saw in an English paper of the 3rd, that the revolution in Ireland was commenced, having broken out in the south, and that General Abercrombie and the army were in full march to suppress it. Both he and Lewines believe it. For my part, I do not—it is, at most, some partial insurrection—and so much the worse. I wrote, however, to General Kilmaine, to request an order to join him at Paris, in case the news was true, which, however, I am sure it was not. My brother writes me word that there is a person waiting for Lewines at the Hague, who has made his escape with plans, charts, etc. . . .

May 20.—Whitley Stokes again reprehended by the Chancellor. Whitley, it seems, communicated to Sampson, who communicated to Lord Moira, a paper which he had previously transmitted to the Lord Lieutenant, and which contained the account of some atrocious enormities committed by the British troops in the south of Ireland. Far less than that would suffice to destroy him in the Chancellor's opinion, who, by-the-bye, has had an eye upon him this long time; for I remember he summoned Stokes before the Secret Committee long before I left Ireland. I do not know whether to be vexed or pleased at this event as it regards Whitley. I only wish he had taken his part more decidedly; for, as it is, he is destroyed with one party, and I am by no means clear that he is saved with the other. He, like Parsons and Moira, have either their consciences too scrupulous, or their minds too little enlarged, to embrace the only

line of conduct in times like ours. They must be with the people or against them, and that for the whole, or they must be content to go down without the satisfaction of serving or pleasing any party. With regard to Stokes, I know he is acting rigidly on principle; for I know he is incapable of acting otherwise; but I fear very much that his very metaphysical unbending purity, which can accommodate itself neither to men, times, nor circumstances, will always prevent his being of any service to his country, which is a thousand pities, for I know no man whose virtues and whose talents I more sincerely reverence. I see only one place fit for him, and, after all, if Ireland were independent, I believe few enlightened Irishmen would oppose his being placed there—I mean at the head of the system of national education. I hope this last specimen of Fitzgibbon's moderation may give him a little of that political energy which he wants; for I have often heard him observe himself, that nothing sharpened men's patriotism more than a reasonable quantity of insult and ill usage. He may now be a living instance, and justify his doctrine by his practice. . . .

May 26.—I have changed my mind, and written this day a letter to General Kilmaine, acquainting him with Will's present situation in India, and offering to go thither, if the government thinks that my services can be useful, requesting secrecy and a speedy answer. I know not how this may turn out; it is a bold measure. My only difficulty is about my family; but if the Directory accepts my offer, I hardly think they will refuse to pay my wife one half of my appointments during my absence: if they do that, I will go cheerfully, notwith-

standing that the age for enterprise is almost over with me. My blood is cooling fast—"*my May of life is falling to the sear, the yellow leaf.*"

JUNE, 1798.—HAVRE.

June 1.—Read this morning an article in a Paris journal, which astonishes me more than I can express. It states that General Daendels has fled from the Hague, and has been proclaimed a deserter by the Dutch government. It seems orders were given to arrest him, which he avoided by flying into France, and it is supposed he is now at Paris. The true reason is said to be, his having given his opinion too unguardedly on the measures of his government. This is the whole of the article, and I confess it astonishes me most completely. Judging from my own experience, I would say that Daendels is an honest man and a good citizen, if there is one existing; and I learn by a letter from Lewines, dated May the 4th, and which is obscure in some parts, from a prudent caution, that parties run exceedingly high in Holland; so that I must conclude he is a victim to his principles. Go now and make revolutions! Daendels was obliged to fly to France ten years ago from the fury of the Orange faction; in his absence he was beheaded in effigy. In 1794, he returned triumphant with Pichegru, another memorable instance of the caprices of fortune, and was appointed to the chief command of the Batavian army. Now, in 1798, he is again obliged to fly to France, with the disgraceful epithet of deserter attached to his name, to avoid, as I conclude from circumstances, the fury of the democratic party. . . .

June 11.—I have been running over in my mind the list of my friends, and of the men whom, without being so intimately connected with them, I most esteem. Scarcely do I find one who is not or has not been in exile or prison, and in jeopardy of his life. To begin with Russell and Emmet, the two dearest of my friends, at this moment in prison on a capital charge. M'Neven, J. Sweetman, my old fellow-labourers in the Catholic cause; Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur and Roger O'Connor, whom, though I know less personally, I do not less esteem; Sampson, Bond, Jackson, and his son, still in prison; Robert and William Simms, the men in the world to whose friendship I am most obliged, but just discharged; Neilson, Hazlitt, M'Cracken, the same; M'Cormick, absconded; Rowan and Dr. Reynolds in America; Lewines, Tennant, Lowry, Hamilton, Teeling, Tandy, etc., and others, with whom I have little or no acquaintance, but whom I must presume to be victims of their patriotism, not to speak of my own family, in France, Germany, and elsewhere. Stokes disgraced on suspicion of virtue. It is a gloomy catalogue for a man to cast his eyes over. Of all my political connections, I see but John Keogh who has escaped, and how he has had that inconceivable good fortune, is to me a miracle.

June 14-16.—I mentioned to General Kilmaine that the situation of the young Irishmen now in Paris was very painful, and that I was afraid, if something were not done in their behalf, they would be reduced to great difficulties. He said he felt all that; at the same time, the conduct of many of the Irish in Paris was such as to reflect credit neither on themselves nor their country. That there was nothing to be heard of amongst

them but denunciations, and if every one of them, separately, spoke truth, all the rest were rascals. At the same time, there was one thing in their favour; hitherto they had asked nothing for themselves, which, in some degree, saved their credit—except one, named O'Finn, who appeared in the light of a mere adventurer; that Tandy had also applied for assistance, and that he (Kilmaine) believing the poor old man to be in distress, had signed a paper to the Minister at War, requesting he might be employed. I answered, that I was heartily sorry for the account he gave me of the conduct of our countrymen, which I had some reason to believe he had not exaggerated, having been denounced myself more than once, for no other offence, as I believe in my conscience, than the rank I held in the French army, which caused heart-burnings amongst them; that the misfortune was, that they came into France with their ideas mounted too high; from having had a certain degree of influence among the people at home, and finding themselves absolutely without any in France, their tempers were soured, and their ill-humour vented itself in accusations of each other.

June 20.—To-day is my birth-day. I am thirty-five years of age; more than half the career of my life is finished, and how little have I yet been able to do! Well, it has not been, at least, for want of inclination, and, I may add, of efforts. I had hopes, two years ago, that at the period I write this, my debt to my country would have been discharged, and the fate of Ireland settled for good or evil. To-day it is more uncertain than ever. I think, however, I may safely say, I have neglected no step to which my duty called me,

and in that conduct I will persist to the last. Called this morning on General Grouchy. I find him full of ardour for our business; he has read all the details, and talks of going to Paris in two or three days, to press the Directory upon that subject. His idea is to try an embarkation aboard the corvettes and privateers of Nantes; on which, he thinks, at least, 3,000 men, with 20,000 muskets can be stowed, and he speaks as if he meant to apply for the command of this little armament. We talked over the last expedition. He said he had shed tears of rage and vexation fifty times since, at the recollection of the opportunity of which he had been deprived; and there was one thing which he would never pardon in himself—that he did not seize Bouvet by the collar, and throw him overboard, the moment he attempted to raise a difficulty as to the landing. He also mentioned his intention to apply for me to be his adjutant-general, of which I am very glad, and added, that as he believed he would have the command of the fourth division of the army of England, besides his command of the cavalry, in which Nantes was included, in case the government relished his offer, he would be at hand to execute our plan, making, at the same time, a great parade at Brest and elsewhere, to divert the attention of the enemy. In short, he shows the same zeal and ardour in our cause that I had occasion to remark in him during the late expedition; and I look on it as a fortunate circumstance for me to be attached to him. From General Grouchy I went to visit the general-in-chief, Kilmaine, and mentioned to him, that, under the circumstances, especially as there was no appearance of any event

at Havre, I had thought it my duty to return near him to receive his orders. He said I did very right, but he was sorry at the same time to tell me, that he was much afraid the government would do nothing; and he read me a letter from the Minister of Marine, which he had received this very morning, mentioning that, in consequence of the great superiority of the naval force of the enemy, and difficulty of escaping from any of the ports during the fine season, the Directory were determined to adjourn the measure until a more favourable occasion.

I see by the papers that Daendels is returned in triumph to the Hague, where he has smashed the Dutch directory like a pipe-stalk, dissolved the government, and framed a new one, at the head of which he is himself. All this, certainly, with the approbation of the French government, and, as it appears, with that of the Dutch people also. Charles De la Croix, who was the support of the late Dutch directory, is recalled, and General Joubert, who was of the opposite party, continued in the command of the French troops in Holland.

If the Irish can hold out till winter, I have every hope that the French will assist them effectually. All I dread is, that they may be overpowered before that time. What a state my mind is in at this moment! In all this business I do not see one syllable about the north, which astonishes me more than I can express. Are they afraid? Have they changed their opinions? What can be the cause of their passive submission at this moment, so little suited to their former zeal and energy? I remember what Digges said to Russell and

me, five or six years ago:—"If ever the south is roused, I would rather have one southern than twenty northerns." Digges was a man of great sense and observation. He was an American, and had no local or provincial prejudices. Was he right in his opinion? A very little time will let us see. If it should prove so, what a mortification to me, who have so long looked up with admiration to the north and especially to Belfast! It cannot be that they have changed their principles; it must be, that circumstances render all exertions on their part, as yet, impossible.

Caetera desunt.

The Duke of Wellington's opinion of Theobald Wolfe Tone's journals is thus referred to in Moore's diary, 15th March, 1833, in an account of a dinner at Roger's:—"In talking of Wolfe Tone's journal, which Labouchere compared with Swift's journal to Stella (and pronounced it affected, insincere, etc.), Rogers mentioned what I was glad to hear, that the Duke of Wellington had spoken highly of it to him, and said that but few books had ever interested him so much."[1]

This journal shows that from December, 1797, to September, 1798, Tone and Lewines had made many and unsuccessful attempts to procure assistance from the French government. But with

[1] "Moore's Memoirs."

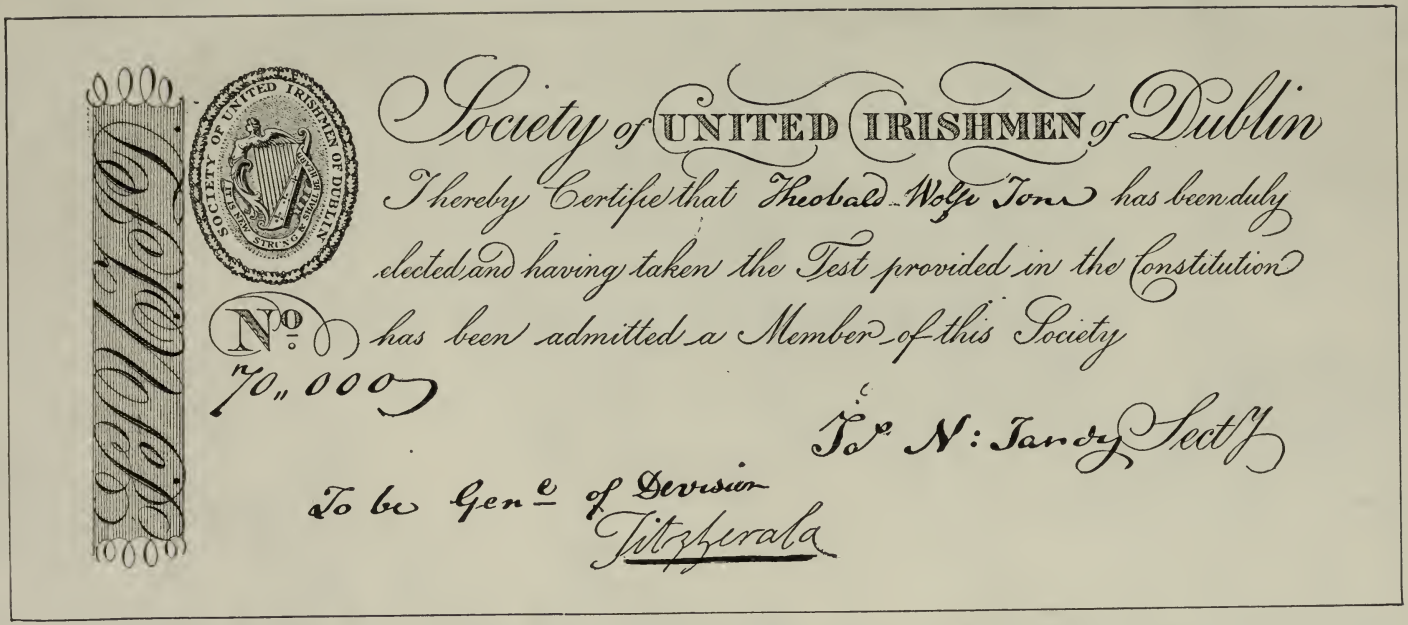
the expulsion of Carnot from the directory, the death of Hoche (in September, 1797, at the age of twenty-nine, some said of consumption, others of poison), and the ascendency of Buonaparte's star, every chance of effectual assistance was lost. Grouchy and Villaret, in their different capacities, contributed to the frustration of the objects of the Brest expedition. The elements conspired against the armament fitted out at the Texel, and the same allies, the only unsubsidized allies of Great Britain, were again faithful to her interests in the last attempt of this kind in September, 1798. On the death of Hoche, the 18th of September, 1797, Buonaparte succeeded to the chief command, and the preparations for the new expedition that Hoche had left in a state of forwardness, received little encouragement from his successor. He attributed at St. Helena to his own ignorance of the resources and population of Ireland, not only the failure of that expedition, but his own downfall. Buonaparte, moreover, was jealous of Hoche, and disposed to thwart any measure of his calculated to enhance his reputation. "But Hoche was an ardent and sincere republican; he could sacrifice his own hopes and prospects to the cause of liberty, as he nobly proved when he resigned to Daendels the command of the Texel expedition." The fact is, Buonaparte was a hater of republicanism, and the liberation of Ireland would have

given strength to its principles in France. His policy was to foment commotion in Ireland, for the purpose of creating "a diversion"; and on his proceeding to Egypt, Tone states that it was said he had asked the Directory, what more did they desire from the Irish?

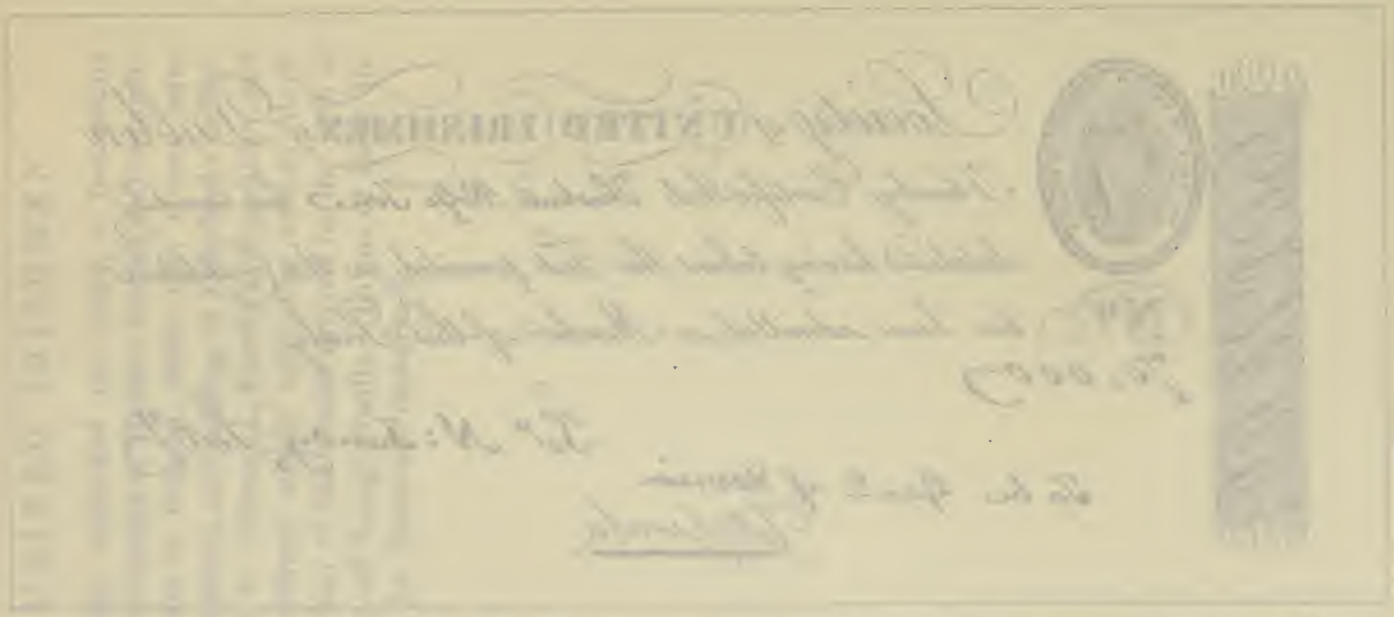
Buonaparte set out for Egypt on the 20th of May, 1798; and in the beginning of July, when the rebellion in Ireland was crushed, the Directory sent to Tone to assist in the organization of a new expedition. The middle of August, the general in command, Humbert, impatient of the delays he had experienced, levied a contribution on the merchants of Rochelle, "and embarked on board a few frigates with 1,000 men, 1,000 spare muskets, 1,000 guineas, and a few pieces of artillery, and compelled the captains to set sail on the most desperate enterprise which is, perhaps, recorded in history. Three Irishmen accompanied him—Matthew Tone, Bartholomew Teeling, and Sullivan, nephew to Madgett."

September 20, 1798.—Another small expedition under General Hardy was got ready for sea, consisting of one sail of the line, eight frigates, and two smaller vessels, and a force of 3,000 men. In Hardy's squadron there were four Irishmen —T. Wolfe Tone, Thomas Corbett, John M'Guire, and W. Henry Hamilton, the brother-in-law of Thomas Russell. A number of Irish refugees, with Napper Tandy at their head, had

previously embarked on board a fast-sailing boat, and landed at Rathlin Island, on the north-east coast of Ireland, where they spread some proclamations, and hearing of Humbert's defeat, escaped to Norway. Hardy's expedition met with contrary winds, and after twenty days' cruise, four of the vessels arrived on the 12th of October off Lough Swilly. In one of these, the Hoche, 74, Tone was embarked.



Certificate of Membership of Theobald Wolfe Tone in the Society of the United Irishmen of Dublin, with the Signatures of James Napper Tandy and Lord Edward Fitzgerald. Reproduced through the Courtesy of Mr. Patrick J. Daly. U. S. M. C.



CHAPTER V

TONE'S TRIAL

WITH the loss of Carnot in the Directory, the death of Hoche, the failure of the Dutch expedition, the departure of Buonaparte for Egypt, the increasing difficulties and embarrassments of the French Republic, died away all Tone's expectations of any effective aid from France for Ireland. Of Buonaparte's views with respect to Ireland, we read in young Tone's narrative of the events preceding Hardy's expedition, that:

To the enterprise against Ireland, the favourite object of Hoche, and to prosecute which he was ostensibly recalled, he, Buonaparte, felt a secret but strong repugnance. Though the liberation of that country might prostrate for ever the power of England, and raise the republic to the pinnacle of fortune (a circumstance for which he did not yet wish, as it would render his services needless), it offered no prospects of aggrandizement to him; it strengthened the republican cause, which he disliked; and the principles of the Irish leaders, when he investigated the business, appeared too closely allied to those of the Jacobins.

Neither did he ever sufficiently appreciate the means and importance of that country; his knowledge of it, as may be seen in my father's memoirs, was slight and inaccurate. The Directory, who began to fear him, and wished to get rid of him, entered willingly into his views when he proposed to use this expedition only as a cover, and direct their real efforts to the invasion of Egypt. It is asserted that he said, on the occasion, "What more do you desire from the Irish? You see that their movements already operate a powerful diversion." Like every selfish view, I think this was a narrow one. The two most miserable and oppressed countries in Europe always looked up to Napoleon for their liberation. He never gratified their hopes; yet, by raising Ireland, he might have crushed for ever the power of England, and by assisting Poland, placed a curb on Russia. He missed both objects, and, finally, fell under the efforts of Russia and England. And it may be observed, as a singular retribution, that an Irishman commanded the army that gave the last blow to his destinies.

When my father was presented to him, and attached to his army as adjutant-general, he received him with cold civility, but entered into no communications. His plans were already formed. Ostensibly a great force was organized on the western coasts of France, under the name of the Army of England; but the flower of the troops were successively withdrawn and marched to the Mediterranean.[1] . . .

On the 20th of May, 1798, Buonaparte had embarked from Toulon. On the 23rd, the Irish insurrec-

[1] "Tone's Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 514.

tion broke out. As the news of each arrest, and of each action, successively reached France, he (Tone) urged the generals and government to assist the gallant and desperate struggle of his countrymen, and pressed on them the necessity of availing themselves of the favourable opportunity which flew so rapidly by. They began their preparations without delay; but money, arms, ammunition, and ships, all were wanting. By the close of June, the insurrection was nearly crushed, and it was not till the beginning of July that my father was called up to Paris, to consult with the Ministers of the War and Navy Departments, on the organization of a new expedition. At this period his journal closes, and the public papers, my mother's recollections, and a few private letters, are my sole documents for the remaining events.

The plan of the new expedition was to despatch small detachments from several ports, in the hope of keeping up the insurrection and distracting the attention of the enemy until some favourable opportunity should occur for landing the main body, under General Kilmaine. General Humbert, with about 1,000 men, was quartered for this purpose at Rochelle; General Hardy, with 3,000 at Brest; and Kilmaine with 9,000 remained in reserve. This plan was judicious enough, if it had been taken up in time. But, long before the first of these expeditions was ready to sail, the insurrection was subdued in every quarter. . . .

The indignation of the unfortunate Irish was just and extreme against that French government, which had so repeatedly promised them aid, and now appeared to desert them in their utmost need.

A miserable expedition, at the instance of Napper Tandy, was at length fitted out, of which Tone's son thus speaks:—

The final ruin of the expedition was hurried by the precipitancy and indiscretion of a brave but ignorant and imprudent officer. This anecdote, which is not generally known, is a striking instance of the disorder, indiscipline, and disorganization which began to prevail in the French army. Humbert, a gallant soldier of fortune, but whose heart was better than his head, impatient of the delays of his government, and fired by the recitals of the Irish refugees, determined to begin the enterprise on his own responsibility, and thus oblige the Directory to second or to desert him. Towards the middle of August, calling together the merchants and magistrates of Rochelle, he forced them to advance a small sum of money and all that he wanted, on military requisition, and embarking on board a few frigates and transports, with 1,000 men, 1,000 spare muskets, 1,000 guineas, and a few pieces of artillery, he compelled the captains to set sail, for the most desperate attempt which is perhaps recorded in history. Three Irishmen accompanied him, my uncle, Matthew Tone, Bartholomew Teeling, of Lisburn, and Sullivan, nephew to Madgett, whose name is often mentioned in these memoirs. On the 22nd of August they made the coast of Connaught, and landing in the bay of Killala immediately stormed and occupied that little town.

Strange and desperate as was this enterprise, had it been prosecuted with the same spirit and vivacity with

which it was begun, it might have succeeded, and Humbert, an obscure and uneducated soldier, have effected a revolution, and crowned his name with immortal glory. But encircled, on the 8th of September, at Ballinamuck, by an entire army, his small band, after a gallant resistance, were compelled to lay down their arms. The French were received to composition and shortly exchanged, but the Irish were slaughtered without mercy; and the cruelties afterwards exercised on the unresisting peasantry, will render the name of General Lake remembered for ages in those remote districts of Connaught. Of the Irish who had accompanied Humbert, Sullivan escaped under the disguise of a Frenchman, and Matthew Tone and Teeling were brought in irons to Dublin, tried, and executed.

Matthew Tone came over to Ireland in the unfortunate expedition of Humbert. Theobald, in his diary, speaks of him as a young man of a more solid judgment than his brother William. He was of a reserved and retiring disposition, of a silent turn, and frequently absent in company; yet, says his brother, "he had a more enthusiastic spirit than any of us." He was "a sincere republican, and capable of sacrificing everything for his principles." Before he was twenty-five he had visited England twice or thrice, had spent twelve months in America, and as much in the West Indies. He attempted to establish himself in the business of a cotton maufacturer in Prosperous, in 1790, but was not successful, though

totally free from an attachment to pleasures and amusements. In August, 1794, he crossed over to France, with the intention of entering the French service, but was thrown into prison at Dunkirk, on the suspicion of being an English spy. There he remained till May, 1795, when he was liberated by order of the Committee of Public Safety, and soon after embarked at Havre de Grace for America. When he arrived, his brother was about to quit the United States for France, and did leave that country without knowing of his arrival. Matthew remained in America till October, 1797. He had determined to settle in America, but unfortunately changed his purpose, in consequence of a letter from his brother, urging him to return to France, and holding out the prospect to him of a captaincy in a regiment of grenadiers. Theobald, in his diary for November, expresses his satisfaction at his arrival, "just in time to take a part in the expedition." He now entered the French service, and soon obtained the rank his brother had led him to expect. The failure of the Dutch expedition left him without active employment till preparations for that of Humbert began to be made. He accompanied Humbert to Killala, and was taken prisoner immediately after the battle of Ballinamuck. He was conveyed to Dublin, and lodged in the Provost prison in the Royal Barracks.

On the 24th of September, he was brought to trial before a court-martial, on a charge of high treason.

The first witness examined, Michael Bourke, deposed to having seen the prisoner at Castlebar. He had told witness he had quitted Ireland five years before, and on his arrival in France was taken up as an English spy, committed to prison, and confined between six and nine months; had escaped from prison, proceeded to America, and having met there Hamilton Rowan, learned from him his brother's having arrived in France; and on that information he had quitted America, and returned to France, where he remained till the expedition he embarked in sailed for Ireland. He said they had been three weeks at sea before they landed. Witness saw prisoner marshalling the French troops in Lord Lucan's lawn, and march with the French troops from Castlebar.

Thomas Armstrong, of the Yeomanry Cavalry, deposed to his having met the prisoner on the road on the 8th of September (the day of the battle of Ballinamuck), as he (witness) and two other yeomen were returning home. Prisoner said, on being questioned by them, that he was coming from Killala; upon which they took him into custody. He acknowledged that he had been among the rebels, and held a captain's commission in the French service. The prisoner was disguised like a peasant, and acknowledged that

he had thrown away his French uniform, together with his sword and pistols.

The prosecution being closed, and the prisoner called for his defence, prayed for the indulgence of the court until the Wednesday following, to prepare his defence, which was granted. At the commencement of the proceedings he had read a paper to the court, calling in question the competency of the general court-martial to try him. His objections were overruled by the court. He admitted that he was a natural born subject of this realm.

Wednesday, September 29.—The court sat at half-past eleven, shortly after which, Matthew Tone was brought forward. He requested the court would examine *one witness* whom he had to produce, and to have the questions asked him which were written on a paper he handed to the president.

The court agreed, when the prisoner's aged father, Mr. Peter Tone, was sworn, and interrogated according to the purport of the queries contained in the paper.

The substance of the old man's evidence was, that he had reared the prisoner from his childhood to the age of manhood, and always found him to act as became a dutiful, sober, and affectionate son. He was now about twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age, but having six years ago failed in his business, he was compelled to

go abroad in hopes of bettering his fortune; he never knew him to belong to any political society, and solemnly averred that he did not think it possible he could belong to any society without his knowledge.

The prisoner now proceeded to read his defence. After returning thanks to the court for their impartiality and candour during his trial, he observed that necessity, not choice, obliged him to quit his native country and go to France, at a period when no declaration of war had taken place; that he was there arrested as an English spy, and thrown into a loathsome prison, where he remained for several months, when, having found means to effect his escape, he embarked for America, where he continued for some time; but being unable to go into business there for want of assistance, or procure an employment, and having a sister married to a merchant in Hamburgh, he set off for that city. After several fruitless efforts to obtain independence, he began to feel his situation extremely irksome, inasmuch as he was a burden on those whom it was his wish and duty to assist; he therefore embraced an offer which was made to him of entering into the French service; and no circumstance, he most solemnly declared, induced him to do so but absolute necessity. After which, being ordered to the expedition to Ireland, he was obliged, consistent with the commission he held, consistent with subordination, and that amenability which was due to his superior officers, to embark. "And here permit me to ask," said Mr. Tone, "was the conduct of France to

me, on my landing, consistent with that which she usually bestows on persons who come on errands to her of a treasonable nature? No! My severe confinement is a demonstrative proof that I did not arrive there as an exile for sedition or treason from my own country. France has hitherto treated all such persons with cordiality, received them with open arms, and rapidly promoted them; but I was an humble individual, unknown in the country, with no recommendation from any man or society of men whose views were inimical to the constitution of this country, because I was unconnected with such men. I was not even consulted in any extraordinary manner on the expedition, though from my knowledge of the two languages such might have been expected. I therefore had no alternative between embarking, and death and dishonour.

"As to the circumstance of my having been found in the garb of a peasant, I will explain it. From the moment of my landing in this country till I was taken, my every endeavour was used to restrain the rebels from acts of revenge and plunder, which they were prone to, and which I have frequently execrated. This conduct made me inimical to them; I therefore embraced the first opportunity after the battle of Ballinamuck to change my clothes in order to avoid them, determined on giving myself up to the next magistrate. Being met, however, by a party of the yeomanry, I instantly made them acquainted with my name, situation, intention, etc."

Mr. Tone concluded his defence with expressions of reliance on the impartiality of the court, and requested

they would be pleased to forward his defence to his Excellency, with the minutes of the proceedings. This the president informed him should be done as a matter of course.[1]

The following letter was written by him to the agent who conducted his defence, the 28th of September, the day previous to his execution:—

DEAR SIR,

As I know from experience that suspense is the worst of all states, I hasten to relieve my friends from it. The business is determined on, and to-morrow is the day fixed. I request that no friend may come near me. Sorrow is contagious; and I would not willingly betray any weakness on the occasion.

Accept a thousand thanks for the interest you have taken in my affairs. Farewell. M. TONE.

His friends, however, did come to him. His poor old father, accompanied by William Dunbavin, came to the Provost, and was permitted to see him. The old man seemed stupefied with grief: it was some time before he could articulate a sound or collect his thoughts. Matthew was pacing his cell, apparently unmoved and unconcerned, except on his father's account. The father said at length to him: "There is no hope, Matthew. I have been to the Castle, and they would not listen to me." The son's reply was

[1] "Dublin Magazine," October, 1798.

made in a firm tone, and with perfect calmness and composure: "I supposed, father, that nothing could be done. I have but a short time to live," he added, "and I wish to be left alone." He then embraced his father, shook hands with Dunbavin, and he was left alone to prepare for death.

On the 29th of September he was executed on Arbour Hill, and on his way to the place of execution he was treated with unnecessary harshness and unfeeling conduct on the part of the "ministers of justice" who officiated on that occasion. The object failed, for their brutality did not in the slightest degree disconcert him. He met his fate with the decent solemnity and the fortitude, devoid of all affectation of indifference, of a brave and a good man. His body was given up to his friends, conveyed to the house of William Dunbavin, and was interred in Bodenstown.

Young Tone, in reference to the failure of Humbert's expedition, observes:—

> The news of Humbert's attempt, as may well be imagined, threw the Directory into the greatest perplexity. They instantly determined, however, to hurry all their preparations, and send off at least the division of General Hardy to second his efforts as soon as possible. The report of his first advantages, which shortly reached them, augmented their ardour and ac-

celerated their movements. But such was the state of the French navy and arsenals, that it was not until the 20th of September, 1798, that this small expedition, consisting of one sail of the line and eight frigates, under Commodore Bompart, and 3,000 men, under General Hardy, was ready for sailing. The news of Humbert's defeat had not yet reached France.

Paris was then crowded with Irish emigrants eager for action. The mass of the United Irishmen embarked in a small and fast sailing boat, with Napper Tandy at their head. They reached, on the 16th of September, the Isle of Raghlin, on the northwest coast of Ireland, where they heard of Humbert's disaster. They merely spread some proclamations, and escaped to Norway. Three Irishmen only accompanied my father in Hardy's flotilla; he alone was embarked in the admiral's vessel, the Hoche; the others were on board the frigates. These were Mr. T. Corbett and MacGuire, two brave officers, who have since died in the French service, and a third gentleman, connected by marriage with his friend Russell, who is yet living, and whose name it would, therefore, be improper in me to mention. [Hamilton.]

In "Curran's Life," by his son, I find an anecdote mentioned, which must have been derived from the authority of this gentleman. It is stated that, on the night previous to the sailing of the expedition, a question rose amongst the United Irishmen engaged in it, whether, in case of their falling into the enemy's hands, they should suffer themselves to be put to death, according to the sentence of the law, or anticipate their fate by their own hands; that T. W. Tone

maintained, with his usual eloquence and animation, that in no point of view in which he had ever considered suicide, he could hold it to be justifiable; that one of the company suggested that, from political considerations, it would be better not to relieve, by any act of self-murder, the Irish government from the discredit in which numerous executions would involve it—an idea which Mr. Tone highly approved. This anecdote is substantially correct, but the gentleman did not understand my father.

At the period of this expedition he was hopeless of its success, and in the deepest despondency at the prospect of Irish affairs. Such was the wretched indiscretion of the government, that before his departure he read himself in the *Bien Informè*, a Paris newspaper, a detailed account of the whole armament, where his own name was mentioned in full letters, with the circumstance of his being embarked on board the Hoche. There was, therefore, no hope of secrecy. He had all along deprecated the idea of those attempts on a small scale. But he had also declared repeatedly that, if the government sent only a corporal's guard, he felt it his duty to go along with them. He saw no chance of Kilmaine's large expedition being ready in any space of time, and therefore determined to accompany Hardy. His resolution was, however, deliberately and inflexibly taken, in case he fell into the hands of the enemy, never to suffer the indignity of a public execution. It was at dinner, in our own house, and in my mother's presence, a little before leaving Paris, that the gentleman above mentioned proposed that the Irish should leave to the government all the shame

and odium of their execution. The idea struck him as ludicrous, and he applauded it highly. "My dear friend," he said, "say nothing more; you never spoke better in your life." And after the gentleman's departure he laughed very heartily at his idea of shaming the Irish government by allowing himself to be hanged; adding, that he did not at all understand people mooting the point, whether they should or should not choose their own deaths, or consulting on such an occasion; that he would never advise others, but that, "please God, they should never have his poor bones to pick."—*Vide Win-Jenkins.*

At length, about the 20th of September, 1798, that fatal expedition set sail from the Baye de Camaret. It consisted of the Hoche, 74; Loire, Resolue, Bellone, Coquille, Embuscade, Immortalité, Romaine, and Semillante, frigates; and Biche, schooner and aviso. To avoid the British fleets, Bompart, an excellent seaman, took a large sweep to the westward, and then to the northeast, in order to bear down on the northern coast of Ireland from the quarter whence a French force would be least expected. He met, however, with contrary winds, and it appears that his flotilla was scattered; for, on the 10th of October, after twenty days' cruise, he arrived off the entry of Loch Swilly, with the Hoche, the Loire, the Resolue, and the Biche. He was instantly signalled; and, on the break of day next morning, 11th October, before he could enter the bay or land his troops, he perceived the squadron of Sir John Borlase Warren, consisting of six sail of the line, one *razèe* of sixty guns, and two frigates, bearing down upon him. There was no chance of escape for

the large and heavy men of war. Bompart gave instant signals to the frigates and schooner to retreat through shallow water, and prepared alone to honour the flag of his country and liberty by a desperate but hopeless defence. At that moment, a boat came from the Biche for his last orders. That ship had the best chance to get off. The French officers all supplicated my father to embark on board of her. "Our contest is hopeless," they observed; "we will be prisoners of war, but what will become of you?" "Shall it be said," replied he, "that I fled, whilst the French were fighting the battles of my country?" He refused their offers, and determined to stand or fall with the ship. The Biche accomplished her escape, and I see it mentioned in late publications, that other Irishmen availed themselves of that occasion. This fact is incorrect, not one of them would have done so, and besides, my father was the only Irishman on board the Hoche.

The British admiral despatched two men of war, the *razèe*, and a frigate, after the Loire and Resolue, and the Hoche was soon surrounded by four sail of the line and a frigate, and began one of the most obstinate and desperate engagements which have ever been fought on the ocean. During six hours she sustained the whole fire of the fleet, till her masts and rigging were swept away, her scuppers flowed with blood, her wounded filled the cock-pit, her shattered ribs yawned at each new stroke and let in five feet of water in the hold, her rudder was carried off, and she floated a dismantled wreck on the waters; her sails and cordage hung in shreds, nor could she reply with a single gun

from her dismounted batteries, to the unabating cannonade of the enemy. At length she struck. The Resolue and Loire were soon reached by the English fleet; the former was in a sinking condition; she made, however, an honourable defence; the Loire sustained three attacks, drove off the English frigates, and had almost effected her escape; at length, engaged by the Anson, *razèe* of sixty guns, she struck after an action of three hours, entirely dismasted. Of the other frigates, pursued in all directions, the Bellone, Immortalité, Coquille, and Embuscade were taken, and the Romaine and Semillante, through a thousand dangers, reached separate ports in France.

During the action, my father commanded one of the batteries, and, according to the report of the officers who returned to France, fought with the utmost desperation, and as if he was courting death. When the ship struck, confounded with the other officers, he was not recognized for some time; for he had completely acquired the language and appearance of a Frenchman. The two fleets were dispersed in every direction, nor was it till some days later that the Hoche was brought into Loch Swilly, and the prisoners landed and marched to Letterkenny. Yet rumours of his being on board must have been circulated, for the fact was public at Paris. But it was thought he had been killed in the action, and I am willing to believe that the British officers, respecting the valour of a fallen enemy, were not earnest in investigating the point. It was at length a gentleman, well-known in the county Derry as a leader of the Orange party, and one of the chief magistrates in that neighbourhood, Sir George

Hill, who had been his fellow-student in Trinity College, and knew his person, who undertook the task of discovering him. It is known that in Spain, grandees and noblemen of the first rank pride themselves in the functions of familiars, spies, and informers of the Holy Inquisition: it remained for Ireland to offer a similar example. The French officers were invited to breakfast with the Earl of Cavan, who commanded in that district; my father sat undistinguished amongst them, when Sir George Hill entered the room, followed by police constables. Looking narrowly at the company, he singled out the object of his search, and stepping up to him, said, "Mr. Tone, I am very happy to see you." Instantly rising with the utmost composure, and disdaining all useless attempts at concealment, my father replied, "Sir George, I am happy to see you; how are Lady Hill and your family?" Beckoned into the next room by the police officers, an unexpected indignity awaited him. It was filled with military, and one General Lavau, who commanded them, ordered him to be ironed, declaring that, as on leaving Ireland to enter the French service, he had not renounced his oath of allegiance, he remained a subject of Britain, and should be punished as a traitor. Seized with a momentary burst of indignation at such unworthy treatment and cowardly cruelty to a prisoner of war, he flung off his uniform, and cried, "These fetters shall never degrade the revered insignia of the free nation which I have served." Resuming then his usual calm, he offered his limbs to the irons, and when they were fixed, he exclaimed, "For the cause which I have embraced, I feel prouder to wear these chains, than if I

were decorated with the star and garter of England." The friends of Lord Cavan have asserted that this extreme, and I will add, *unmanly* and *ungenerous* severity, was provoked by his outrageous behaviour, when he found that he was not to have the privileges of a prisoner of war. This supposition is not only contradicted by the whole tenor of his character, and his subsequent deportment, but no other instances of it have ever been specified, than those noble replies to the taunts of General Levau. Of the latter, I know nothing but these anecdotes, recorded in the papers of the day. If, as his name seems to indicate, he was a French emigrant, the coincidence was curious, and his conduct the less excusable.

Another version of this story, which I have seen for the first time in the "London New Monthly Magazine," states that Mr. Tone was recognized by, or, according to another account, had the imprudence to make himself known to, an old acquaintance at Lord Cavan's table, who speedily informed his lordship of the guest who sat at his board. The first circumstantial account is the one which reached us in France; but, in my opinion, the difference between the two stories is very trifling. It regards only the fashion in which Sir George Hill gave his information.[1]

Sir Gerald Fitzgerald Hill, Bart., of Brooke Hall, county Londonderry, in 1839, died in the office of Lieutenant-Governor of Trinidad. He was the eldest son of Sir Hugh Hill, Bart., who

[1] "Life of T. W. Tone," by his son, vol. ii., p. 525, Washington edition, 1826.

represented the city of Londonderry from 1768 to his death in 1775. Sir George F. Hill was born in 1763. He entered Trinity College, and took his degree of M. A. there, and was called to the bar. In 1791 he was returned to Parliament for the borough of Coleraine, which he represented till 1795, when he was returned for Londonderry city. Sir George, from the outset of his career, had an eye to office. Before the meeting of parliament he managed to obtain the lucrative office of Clerk of the Irish House of Commons, and vacated his seat accordingly. In 1801 he again stood for Londonderry, and was returned to the English Parliament. He represented that city for thirty years. In 1806 he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury during the Duke of Richmond's administration. In 1817 he was made Vice-Treasurer of Ireland and a British Privy Councillor. In November, 1830, he was appointed Governor of St Vincent's in the West Indies, and afterwards removed to Trinidad in 1833, where he filled the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and died the 8th of March, 1839, aged seventy-five years.

Sir George, in conjunction with his brother, Romley Hill, on the downfall of the Volunteer institution, organized a yeomanry battalion of cavalry and infantry of about 500 men, for active service against the United Irishmen, long before the rebellion, when the sustainment of the

supremacy of the law became a password with the Orangemen of the North. Sir George was made a colonel of the Londonderry militia, captain commandant of the Londonderry yeomanry, and eventually recorder of Derry. The services of the man who is said to have discovered his friend and fellow-student, the unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone, among the French prisoners, and had that friend and fellow-student captured, could not be too highly rewarded.

Sir George married in October, 1788, Jane, third daughter of the Right Honourable George Beresford, brother to George, first Marquess of Waterford, but had no issue. He was succeeded by Sir Marcus Hill.

Perhaps the following items on account of disbursements of moneys of the state for secret services, which will be found in another portion of this work, may throw a little light on the proceedings connected with the alleged discovery of Tone by an old college friend and intimate acquaintance, bearing in mind that the date of Tone's discovery and arrest was the beginning of November, 1798, and that of some of the secret services of Sir George Hill, so far back as the 11th of September, 1797:—

From Mr. Secretary Cooke's account. September 11, 1797—Sir G. F. Hill, £100.

April 11, 1798—Sir George Hill, for a man going to England, £11 7s. 6d.

October 22, 1799—Sir G. F. Hill, for M'Fillan, Murphy, Honiton, and Birch,[1] £460.

The following is the English official account of the defeat of the French squadron on the 12th of October, and the capture of four of the vessels:—

EXTRACT OF A LETTER RECEIVED THIS MORNING FROM SIR J. BORLASE WARREN TO LORD VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH, DATED FROM HIS MAJESTY'S SHIP THE CANADA, IN LOUGH SWILLY, THE 16TH INSTANT.

DUBLIN CASTLE, Oct. 18, 1798.

MY LORD,

I take the liberty of communicating to you, for the information of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, that I fell in with the enemy's squadron on the 12th instant, the Rosses bearing S.S.W., five leagues, and after an action which continued most part of the day, four of their ships struck their colours.

I believe a brig, with Napper Tandy on board, was in company, as she left the French at the commencement of the business. The enemy's ships had numbers of troops, arms, stores, and ammunition; and large quantities of papers were torn and thrown overboard after they had struck.

I am of opinion that few of the frigates which escaped will arrive in France, as they had received much damage in their masts and rigging; and from the violent gales that followed the next day, they must be in a crippled state, and may, in all probability, be picked up by some of the squadrons on the coast of France,

[1] Birch was an inn keeper of Derry, of some notoriety in his day.

or by Admiral Kingsmill's cruisers. They had thrown everything overboard—boats, spars, arm-chests, etc.

I left the prizes with the Robuste, Magnanime, Ethalion, and Amelia. The Hoche, of eighty-four guns, was one of the ships taken.

I am, etc.

It is right, however, to mention, that the base act, of which Sir George Hill is accused, has been attributed by others to a Roman Catholic gentleman, whose relative had been a short time before executed at Killala. Tone was no sooner recognized than he was taken into an adjoining room and fettered, as he states, by the orders of Lord Cavan; and thus fettered, he was conveyed on horseback from Letterkenny to Derry under an escort of dragoons.

The following particulars of Tone's capture are taken from the Irish Monthly Register of the "Dublin Magazine" of November, 1798:—

The Hoche was brought into Derry, the 2nd of November, 1798, on board of which was that unfortunate gentleman, Theobald Wolfe Tone, Esq. He was conducted to the jail of Derry, and by order of Lord Cavan put in irons. The following is a letter written by him to his lordship on the occasion, with Lord Cavan's answer:—

Derry Prison, 12 Brumaire, an. 6,
(3rd Nov. 1798), N. S.

My Lord,

On my arrival here, Major Chester informed me that his orders from your lordship—in consequence, as

I presume, of the directions of government—were, that I should be put in irons. I take it for granted, those orders were issued in ignorance of the rank I have the honour to hold in the armies of the French republic. I am, in consequence, to apprise your lordship, that I am breveted as chef de brigade in the infantry since the 1st Messidor, an. 4; that I have been promoted to the rank of adjutant-general the 2nd Nivose, an. 6; and finally, that I have served as such, attached to General Hardy, since the 3rd Thermidor, an. 6, by virtue of the orders of the Minister at War. Major Chester, to whom I have showed my commission, can satisfy your lordship as to the fact, and General Hardy will ascertain the authenticity of the documents.

Under these circumstances, I address myself to your lordship as a man of honour and a soldier; and I do protest, in the most precise and strongest manner, against the indignity intended against the honour of the French army in my person; and I claim the rights and privileges of a prisoner of war, agreeably to my rank and situation in an army, not less to be respected in all points than any other which exists in Europe.

From the situation your lordship holds under your government, I must presume you have discretionary power to act according to circumstances; and I cannot for a moment doubt, but what I have now explained to your lordship will induce you to give immediate orders that the honour of the French nation and the French army be respected in my person, and, of course, I shall suffer no coercion other than in common with the rest of my brave comrades, whom the fortune of war has for the moment deprived of liberty.

I am, my Lord, with great respect, your lordship's most obedient servant,

T. W. Tone,
dit Smith, Adjutant-General.

ANSWER.

Buncrana, November 8, 1798.

Sir,

I have received your letter of this date from Derry jail, in which you inform me, that you consider your being ordered into irons as an insult and degradation to the rank you hold in the army of the French republic; and that you protest in the most precise and strongest manner against such indignity. Had you been a native of France, or of any other country not belonging to the British empire, indisputably it would be so; but the motive that directed me to give the order I did this morning for your being put in irons, was, that I looked upon you (and you have proved yourself) a traitor and rebel to your sovereign and native country, and as such you shall be treated by me.

I shall enforce the order I gave this morning, and I lament, as a man, the fate that awaits you. Every indulgence shall be granted you by me individually that is not inconsistent with my public duty.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

Cavan, Major-Gen.

On Tone's arrival in Dublin he was imprisoned in the Provost in the Royal Barrack, one of the bastiles of the capital, then under the charge of

the notorious Major Sandys. Tone was found by the few friends who were permitted to visit him previous to trial, in the same dungeon in which his brother had been confined a few days previously, and from which he had been led to execution. The most accurate account of the proceedings before the court-martial, though not the most extended, is to be found in the "Dublin Magazine" for November, 1798. The editor of that periodical was a covert friend of many of the parties involved in the troubles of that period, and was evidently furnished by their relatives and associates with details which could only be obtained from them. The version of the speech delivered by Tone on his trial, which is given in the "Dublin Monthly," is not so polished as that which we find in the life of Tone by his son, and in some particulars differs from that which is given in the life of Sir John Moore. But altogether it bears the appearance of a correct report of such portions of Tone's prepared address as he was permitted to speak.

TRIAL OF THEOBALD WOLFE TONE, ESQ.

DUBLIN BARRACK,
Saturday, November 10, 1798.

Major-General Loftus, president. Colonel Vandeleur, Lieutenant-Colonel Daly, Major Armstrong, Colonel Wolfe, Colonel Tyler, Captain Corry.

Mr. Tone was brought into court under a guard, from the Provost prison, where he had been confined. He was dressed in the French uniform—a large cocked hat, with broad gold lace and the tri-coloured cockade; a blue uniform coat, with gold embroidered collar, and two large gold epaulets; blue pantaloons, with gold-laced garters at the knees; and short boots, bound at the tops with gold lace.

At first he seemed agitated, and called for a glass of water: he was afterwards composed and collected.

The charges having been read by the judge-advocate, implicating him as a natural born subject of our lord the king, having traitorously entered into the service of the French republic, etc., etc., the prisoner was called to plead whether guilty or not guilty.

Mr. Tone, bowing to the court, said, he presumed this was the time in which he might read to the court the statements of a few points, which he had committed to paper for his defence on the occasion of his trial.

He was asked in the first instance, if he would plead to the charge against him, guilty or not guilty. He answered, that it was not his wish to avail himself of any subterfuge, or to give the court any unnecessary trouble; he was ready to admit the whole of the charge exhibited against him.

He was then asked, what was his object in his reading the paper in his hand? was it anything he wished to offer in his defence? was it anything which his own good sense must tell him might be improper for the court to hear? Mr. Tone answered, the paper was certainly drawn up with a view to vindication, though possibly it could not be considered as a defence against

the accusation on which he was now called to trial. He could not say whether it was a kind of defence which the court might choose to hear. He had endeavoured, in the formation of it, to be as collected and moderate as his feelings could possibly admit; and if the court would do him the honour of permitting him to read the paper, its contents would best suggest how far it was admissible.

Court—"Sir, before you read that paper, you will do well to consider whether it contains any matter irrelevant to the question now at issue, or anything which your own good sense may suggest the court ought not to hear."

Prisoner—"In what I am about to read I trust there is nothing irrelevant to my situation, nor anything but what I should hope the court will not think improper to hear. I have endeavoured to be as collected and moderate as possible, and I should not wish to offer any language offensive to the court."

Judge Advocate—"Is there anything in the paper which you wish should go before his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant?"

Prisoner—"I have no objection that it should."

A member—"You have already pleaded guilty to the charge of having acted traitorously. Do you mean by anything contained in that paper to retract that plea?"

Prisoner—"Certainly I have admitted the charge, and consequently the appellation by which I am technically described."

President—"It is not the wish of the court, Sir, to deny you any indulgence which, consistently with their

duty, they can grant, but they must reserve to themselves the power of stopping you, if you shall utter anything irrelevant to the case before them, or unfitting for them to listen to."

Prisoner—"The court, no doubt, will reserve to itself that discretionary power, but I repeat that I have endeavoured to be as moderate as possible, and if any of my expressions should happen to appear objectionable, I shall be willing to substitute others less so."

Here the president having given permission, the prisoner read the paper, which was as follows:—

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Court,

"It is not my intention to give this court any trouble respecting the purport of aught that has been alleged against me. My admission of the charge prevents a prolongation of those forms, which could not be more irksome to you, than they would be to me. What I have done has been purely from principle and the fullest conviction of its rectitude. I wish not for mercy; I hope I am not an object of pity. I anticipate the consequence of my caption, and am prepared for the event. The favourite object of my life has been the independence of my country, and to that object have I made every sacrifice.

"Placed in honourable poverty, the love of liberty was implanted by nature, and confirmed by education, in my heart. No seduction, no terror could banish it from thence; and seduction and terror have not been spared against me. To impart the inestimable blessings of liberty to the land of my birth, I have braved difficulties, bondage, and death.

"For it, I became an exile—I submitted to poverty —I left the bosom of my family, my wife, my children, and all that rendered life desirable.

"After an honourable combat, in which I strove to emulate the bravery of my gallant comrades, I was forced to submit, and was dragged in irons through the country, not so much to my disgrace, as that of the person by whom such ungenerous and unmanly orders were issued.

"Whatever I have written and said on the fate of Ireland, I here reiterate.

"The connection with England I have ever considered as the bane of the prosperity and happiness of Ireland, and I have done everything in my power to break it, and to raise three millions of my countrymen to the rank of citizens."

Here he was stopped by the court, and Mr. President said: "Mr. Tone, it is impossible we can listen to this."

Judge Advocate—"If what follows be of such a nature as you described to me yesterday, I really am of opinion, Mr. Tone, it must operate to your prejudice; you will therefore do well to consider before you read it."

On the further advice which the court and the Judge-Advocate urged, the prisoner consented to cancel the most exceptionable part of what he read, and also some subsequent matter, which he said was only the expression of his thanks to the Roman Catholics, a body whom he had once, he said, the honour of serving. He then desired to know if he might proceed.

President—"It is a principle by which we shall be

scrupulously ruled, to avoid most carefully everything not immediately relative to your case and the ends of justice; and it is but fitting that we expect you to confine yourself simply to the charge made against you; a reverse conduct can tend to no good purpose."

Prisoner—"I have said nothing, nor do I mean to say anything, that has not been already uttered with respect to me in houses of parliament, where my name has been so often quoted."

He was then suffered to proceed.

"Having considered the resources of the country, and being convinced they were too weak to effect her independence without assistance, I sought that assistance in France; and without any intrigue, but asking in the open honesty of my principles, and that love of freedom which has ever distinguished me, I have been adopted by the French republic, and in the active discharge of my duty as a soldier, acquired what is to me invaluable, and what I will never relinquish but with my existence—the friendship of some of the best characters in France, and the attachment and esteem of my brave companions in arms.

"It is not the sentence of any court that can weaken the force or alter the nature of those principles on which I have acted, and the *truth* of which will outlive those ephemeral prejudices that may rule for the day. To her I leave the vindication of my fame, and I trust posterity will not listen to her advocacy without being instructed.

"It is now more than four years since persecution drove me from this country, and I need hardly say that personally I cannot be involved in anything that has

happened during my absence. In my efforts to accomplish the freedom of my country, I never have had recourse to any other than open and manly war. There have been atrocities committed on both sides, which I lament; and if the generous spirit which I had assisted to raise in the breasts of Irishmen, has degenerated into a system of assassination, I believe all who have had any knowledge of me, from my infancy to the present hour, will be ready to admit that no man in existence could more heartily regret that any tyranny of circumstances or policy should so pervert the natural dispositions of my countrymen.

"I have little more to say. SUCCESS is ALL in this life; and, unfavoured of her, virtue becomes vicious in the ephemeral estimation of those who attach every merit to prosperity.

"In the glorious race of patriotism, I have pursued the path chalked out by Washington in America, and Kosciusko in Poland. Like the latter, I have failed to emancipate my country; and unlike both, I have forfeited my life. I have done my duty, and I have no doubt the court will do theirs; and I have only to add, that a man who has thought and acted as I have done, should be armed against the fear of death."

A member—"This paper, then, which you have read, contains nothing in denial of the charge made against you."

Prisoner—"What I have once done, I would be ashamed to deny."

Here the prisoner, having been asked by the Judge Advocate if there was anything else which he wished to offer to the court, he replied, that if he was not to

be brought up again before the decision of the court, he would wish to say a few words more, which being permitted, the prisoner proceeded:—

"I conceive that I stand here in the same light with our *Emigrès;* and if the indulgence lay within the power of the court, I would only request—what French magnanimity allowed to Charette and to the Count de Sombreuil—the death of a soldier, and to be shot by files of grenadiers. This is the only favour I have to ask, and I trust that men susceptible of the nice feelings of a soldier's honour, will not refuse the request. It is not from any personal feeling that I make this request, but from a respect to the uniform which I wear and to the brave army in which I have fought. From papers which I yesterday delivered to the Brigade Major, it will be seen that I am as regularly breveted an officer in the French service, as any here is in the British army, and it will be seen that I have not my commission as a protection."

Judge Advocate—"I wish you to be aware, that your acceptance of a commission in the French service amounts to positive proof of the charge advanced against you; but, from your admissions already, I suppose that by the production of those papers, you merely want to show that you were an officer in the French army."

Prisoner—"Nothing more."

The papers were then produced, and were a brevet for the rank of chef de brigade, and a letter of service, both having the signatures of the President of the French Directory and the Minister of War. By one of these, it appeared that his last appointment was to

proceed to Brest, to join the army of England; and to some questions asked of him, he answered, that he had been appointed to three several armies destined to three several expeditions, under Buonaparte, Hoche, and Kilmaine, an Irishman. Having been asked why he was designated in the brevet and letter of service by the name of Smith, together with that of Tone, he explained by saying, that in proceeding from America to France, it was necessary that he should have a passport, and accordingly took the first that fell in his way, which happened to be made out in the name of Smith; on entering France, he was accordingly registered by that, and his real name, which he had added thereto; "indeed, almost every soldier in France had what they call a *nom de guerre*." He repeated his desire to be indulged with death in the most honourable manner, and as he had no doubt of the decision of the court, he expressed a wish that the confirmation of it by the Lord Lieutenant might be had as soon as possible, and execution of the sentence immediately follow, —within an hour, if it were practicable.

The President replied, that the court would forthwith proceed to a consideration and judgment of his case, after which no delay would take place in transmitting the proceedings to his Excellency; and that it was probable whoever went with them, would bear back the Lord Lieutenant's determination on the subject.

The prisoner then thanked the court for the indulgence which had been extended to him. He was brought back to the Provost Marshalsea.

The whole of Saturday and Sunday, Mr. Tone expressed much anxiety to learn the decision of his Ex-

cellency the Lord Lieutenant, concerning the request he had made as to the mode of his execution; having no doubt at all as to the sentence of the court, and its confirmation by his Excellency.

On Sunday evening he was informed that his conviction and sentence was confirmed by his Excellency; but that his request, as to the mode of execution, could not be complied with; that he must suffer the same fate as others who were taken in war against their king and country; and that the peculiar circumstances of his case rendered it necessary his execution should be in the most public manner, for the sake of a striking example; that he must be executed in front of the New Prison.

This, however, was an arrangement for which all his fortitude and philosophy could not string the nerves of Mr. Tone. Such a torrent of public ignominy was too much for reflection, and he took the resolution of anticipating the executioner by his own hand, and relieving his mind from the intolerable load of horror, which the manner of his approaching fate impressed, for when the sentinel who watched in his room, went to rouse him on Monday morning—he found him exhausted, weltering in blood, with his throat cut across, and apparently expiring. The sentinel immediately alarmed the provost marshal; a military surgeon of the 5th Regiment of Dragoons immediately attended, and on examining the wound, pronounced it not mortal, though extremely dangerous; to which Mr. Tone faintly answered, "I find then I am but a bad anatomist."

The wound, which was inflicted with a penknive, in-

tersected the wind pipe between two of the cartilaginous rings which form that organ, and amount to what surgeons style the operation of bronchotomy: it was dressed, but only with a view to prolong life till the fatal hour of one o'clock, appointed for execution, to which end the cart was prepared, and an escort of cavalry and infantry under orders to attend it. But in the meantime a motion was made in his Majesty's Court of King's Bench, then sitting, to arrest execution, grounded on an affidavit sworn by the father of the prisoner, that he had been tried, convicted, and sentenced to death, on a charge of high treason, before a military court of seven members, sitting in the barrack of Dublin, though he did not belong to his Majesty's army; while his Majesty's Court of King's Bench was sitting, before which the prisoner might have been tried in the ordinary way. Mr. Curran, who ably argued the point, moved that an *Habeas Corpus* do issue forthwith to bring up the prisoner *instanter*.

The court immediately complied, and the officer who served the order on the provost martial, returned with answer, that Brigade-Major Sandys said he would comply with no orders but those of the commander-in-chief of the garrison. The court immediately directed the sheriff to repair to the barrack, take Mr. Sandys into custody, and bring him before the court. The sheriff, on his return, reported that Major Sandys was not to be found; that he had seen General Craig, at whose instance he accompanied the surgeon to Mr. Tone, and that the surgeon reported the prisoner could not be removed to court, without danger of instant death.

The surgeon attended and made affidavit to the same effect, and the return of the writ of Habeas Corpus was postponed for four days, and the court ordered the Sheriff in the meantime to take the body of Theobald Wolfe Tone into his protection. In this situation he continued until Monday, the 19th of November, when he died, having suffered most excruciating pain for eight days. His body was delivered to his parents for interment. Thus ended the life of this unhappy gentleman, whose talents might have been an ornament to his country. (Dublin Magazine, Nov., 1798).

The particulars of Curran's application to the court are given at large in the life of Tone, and they are so honourable to the character of that excellent man, Lord Kilwarden, that it would be an injustice to omit them, as they are given by young Tone:—

"'I do not pretend,' said Curran, 'that Mr. Tone is not guilty of the charges of which he is accused. I presume the officers were honourable men. But it is stated in this affidavit as a solemn fact, that Mr. Tone had no commission under his majesty, and therefore no court-martial could have cognizance of any crime imputed to him whilst the Court of King's Bench sat in the capacity of the great criminal court of the land. In times when war was raging, when man was opposed to man in the fields, court-martials might

be endured, but every law authority is with me whilst I stand upon this sacred principle of the constitution—that martial law and civil law are incompatible, and that the former must cease with the existence of the latter. This is not, however, the time for arguing this momentous question. My client must appear in this court. He is cast for death this very day: he may be ordered for execution whilst I address you. I call on the court to support the law, and move for a Habeas Corpus to be directed to the Provost Marshall of the Barracks of Dublin, and, Major Sandys to bring up the body of Tone."

Chief Justice—"Have a writ instantly prepared."

Curran—"My client may die whilst the writ is preparing."

Chief Justice—"Mr. Sheriff, proceed to the barracks and acquaint the Provost Marshall that a writ is preparing to suspend Mr. Tone's execution, and see he be not executed."

"The court awaited in a state of the utmost agitation and suspense the return of the Sheriff. He speedily appeared and said:—'My Lord, I have been to the barracks in pursuance of your order. The Provost Marshall says he must obey Major Sandys. Major Sandys says he must obey Lord Cornwallis.' Mr. Curran announced at the same time that Mr. Tone, the father, was just returned after serving the Habeas Corpus,

and that General Craig would not obey it. The Chief Justice exclaimed, 'Mr. Sheriff, take the body of Mr. Tone into custody, take the Provost Marshall and Major Sandys into custody, and show the order of the court to General Craig.'"

The general impression was now, that the prisoner would be led out to execution in defiance of the Court. This apprehension was legible in the countenance of Lord Kilwarden; a man who in the worst of times preserved a religious respect for the laws, and who, besides, I may add, felt every personal feeling of pity and respect for the prisoner, whom he had formerly contributed to shield from the vengeance of the government on an occasion almost as perilous. His agitation, according to the expression of an eye-witness, was manifest to every one in his court.

The Sheriff returned at length with the news from the Provost. The Chief Justice instantly ordered a rule for suspending the execution.

CHAPTER VI

DEATH OF WOLFE TONE

THE trial took place on Saturday, the 10th of November, and the following Monday had been appointed for the execution at Newgate. In this interval there were two gentlemen busily engaged in attempting to procure the means of forming a bar, for the purpose of bringing the case before the Court of the King's Bench. The two persons referred to were John Philpot Curran and Peter Burrows, his early, constant, and faithful friends —faithful in those times which try men's souls, and put all their feelings and affections to the test. Their efforts are thus spoken of by Tone's son:—

The next day after condemnation was passed in a kind of stupor. A cloud of portentous awe seemed to hang over the city of Dublin. The apparatus of military and despotic authority was everywhere displayed; no man dared to trust his next neighbour, nor one of the pale citizens to betray, by look or word, his feelings or sympathy. The terror which prevailed in Paris under the rule of the Jacobins, or in Rome during the proscriptions of Marius, Sylla, and the Triumviri, and under the reigns of Tiberius, Nero, Caligula, and Domitian, was never deeper or more universal than that

of Ireland at this fatal and shameful period. It was, in short, the feeling which made the people soon after passively acquiesce in the union and in the extinction of their name as a nation. Of the numerous friends of my father, and of those who had shared in his political principles and career, some had perished on the scaffold, others rotted in dungeons, and the remainder dreaded, by the slightest mark of recognition, to be involved in his fate. One noble exception deserves to be recorded.

John Philpot Curran, the celebrated orator and patriot, had attached himself in his political career to the Whig party, but his theoretical principles went much farther. And when the march of the administration to despotism was pronounced—when the persecution began—I know that in the years 1794 and 1795, and particularly at the Drogheda assizes in the former year, and on occasion of the trial of Bird and Hamill, where they were both employed as counsel, he (Curran) opened his mind to my father, and that on the main point—on the necessity of breaking the connection with England—they agreed. Curran prudently and properly confined himself to those legal exertions at the bar, where his talents were so eminently useful, and where he left an imperishable monument to his own and to his country's fame. It was well that there remained one place and one man through which the truth might sometimes be heard. He avoided committing himself in the councils of the United Irishmen; but, had the project of liberating Ireland succeeded, he would have been amongst the foremost to hail and join her independence. On this occasion, joining his efforts to

those of M. Peter Burrowes, he nobly exerted himself to save his friend.

The sentence of my father was evidently illegal. Curran knew, however, very well that, by bringing the case before the proper tribunal, the result would ultimately be the same—that he could not be acquitted. But then, the delays of the law might be brought in play, and the all-important point of gaining time would be obtained. The French Government could not in honour but interfere, and the case, from a mere legal, would become a political one. In politics my father had many adversaries, but few personal enemies; in private and public life, he was generally beloved and respected; his moderation, too, was known and appreciated by those who feared a revolution, and trusted to him as a mediator, if such an event was to take place. In short, it did not appear a matter of impossibility to have finally saved him by some agreement with the Government. Determined to form a bar for his defence, and bring the case before the Court of King's Bench, then sitting, and presided over by Lord Kilwarden, a man of the purest and most benevolent virtue, and who always tempered justice with mercy, Curran endeavoured the whole day of the 11th to raise a subscription for this purpose. But terror had closed every door; and, I have it from his own lips, that even among the Catholic leaders, many of them wealthy, no one dared to subscribe. Curran then determined to proceed alone. On this circumstance no comment can be expected from the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Those men had behaved nobly towards him in former times almost as perilous. The universal dread must be their excuse.

John Keogh was referred to particularly in the preceding observations.

On Saturday night Tone wrote two letters, one addressed to the French Directory, wherein he called to the attention of its members his services in the Republic, his sacrifices, and the forlorn state of a beloved wife and three infant children, about to be deprived, by his death, of protection and support. The letter was written in such terms as became the writer and his situation. The other was addressed to his wife—that noble woman, who was worthy of being the wife of Tone. One or two passages from it, will suffice to show the terms on which their union was founded and maintained.

Dearest Love—The hour is at last come when we must part. As no words can express what I feel for you and our children, I shall not attempt it. Complaint of any kind would be beneath your courage and mine. . . . Adieu, dearest love. I find it impossible to finish this letter. Give my love to Mary (his sister), and above all things, remember that you are the only parent of our dearest children, and that the best proof you can give of your affection for me, will be to preserve yourself for their education. God Almighty bless you all.

Yours ever,

T. W. TONE.

P. S.—I think you have a friend in Wilson, who will not desert you.

His dying wishes were fulfilled to the letter. The only parent of his dearest children remembered her duty to them and to the memory of their father, and, through great difficulties, in many trials and tribulations, with scanty means and with little sympathy on the part of former friends, that duty was performed by her with heroic constancy and courage.

On Sunday, the 11th of November, Tone addressed another letter to his wife—the last he wrote, in which he tells her, his mind was as tranquil as at any period of his life. His dying request was that she should keep her courage as he had kept his.....cherish his memory, and preserve her health and spirits for the sake of their dearest children.

Among the effects delivered to his father after his decease, was a pocket-book (which was placed in my hands by the son of John Sweetman about fifteen years ago), and was sent, by Tone's directions, to his old friend, Mr. John Sweetman, with a note from his father, which is still preserved in the original, in these words:—

DEAR SIR,—The enclosed has been ordered by my son to be delivered to you in remembrance of him,

And am your obedient servant,

(Signed) PETER TONE.

The night that ———.

The pocket-book must have been either on

Tone's bed or person when the fatal act was committed on the night of the 11th. The green silk lining of the book is stained with blood, and on the lining the words are written in Tone's handwriting:—

T. W. Tone,
Nov. 11, 1798.
Te nunc habet ista secundam.

These last words ever written by poor Tone, the reader will find in Virgil's second eclogue. The poet, as an inducement to Alexis to come to him, tells him that he has a seven-jointed flute, which Damætas, dying, gave him, saying: "Now, for its second master, it has thee."

Fistula, Damætas, dono mihi quam dedit olim,
Et dixit moriens:—te nunc habet ista secundam.

On Sunday night, after Tone had apparently settled himself to rest, it is supposed that, with a penknife which he is said to have secreted, he inflicted the wound on his neck which caused his death on the 19th instant. During the eight days that he languished in a state of great bodily suffering, none of his friends, with one exception, Mr. Hugh Fitzpatrick, of Capel Street, were permitted to visit him. This unnecessary and barbarous rigour has led to the entertainment of suspicions that some foul play had been prac-

tised, and that to prevent a discovery of it, the agents of the infamous Sandys, the Telles Jordao of Ireland, were alone suffered to be about the dying man. The circumstances of the medical man who had been called in to his assistance being a French emigrant, and therefore supposed to be hostile to Tone's principles, has been likewise referred to as a matter tending to confirm the suspicion alluded to. My firm persuasion is, that there are no grounds for it. That French medical man, then an assistant surgeon in the 5th Dragoons, at a much later period I have a recollection of, as the medical attendant of my family, one of the most eminent physicians of his day in Dublin, and one of the most amiable and benevolent of human beings—Dr. Lentaigne, of Dominick Street. The circumstances connected with his attendance on Tone, he detailed to a relative of mine, in terms very similar to those which are given in the account which I have taken from the "Dublin Magazine."

Lentaigne's account to my relative was as follows:—

There were several people in the cell when he entered. When Tone discovered by Lentaigne's accent that he was a foreigner, he addressed the latter in French, and said in that language: "They say that I know everything" (in reference to the late projected descent on Ireland); "but you see, doctor, there are

things I do not know: I find I am but a bad anatomist." He further said to Lentaigne: "Your skill had been better spared."

Lentaigne was a man as little likely as any person I ever knew, to lend himself to any act of the kind imputed to Sandys, by concealing a knowledge of its guilt. He was a most humane and honourable man. Tone's last words, as recorded by his son, show what his feelings were towards Lentaigne, when the latter was impressing on him the necessity of being still and silent, or death would ensue, and that his danger was imminent. Tone, it was said, replied: "I can yet find words to thank you, sir: it is the most welcome news you could give me. What should I wish to live for?" Falling back with these expressions on his lips, he expired without further effort, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.[1]

[1] Dr. Benjamin Lentaigne, born in 1773, was the son of a lieutenant of dragoons, of Caen, in Normandy. He had two brothers grown up to manhood at the outbreak of the French Revolution, who were both guillotined. He belonged to a royalist family. One of his brothers, of the *Gardes du Corps,* had distinguished himself at Versailles on the 6th of October, 1789, in defence of the Queen. All the brothers, on this account, were early marked out as victims by the revolutionary party, and Benjamin only escaped from prison, where his two brothers, John and Joseph, were confined previous to their execution, through the compassion of the jailer's wife, who took pity on his youth (he was then under seventeen years of age), and set him at large from a window of the prison. He escaped to Flanders in 1789, where he served in the army of the emigrant princes. He accompanied these princes subsequently to England in 1792, when he com-

His son thus speaks of his last moments:—

Stretched on his bloody pallet in a dungeon, the first apostle of Irish union, and most illustrious martyr of Irish independence, counted each lingering hour during the last seven days and nights of his slow and silent agony. No one was allowed to approach him. Far from his adored family, and from all those friends whom he loved so dearly, the only forms which flitted before his eyes were those of the grim jailer and rough

menced the study of surgery. I have seen a certificate given him, dated London, the 4th of June, 1796, by the surgeon-in-chief of the French army of the *emigrées* princes, stating, that after strict examination, his fitness had been ascertained for employment as a military surgeon. He had applied himself to the study of surgery in England from the years 1792 to 1797. He applied to the English government, in 1793, for employment in the army, soon after his arrival, and he ultimately obtained from Mr. Pitt the commission of assistant-surgeon, the 1st of May, 1797, in the 5th Dragoon Guards. He resigned that commission, by the advice of Mr. H. Fitzpatrick, of Capel Street, in August, 1799, while serving in Ireland, being then recently married, and set up in private practice in Dublin, where his success was equal to his merits. In 1800 he graduated in a Scotch University. In 1807 he obtained a diploma as licentiate of the College of Physicians in Ireland, after undergoing examination, and the same year graduated in medicine in Trinity College, Dublin. In 1813 he obtained the honorary degree of doctor of medicine from Trinity College, Dublin. The only published work of Dr. Lentaigne, is a Latin poem of great merit, entitled *De Causis Morborum.* His great claim to consideration is the noble use he made of his professional knowledge, and of the large emoluments it brought him. His life and labours were spent in the service of humanity, and preëminently in the service of the poor. Two hours daily his doors were thrown open to the sick poor of Dublin, and from them no gratuity was ever received by him. He died of typhus fever, caught in attendance on a poor family, on the 13th of October, 1813, aged forty-one years.

attendants of the prison; the only sounds which fell on his dying ear, the heavy tread of the sentry. He retained, however, the calmness of his soul and the possession of his faculties to the last. And the consciousness of dying for his country, and in the cause of justice and liberty, illumined, like a bright halo, his latest moments, and kept up his fortitude to the end. There is no situation under which those feelings will not support the soul of a patriot.

Thus passed away one of the master spirits of his time. The curse of Swift was upon this man—he was an Irishman. Had he been a native of any other European country, his noble qualities, his brilliant talents, would have raised him to the first honours in the state, and to the highest place in the esteem of his fellow-citizens. His name lives, however, and his memory is probably destined to survive as long as his country has a history. Peace be to his ashes!

William Dunbavin was totally opposed to his kinsman's political opinions. He was a member of a corps of yeomanry, and possessed some influence with the terrorists of the day. By means of that influence, probably assisted in high quarters by the interference of the Hon. George Knox, the body of Tone and his effects—clothes, uniform, and sword—were given up to his friends. The two Dunbavins, provided with a

written order, went with four men to the Provost for the body, and it was given up to them by Major Sandys. It was taken to William Dunbavin's house, No. 65 High Street (where his father and mother were then living), and laid out in a room on the second floor. The surviving relatives state that the mother bore up astonishingly against the trials which befell her in such quick succession; but the poor father seemed to have been overwhelmed by this last calamity. Matthew was the favourite child of the mother. "She was proud of Theobald, but she loved Mat." "The father was proud of his eldest son, and thought there was none like him"—he doted on him. He seemed to feel the last loss more than the mother, and was so broken down with grief that he was unable to attend the funeral. The mother was a person of strong mind; the father was a simple, well-disposed, kind-hearted man, mild in his manners, and of ordinary understanding.

The body was kept two nights at Dunbavin's. A great number of persons came and sat in the room where the corpse was laid out. At length an order came from government that the interment should immediately take place, and as privately as possible. Dunnan, a near relative of Tone's (my informant), was present when a cast of the face was taken.[1] The funeral in conform-

[1] The cast was taken by Petrie. A lady who has a perfect

ity with the orders of the authorities, was attended only by two persons, William Dunbavin and James Ebbs, a brazier, who resided in Bride Street: both were members of a corps of yeomanry. The remains of Theobald Wolfe Tone were interred in the ancient cemetery of Bodenstown, close to the wall, on the south side of the graveyard, in the same grave where his brother's remains were recently buried, and those of his grandfather and his uncles reposed. A slab, with the following inscription, is laid over the grave:—

This burial-place belongs to William Tone and his family. Here lieth the body of the above, who departed this life the 24th of April, 1766, aged sixty years; and also three children.

That slab, in the absence of any other memor-

remembrance of Tone, makes the following observations on the subject of an inquiry respecting the portrait prefixed to the memoir by Tone's son:—"I have been looking at a picture in profile of Theobald Wolfe Tone (prefixed to his life by his son). It does not resemble, according to my recollection of him. He was a very slender, angular, rapid moving man; a thin face, sallow and pock-marked; eyes small, lively, bright; forehead very low, the hair cut close, and growing up from it; nose rather long, I forget the shape, nothing remarkable. He laughed and talked fast, with enthusiasm, about music and other innocent things, so that one could not possibly suspect him of plots and treason. Wise he could not be; but he had not a foolish look—it was too lively and animated for that."

"Success is all in this life," said poor Tone, "and unfavoured of her, virtue becomes vicious"; and wisdom, he might have added (with all respect for the opinion expressed by the amiable lady referred to), ever finds a failure such as his leaves the unsuccessful rebel no claims to its possession.

ial, served to point out to me and the nearest surviving relative of T. W. Tone, in 1842, the spot where the ashes of Theobald Wolf Tone were deposited. There was then no monument to his memory in stone or marble; but there was one in the heart's core of Ireland, and his name is written there in large and lasting characters.

Some remarkable lines on "Tone's Grave"[1] were written by Thomas Davis, one of Ireland's most gifted sons, in this age of mediocrity, of whom it might be truly said:—

> His promises were like Adonis' gardens,
> That one day bloomed, and fruitful were the next,

and now, alas! of whom we have to say, the cypress waves over the early grave of all those great hopes. A pilgrimage to Bodenstown churchyard, made by Davis in 1843, accompanied by a person whose pursuits were akin to those of Old Mortality, resulted in the successful efforts of Davis a little later to mark the spot where the remains of Theobald Wolfe Tone were deposited. A monumental slab was placed there, with the following words inscribed on it:—

[1] See beginning of this volume.

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY OF
THEOBALD WOLF TONE,
WHO DIED FOR IRELAND,
ON THE 19TH OF NOVEMBER, 1798.

Respecting Tone's religious sentiments, having heard conflicting opinions expressed regarding them, I made some inquiries on the subject of Miss M'Cracken, who had been intimately acquainted with him. Miss M'Cracken, in reply to my inquiries, stated that "Tone was not sceptical. There was a society in Belfast, of a political kind, all of whose members were sceptics. They would not admit Tone, because he believed in the truths of religion, and he had given them some proofs of the fact, for they presented him with one of Paine's works, which he refused to read," and I think Miss M'Cracken added, "to accept."

With regard to the authorship of certain songs and poetical pieces, published in the Northern Star, and a collection of the same in a little volume called the Harp of Erin, or Paddy's Resource, Miss M'Cracken says: "The only song in Paddy's Resource I know to be Tone's is: 'When Rome by dividing had conquered the world.' I heard Maria Tone, his daughter, sing

it in Belfast to the tune of 'The little Cruiskeen Lawn,' in 1795. She was then a beautiful girl of nine years old, and remarkably intelligent. She died in Paris, when about fifteen."

LITERARY PRODUCTIONS OF T. W. TONE

In January, 1787, Tone arrived in London, and had chambers in the Temple, No. 4 Hare Court, on the first floor; and while residing there he found a pecuniary resource in writing for the "European Magazine," for which, he says in his diary, he wrote several articles, "mostly critical reviews of new publications," for which he received about £50 in two years. These two years must have been 1787 and 1788, for he returned to Ireland on the 23rd of December, 1788; and during that period he also wrote, in conjunction with two friends named Jebb and Radcliffe, a burlesque novel, which was called "Belmont Castle," a production, as he states, "intended to ridicule the execrable trash of the circulating libraries. It was tolerably well done, particularly Radcliffe's part, which was by far the best, yet we could not find a publisher who would risk the printing of it, though we offered the copyright gratis to several. It was afterwards printed in Dublin, and had some success, though I believe, after all, it was most relished by the authors and their immediate connections." Tone has not

stated that in this production several of the most distinguished characters of the day were represented under feigned names, such as Lady Clairville, James Dashton, Colonel Neville, etc. Tone wrote, also, an article entitled The Wonderful, which attracted some attention; and another, The History of Prince Fanfaridin, in ridicule of the sentimental romance literature of the day.

PAMPHLETS AND ESSAYS WRITTEN BY T. W. TONE, BEFORE HE ENTERED ON THE CAREER OF POLITICS.

"Proposals and Memorials Relative to the Establishment of a Military Colony in the Sandwich Islands, and the Liberation of Spanish America," addressed to Mr. Pitt, and "delivered with his own hands to the porter in Downing Street," 1789. The same proposals and memorials he addressed to the Duke of Richmond, on the 20th of September, 1790.

ESSAYS OF T. W. TONE, WRITTEN FOR "THE POLITICAL CLUB," FORMED IN DUBLIN IN 1791, WHICH PRECEDED THE SOCIETY OF UNITED IRISHMEN.

1. "On the English Connection."
2. "On the State of Ireland in 1720."

3. "On the State of Ireland in 1790."
4. "On Sail Cloth."
5. "On the State of the Army."
6. "On the Necessity of a Domestic Union."

Of these essays, the first, second, third, and fourth only exist, published in "Tone's Life," by his son, from the original manuscripts. The key-note argument of these four essays is to the effect that all the evils of Irish misrule are attributable to the undue influence of the English government in the Irish parliament.

SUBSEQUENT POLITICAL WRITINGS OF THEOBALD WOLF TONE.

1. "A Review of the Conduct of the Administration during the Seventh Session of Parliament, by an Independent Irish Whig." Published by order of the Northern Whig Club, 1790.
2. "Considerations on the Approaching War with Spain; an Inquiry how far Ireland is bound, of right, to embark in the Impending Contest on the side of Great Britain," 1790.
3. "An argument on Behalf of the Catholics of Ireland, in which the Present State of that Country, and the Necessity of a Parliamentary Reform are Considered," 1791.

4. "Declarations and Resolutions of the Society of United Irishmen," October, 1791.

5. "A Short Answer to 'A Brief Caution to the Catholics of Ireland,'" by a Liberty Boy; January, 1792.

6. "Letter to the Grand Jury of the City and County of Londonderry for the Summer Assizes," signed Vindex, 1792.

7. "Reply to a Phamphlet entitled 'The Protestant Interest in Ireland.'" First published by Tone's son, in the life of his father, written about 1792.

8. "Letter of a Liberty Boy to the Manufacturers of Ireland," March, 1793.

9. "A Vindication of the Conduct and Principles of the Catholics of Ireland from the Charges made against them by certain late Grand Juries, etc.; with a Copy of the Petition presented to the King, January 2, 1793; and Notes reciting Penal Statutes," 1793.

10. "Defence of the Sub-Committee of the Catholics of Ireland, and particularly from the charge of Supporting the Defenders," 1793.

11. "Reasons why the Question of Parliamentary Reform has always Failed in the Irish Legislature" (a fragment left unpublished), 1793.

12. "A Letter to the Editor of Falkiner's Journal, in Reply to certain Assertions contained in his paper of July 11, 1793."

13. "Statement of the Light in which the late Act for the Partial Repeal of the Penal Laws is considered by the Catholics of Ireland," August 21, 1793.

14. "Plan for Conducting the Election of Delegates, for the Purpose of Taking the Sense of the whole Catholic Population of Ireland on the Petition emanating from the Catholic Convention, the most Important Movement hitherto made by the Catholic Body, and to which it is indebted for the first Relaxation of the Penal Code," 1793.

15. "Memorial on the Present State of Ireland, drawn up for the Rev. W. Jackson, to be presented to the French government," 1794.

15. "An Address to the People of Ireland," 1796.

16. "An Address to the Peasantry of Ireland," signed a traveller, 1796.

17. "An Address to the Militia," signed Sarsfield, 1796.

Mrs. Tone, soon after the loss of her husband, had received from the French Directory a sum of 1,200 francs as an immediate aid, and three months' pay from the war office was assigned to her. The ordinary pension, rated according to the rank and time of service of her husband, amounted only to 300 francs, which she properly

declined to accept. Various applications were made to the government by Tone's friends: amongst the applicants, Lucien Buonaparte was foremost in his efforts, but even his were unsuccessful. In 1803, when Thomas Addis Emmet was in Paris, and some reference was made to the employment of the Irish refugees in the French army, Emmet said, "How could they trust to that government when they saw the widow of Tone unprovided for?" The pension was almost instantly afterwards granted; it amounted to 1,200 livres to the widow, and 400 to each of her three children. At a later period a subscription amounting to £787 was raised in Ireland for the assistance of Tone's widow and children. Some of his early associates, some of those who urged him on in his early political career, one of them, whose wealth and influence as a Catholic leader were then better known than his garden conferences with Tone, it was said, declined to contribute. About 1804 Mrs. Tone lost one of her children, a beautiful and accomplished girl under sixteen, and in 1806, another, her youngest son, a boy of fourteen years of age. The following letter from Mrs. Tone to the mother of her husband, which gives some account of her position and her son's progress about that period, will be read with interest. It is characteristic of the writer.

May 11, 1810.

My Dearest Mother,—I have got an opportunity of writing to you by a gentleman who promises to deliver my letter into your own hands, and yesterday evening I had just finished a long letter to you, and another to Kitty, complaining wofully of not hearing from you, when I had the happiness of receiving both your letters of the 10th of April, which rendered all I had written useless. My ever dear mother, it is a blessing to my heart to hear from you, and hear that you are tolerably well, that you have peace and security, and are not exposed to inconvenience. These negative comforts are all that we can aspire to, or that it would become us to wish for; and for me, I am still hardy in mind and body, and able to dispense even with them if they were taken from me; but indeed if you wanted them in the town where our Theobald was born and died, I think I should in my despair take counsel from Job's wife, and——. You cannot afford to keep Mat's little girl by you to support and to comfort your age. As for me; no! I will never see Ireland whilst I can find a grave in any other part of the globe, by land or by water. But let me say something that will comfort you. My William, the pleasure and joy of my heart, is coming on in every respect as well as heart can wish; he is not strong in health, but he is safe; he completed his nineteenth year some days ago. His growth is nearly finished, and his conduct is so correct that I have no fear for him; he has gone through his studies with great honour; he will finish them this summer, and thinks of taking a course of law; perhaps it is time to turn his education to some

account, but in this country there is but one line, and if he must take that it will be always time enough. The powerfully ——! when you see him present him with the grateful homage of my respect and my admiration.

I cannot say more than this.

Adieu, my beloved mother. May God almighty bless and preserve you. William joins in every tender wish. Whenever it is possible, I will send him to get your blessing, and return to me with it. I write to my beloved Kitty. What an admirable heart she has. I have not heard from G—— since my last.

Ever your own child,

M. TONE.

To Mrs. Tone, Dublin.

Mrs. Tone's only surviving child, William Theobald Wolfe Tone, who was born in Dublin, the 29th of April, 1791, was then prosecuting his studies in the Imperial Lyceum (previously, and at present, the College of Louis le Grand). He passed through his studies with great credit, obtained several premiums and certificates highly honourable to his talents and conduct. After having spent eleven years in the Prytaneum and Lyceum, he took his leave of the latter in 1810, in which year he contended for the prize of the Institute, which was obtained by a Mr. Sartorius. The essay, however, of young Tone was favourably received by the Institute: the subject of it was, the legislation of the Goths in Italy.

He was in his eighteenth year when this essay was published. He was placed for the following two years at the Imperial Cavalry School of St. Germains, a military establishment of great repute. His mother, as usual, took up her abode near his school, and after a short time she determined on seeking an interview with the Emperor, with the view of securing his protection for her son in the military career on which he was soon to enter. She took occasion of the Emperor's passing through St. Germains from the palace, while they were changing horses, to approach the carriage and present the book written by her son, and a memorial setting forth his merits and the claims of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Napoleon opened the paper and when he saw the name of Tone at the commencement, he said, "*Je m'en souviens bien.*" After he had read and re-read it, he said to Mrs. Tone, "*Maintenant parlez moi de vous.*" After inquiring about her pension, and in reply to an observation about young Tone's destination, he said, "*Soyez donc tranquille, sur son compte, soyez parfaitement tranquille sur lui.*" After a word or two more, the imperial carriage drove on, and young Tone's military career under the imperial régime was decided. The pension of his mother, which had been reduced 800 francs a year, in consequence of the deaths of her two children, was restored to its original amount.

Young Tone received the rank of cadet in the Imperial School of Cavalry at St. Germains in November, 1810; he was promoted to a sub-lieutenancy in the 8th regiment of Chasseurs in January, 1813; he joined the grand army in April, 1813; in that year he was in the battles of Lowenburg, Goldberg, Dresden, Lusatia, Bautzen, Muhlberg, Acken, and Leipzig. He served in 1814 and 1815 on the Rhine, in the Pyrenees, at Erfurt, Sandan, and Bayonne. He made three campaigns, served four years and nine months, and received ten wounds. He was promoted in 1813 to the rank of lieutenant on the staff, aide-de-camp to General Bagneris, and made a member of the Legion of Honour.

A gentleman from Dublin, Mr. P. V. Fitzpatrick, whose father was intimately acquainted with T. W. Tone, visited Paris in 1814, and for the first time saw William Tone at his mother's residence. He describes the young soldier as a person of a thoughtful and somewhat dejected, but highly pleasing expression of countenance. He was still suffering from his wounds and the effects of his late arduous service, and bore the marks of suffering in his pale, but manly and ingenuous countenance. When he spoke of his campaigns, his features lighted up, and it was evident from his animation that he was proud of his profession, and conscious that he was worthy of it.

He had been either on duty, or in attendance on his general that morning, and was in his full dress military uniform. Some allusion was made to the difficulties through which his mother had been left to struggle, and the conduct of some individuals who had been, as poor Tone thought in his early days, when his noble talents were devoted to their cause, his bosom friends. Young Tone listened in silence for a moment, and, as if suddenly aroused, put his hand to his sword, and said: "While I have this——mother, it is no matter."

The news of the fall of Napoleon, in 1815, reached Tone at Bayonne; the day before the white flag was hoisted in that town he determined wisely and honourably to resign his commission; and, after some months passed at the baths of Bagneres and Barreges, he returned to Paris, where he remained with his mother till the month of September, 1816. He had been prevailed on by Mr. Wilson, the invaluable friend of his mother and himself since the death of his father, to make an application to the British ambassador, through his mother, for permission to visit England. In November, 1815, a polite answer to that application was received from Sir Charles Stuart, stating that he had transmitted Mrs. Tone's representation to England, "in favour of her son," but "the question appeared to have been referred to Ireland," and the dis-

turbances of that country "had prevented that favourable decision which he had reason to hope for on the part of the government, at the time Mrs. Tone did him the honour to call."

A writer in the "New Monthly Magazine," under the signature C. E., communicating some interesting particulars of the widow and son of T. W. Tone, from Paris, in 1825, referring to the marriage of Mrs. Tone with Wilson, and the ruin of her son's prospects after Napoleon's second fall in 1815, observes:—

Young Tone now determined to return to his native country. Having served in the French army, he thought it advisable to obtain the leave of the British government. Sir Charles Stuart was applied to, and declared, with the liberality that has always distinguished his character, that he had no doubt leave would be readily granted. In some little time, however, difficulties were raised by Lord Castlereagh, who was then at Paris. Mrs. Tone was advised to solicit an audience of his lordship, and did so; but after frequent inquiries at the embassy where he resided, no answer was given. At length means were taken to remind "his excellency" of the application; and upon the next inquiry a French clerk in the office said the answer was, "*Point de reponse à faire.*" Mrs. Tone was deeply stung by the laconic rudeness of this reply, chiefly from an apprehension that it might be supposed she meant to solicit from Lord Castlereagh any favour, her object being to offer an undertaking, if deemed necessary, that her son should reside in Great Britain, and never set foot

in Ireland. The letter which she addressed to Lord Castlereagh on his refusal was full of indignant eloquence. I verily believe the minister quailed under it, for his secretary replied to it in a style of shuffling civility. Mr. W—— pressed young Tone to draw upon his fortune as his son. But Tone would be dependent on no man; and soon after, the mother and son parted. He sought his fortune in America.

This act was worthy of Lord Castlereagh. On the 19th of August following, Mr. Wilson, who had come over to Paris with the intention of offering his hand and fortune to the woman to whom he had been as a father, a friend, and a generous benefactor for seventeen years, was married to Mrs. Tone in the chapel of the British ambassador at Paris. Young Tone's career in France was now at an end—he had relinquished his profession—his prospects of fame and honour in it were at an end—his hopes of preferment, his young day-dream of military glory had vanished—his ambition, his enthusiasm in his pursuit had died away; "with a heavy heart" he parted with his mother and Mr. Wilson in the month of September, and embarked at Havre for the United States. His mother accompanied Mr. Wilson to Scotland, the native country of the latter, and before another year had gone round they joined the son of Theobald Wolfe Tone in the new land of his adoption at New

York. A few months after Mrs. Tone's arrival in America, a meeting of the Hibernian Society of New York, of which Emmet and M'Neven were members, was called in October, 1817, and a resolution was carried, of which the following minute was transmitted to me by Mrs. Tone:—

In pursuance of a resolution of the Hibernian Society of New York, a committee waited on Mrs. Tone on Saturday last, and in the most respectful manner presented to her a medallion with an appropriate device and inscription,[1] and to her son a sword, accompanied with the following address:—

"Madam,—We are appointed by the Hibernian Provident Society of New York, to embrace the opportunity of your presence in this city, to express to you their very profound respect for the character and memory of your late illustrious husband, General Wolfe Tone, and of their affectionate attachment to his widow and son. To many of our society he was intimately known; by all of us he was ardently beloved; and while we look back with anguish on the frightful calamities of our time and country, we delight to dwell on his talents, his patriotism, his perseverance, and his dignity in misfortune. Accept, Madam, a testimonial of their esteem, which can pretend to no value but what it may derive from the sincerity with which it is offered. In some other country, perhaps, it may awaken a reflection, that wherever Irishmen dare to express the sentiments of their hearts, they celebrate the name and sufferings of Tone, with

[1] Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed victa Catoni.

that melancholy enthusiasm which is characteristic of their national feelings for the struggles and misfortunes of their heroes.

"We are likewise directed to present a sword to his youthful son and successor. . . .

"We are, Madam, with the utmost respect,

"Your most obedient humble servants,

"DAVID BRYSON,
"GEO. WHITE,
"WM. JS. M'NEVEN,
"THOMAS ADDIS EMMET,
"GEORGE CANNING.

"October 6, 1817."

To which Mrs. Tone returned the following answer:—

GENTLEMEN,—The sweetest consolation my heart can feel, I received in the proof you now give me, that my husband still lives in your affections and esteem, though, in the course of nineteen disastrous years, the numerous victims who have magnanimously suffered for the liberty of Ireland, might well confuse memory, and make selection difficult. I am proud of belonging to a nation whose sons preserve, under every vicissitude of fortune, a faithful attachment to their principles, and from whose firm and generous minds neither persecution, exile, nor time can obliterate the remembrance of those who have fallen, though ineffectually, in the cause of our country. For your gift to my son take his mother's thanks with his, while his mother tremblingly

hopes that fate may spare him to prove himself not unworthy of his father or his friends.

I have the honour to remain, with grateful respect, gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

MATILDA TONE.

In 1819, young Tone published an essay "on armed forces," of which General L'Allemand wrote—that "it is a work of which good generals might be proud." This work was the cause of his being invited to Washington by Mr. Calhoun. In 1824, he published "The School of Cavalry," on which performance General Bernard has left a flattering comment:—the author "was the only officer who, being competent to compare the schools of the different European nations, and gifted with the requisite faculties for doing so with ability, had been able to bring to the comparison the impartiality, without which one cannot discover truth. The United States is thus possessed of the best work that exists for the instruction of cavalry."

William Tone, in the account of his own career, makes no mention of his having commenced the study of the law soon after his arrival in America. He entered Mr. Sampson's office as a student, and "was received in his house as a dear friend." He continued his new pursuit till he received an invitation from persons high in authority to proceed to Washington. He ac-

cepted that invitation, and the result of it was, his being appointed to a captaincy in the United States' army. In 1825, he married the daughter, and then only child, of his father's early friend, William Sampson. In 1827, he resigned his commission in the United States' army. "The Union," which was intended to bind heart to heart and hand to hand in their native country, was not altogether a baseless fabric or an impossible attainment. It was realized in this instance, as in many others, by the children of the exiled men of '98, in another hemisphere. Young Tone and his wife, shortly after his marriage, went to reside at Georgetown. Mr. and Mrs. Sampson gave up their house in New York, and fixed their residence in the former place. "Our house," says Mrs. Tone, "was pleasantly situated in the midst of a garden shaded with locust trees. Our neighbours were amiable and enlightened, and the society of Washington within our reach."

It was during their happy retirement in Georgetown that young Tone completed the work which bears his name, and does honour to it. The conclusion of his labours has a mournful interest for his countrymen, in the reference to his own position, which he speaks of in terms of such contentment, so shortly before his untimely death:—"Here," to use his own words, "enjoying an honourable rank in the American army,

and the proud title of a free American citizen; united to the object of my early and constant affections (the only daughter of his father's friend and countryman, Counsellor William Sampson, of New York, whose fate, it is well known, led him, like them, to that country, a victim to the cause of liberty and of his native land), I feel at length like the sailor, who, after a stormy passage, returns to his home, and finds himself clasped by all the ties, and surrounded by all the charities that are dearest and most valuable to the human heart.[1]

Poor Tone's enjoyment of the peace and happiness of his haven in the new world was of short continuance. America, with her peaceful institutions, afforded no field for fame or distinction for one who had served in the armies of a military empire, under the soldier-sovereign who swayed a large portion of the world with a sceptre-sword.

Tone's occupation was gone when he abandoned the French service. Literature seems to have been his favourite pursuit, and his last employment was an investigation into the origin of nations; but he did not live to finish his work. The seeds of consumption were sown in his constitution. He died, Oct. 10th, 1828, at the early age of thirty-seven, having just lived long enough to complete the publication of his father's

[1] "Tone's Life."

life, which appeared in 1826. Whether with respect to those portions of the work of which he was the editor or the author, the praise must be accorded to him of having performed his task with signal ability and judgment, and of having left the most valuable work that exists, in connection with the subject of the rise, progress, and downfall of the Society of the United Irishmen.

This young man's memory, I feel, has claims upon Ireland. His ashes, which now repose in Long Island, ought to be in the graveyard of Bodenstown. He has left one child, a daughter,[1] and his widow (devoted to his memory and to his child) resides in New York with her mother, Mrs. Sampson.

T. W. Tone's father continued, during the remainder of his life, to hold a situation in the Paving Board; but the salary was small and inadequate to the maintenance of his wife and himself, even with an addition of some ten or twelve pounds a year arising from the head-rents of one or two small cottages in Phibsborough; but from the time of the death of T. W. Tone to that of Mrs. Tone, which took place at the house of W.

[1] This, his only child, Grace Georgiana, was born in Georgetown in 1827. After her father's death she resided with her mother and her Sampson grandparents in New York, and lived in the intimate society of that noted company of Irish exiles—the Emmets, MacNevens and others. She married an Irishman, Lascelles C. Maxwell, later moved to Brooklyn and there died in 1900, leaving seven children and a number of grandchildren. These are the only descendants of Theobald Wolfe Tone.

Dunbavin, 65 High Street, about 1818, I am informed by a confidential friend of the latter,[1] that Peter Burrowes allowed the poor lone and forlorn old woman a pension of £40 a year.

Mrs. Tone's family were Catholic. She professed to be a member of that church for some time after her marriage, but she ceased to attend its place of worship and to frequent its sacraments, without formally renouncing its communion. "She passed, however, for a Protestant; but a year and a half before her death she informed her friend, Mrs. Walsh, that she had sent for a priest of her old persuasion, and from that time she became a strict observer of the rites of the Roman Catholic religion. Her husband, Peter Tone, died about twelve years previously, in 1805-6, and both were interred in Bodenstown."

The details of the parentage of Tone, and of the interment of his remains, were obtained from his only surviving relatives in Ireland, the daughters of Mr. William Dunbavin, Mrs. Moore, residing at 147 Abbey Street, Dublin, and Mrs. Bull at Simmon's Court, Donnybrook; from the son of William Dunbavin, Nicholas Dunbavin, residing at 20 Mount Pleasant Avenue, Rachmines; and William Dunnan, a nephew of the former, living at Mr. Robert Vickers' in Francis Street. William Dunbavin lived at No.

[1] Statement of Mrs. Walsh, 27 Stafford Street.

65 High Street, and died there in 1830. There are some matters connected with the early history and late events in the career of Tone, left unnoticed or but slightly glanced at by his son. The clue to any information of the kind I allude to, was a single passage in one of the publications of Walter Cox, wherein Cox states that he sat, in 1798, in an upper room in High Street, with the father and mother of Theobald Wolfe Tone, watching over the remains of their gifted son, when his former companions and political associates of rank and distinction in the city, kept away from the tradesman's house where the corpse of poor Tone lay "waking." On this slender clue I endeavoured to ascertain who the parties were who had the charity to receive the remains of the "convicted traitor" into their house. On inquiry I ascertained that the house referred to belonged to a Mr. William Dunbavin, and that a son of his and two daughters were still living. Most of the family details now given are the results of my communications with those members of the Dunbavin family.

From Mr. Thomas Dunbavin, residing in the same house in which T. W. Tone's remains were "waked." No. 65 High Street, I received, in 1847, the following account of the relatives of Tone, who were then surviving: Nicholas Dunbavin, the father of my informant (Thomas

Dunbavin), is the nearest living relative of T. W. Tone. Mrs. Margaret Tone, the mother of the latter, whose maiden name was Lambert (in young Tone's memoirs of his father, named Lamport), was married to Peter Tone in 1761. She had no relative living at the time of her decease. Her husband, Peter Tone, had two brothers and two sisters. The two brothers died without legitimate issue.[1] One sister married a Mr. Clarendon, of the county Meath, and had two sons: both are dead. The other sister of Peter Tone married William Dunbavin, of Bodenstown, county Kildare (father of Nicholas Dunbavin), and had several children. All the sons were dead in 1847, with the exception of Nicholas Dunbavin, who was consequently a first-cousin of T. W. Tone. A sister of Nicholas Dunbavin married a person of the name of Dunnan, a son of whom was living in 1847, in Francis Street, in great indigence (and subsequently, to the author's knowledge, was an inmate of a poorhouse in Dublin).

Some extraordinary fatality seems to have pursued the family of the Tones. The grand-

[1] The youngest of these brothers is spoken of by Theobald Wolfe Tone as being engaged in 1789 in a lawsuit with his father, Peter Tone, which involved the property of the latter in total ruin. This litigious uncle of his, T. W. Tone states, was then a lieutenant of grenadiers in the 22nd regiment. A person of the name of Tone, whose history was unhappily connected with the early career of Arthur O'Connor, was probably the daughter of one of the above-mentioned brothers of Peter Tone.

father was killed, as we have seen, by a fall from a corn stack. Theobald died by his own hand. Matthew perished on the scaffold. William Henry Tone, a soldier of fortune, a brave and enterprising man, made his way in India to the command of a regiment in the service of the Mahratta Sovereign, and was slain in battle. He had been brought up to the business of a bookseller in Dublin, had quitted his occupation, enlisted at the age of sixteen in the East India Company's service, and was detained six years in garrison in St. Helena. He was a remarkably handsome, soldier-like looking person, "the best-looking of all his family." He had "a natural turn for poetry," a warm and enthusiastic imagination: "he was as brave as Cæsar, and loved the army." In 1788 he returned to England, remained in Europe for about four years, and reëntered the Company's service (in the ranks) in 1792. On his arrival in India, he distinguished himself so much as to obtain his discharge and a recommendation which insured him employment in the service of the Nizam. After many vicissitudes, he quit the service of the latter, proceeded to Poonah, and entered that of the ruler of the Mahrattas, where he soon raised himself to the rank of commandant of a regiment. Some of his letters between 1798 and 1800 are in my possession, most honourable to his character and his principles, and creditable

to the qualities of the head as well as of the heart.[1]

Mary, whom Theobald speaks of in 1796 as "a fine young woman, with all the peculiarity of her brother's disposition, with all the delicacy of her own sex," accompanied her brother to America, and in December, 1796, came to France with his wife and children. There she married a young Swiss merchant in the winter of 1797, followed her husband to St. Domingo, and died of the yellow fever (according to the account given of the family in the life of Theobald) during the siege of Cape Francois, attending a sick friend, who had been deserted by her family and servants. But other accounts state that she was killed, and her husband likewise, by the negroes, in the insurrection of that island, about the year 1799. The French Minister at Hamburgh, in one of his communications to his government, refers to the husband of Tone's sister as "Giaugue" (Geoghegan).[2]

1 He was killed in an attack on a fort in one of the Mahratta wars, by a shot in the temple; but no particulars of the time or place were ever obtained. It is presumed that his death took place between 1801 and 1804.

2 An informer, residing in Paris from the year 1790, a native of Ireland, who figures in the number of Mr. Pitt's correspondents from the Continent, for some years prior to 1798, under the initial O, kept the English government accurately informed of all the movements of the United Irishmen in France, of Tone and Lewines especially, as will be seen by the Memoirs of Lord Viscount Castlereagh, edited by his brother the Marquess of Londonderry, 8vo, 1849, vol. i. This person accompanied Napper Tandy to

Arthur, the youngest of the brothers, a fine high-spirited lad, was brought up to no profession or business. He took an early fancy to a sea-faring life, and when only twelve years of age, sailed to Portugal with a Captain Meyler. He made a second voyage to Portugal; and in June, 1795, the vessel he was in arrived at Belfast, where his brother Theobald then was, on the point of embarking for America. He abandoned his ship, and accompanied his brother to the United States, where he remained till the 10th of December, 1795, when he was sent by his brother to Ireland on a perilous political mission, which he discharged with ability and discretion. Mr. James Hornidge of Dublin, who had known him in America, states, that about 1797 he was serving his time in the north to a

Ireland in the "Anacreon" privateer, in the autumn of 1798, and appears to have subsequently separated from Tandy. This informer is not to be confounded with the O'Keon who had been at the same period at Killala, when the French were there, and eventually was taken prisoner, tried, and set at liberty immediately after his trial. Henry O'Keon had been an Irish priest in Paris previous to the revolution, became a soldier, and fixed himself on Humbert as an interpreter. In one of the many letters of M. Reinhard, the French Minister at Hamburgh, to the French Secretary of State, M. Charles de la Croix, dated July 23, 1797, duly intercepted by Mr. Pitt's agent, and copied and transmitted to the English Minister (*vide* "Castlereagh's Memoirs," vol. i., from page 218 to page 306), the French Minister at Hamburgh, M. Reinhard, makes mention of the husband of the sister of Tone, Mons. Giaugue (Geoghegan), having given him intelligence of the arrival of Dr. M'Neven and another emissary of the United Irishmen at the Hague (page 290, vol. i.).

manufacturer in the linen business, and was implicated, though a mere boy at the time, in the affairs of the United Irishmen, and had to leave the north on that account. He came up to Dublin with his father's friend, Thomas Russell. The fact is, the great men of the "Union" in the north were alarmed at the secret of their connection with the society being in the keeping of a boy, and they determined to send him out of the kingdom.

He was sent back to America; but finding his brother had left that country, he went to sea, and made a voyage to the West Indies. On his return to America he met his brother Matthew; but the latter was on the point of leaving America, and the poor lad was again obliged to go to sea to earn a subsistence. At length he returned to Europe, and in the summer of 1798 made his way to Holland, where he entered the Dutch navy as midshipman, under the patronage of Admiral De Winter. He became "a universal favourite, though very wild, and distinguished himself in several actions by a rare intrepidity. Taken by the English not long after his brother's capture and decease, he was recognized by an Irish officer weeping over the account of his brother's death. His kind-hearted countryman favoured his escape, and he was promoted, at the age of sixteen, to a lieutenancy. He sailed soon

after to the East Indies, and since that period, never had been heard of."

And now it only remains for me to say a few words of the widow of Theobald Wolfe Tone. Her name assuredly, and the remembrance of her virtues and her sufferings, will not be forgotten in Ireland. When I was a young man, at least I thought so; but now in the sear and yellow leaf of life, it seems to me, it might suffice to say, they ought not to be forgotten there.

She was a faithful, noble-minded, true-hearted, and generous woman, utterly divested of selfishness, ready to make any sacrifice and to endure any suffering for her husband, her children, and her country. Always cheerful, trustful, and hopeful in her husband's destiny, and strongly impressed with the goodness of his heart, and the brilliancy of his talents, and his devotedness to his cause, she was the solace of his life, the never-failing comfort of it, the courageous partner and partaker of his trials in adversity, and the support of his weariness of mind in all his struggles, labours, and embarassments.

The writer in the "New Monthly Magazine," I have already cited, of a notice of Tone's widow and son when living in Paris, in 1815, thus speaks of Mrs. Tone's personal appearance and mental qualities:—

It was, I think, in February, 1815, that I first saw

and became acquainted with them. From particular circumstances, I was received by them, from the first moment, with confidence and kindness. Mrs. Tone, I was aware, had been admired for personal charms in her youth. She was living retired, but with the comforts and many of the elegances of life, in the Faubourg St. Germain. Her circle of acquaintances was of the best class, almost wholly French—that is, with little mixture, or alloy, of English, Irish, or American. Portraits, of herself when a girl, eminently beautiful—of her husband in the uniform of a French field-officer—and of a son and daughter whom she had lost a very few years before, were hung in the room in which she received her visitors and friends.

Her conversation, for which her husband's adventures, and the scenes which she had herself witnessed during her residence in France, under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, afforded interesting matter, was instructive, lively, and engaging. The Gallicisms in her English gave a certain charm of originality and point to her observations on French manners and character, of which she had as quick a sense as if arrived but yesterday. She yet made herself highly agreeable in French society, and was allowed by French women to have seized its *ton*—all allowance for a foreigner.

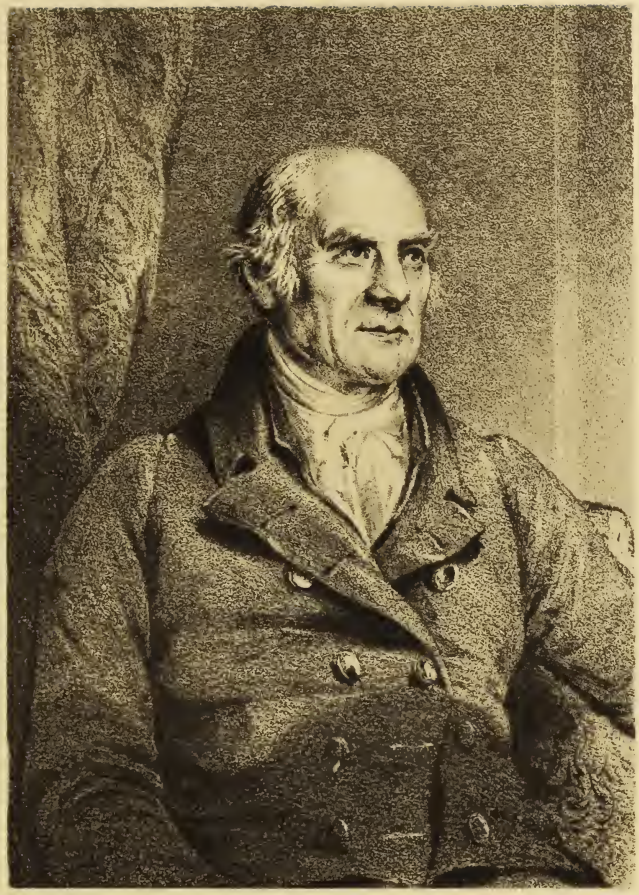
Shortly after the downfall of Napoleon I was introduced by them to a Scottish gentleman just arrived, as to an estimable man and their best friend. The purpose of his visit soon proved to me that he was both the one and the other. He had met Mrs. Tone, many years before, I think on board ship, on her way to France from the United States, after the death of her husband.

He felt interested at first sight for a beautiful woman with an infant family, enduring the hardships of a voyage; became still more so upon learning who she was; and at last offered her his hand. This excellent woman, helpless and unprotected as she was, still thought it due to the memory of Tone that she should bear no other name, and continued to resist solicitation and advice from the period of her first meeting Mr. W—— to that of which I speak. At the instance of all her own and her husband's friends, and of her son, she now consented. I called on her the day before that fixed for her marriage. She happened to be alone, was unusually sad, and for the first time that I had seen her, dressed in white. I felt slightly shocked at the instant by the transition, and my eye passed involuntarily to the portrait of Tone, which hung immediately before her. She rose and retired, in silence and in tears. Next day the marriage took place in the chapel of the British Embassy.

In 1847, the relict of Theobald Wolfe Tone still survived in the neighbourhood of Washington, in Georgetown, in the district of Columbia, then for upwards of twenty years the widow of that good man, Mr. Wilson of Dullatur, in Scotland. She was born the 17th of June, 1769; she died the 18th March, 1849, in Georgetown, in her eighty-first year. Her remains should be in Bodenstown churchyard, mingled with those of her beloved husband, Theobald Wolfe Tone.

Archibald Hamilton Rowan

Leader of the United Irishmen. From an Engraving by J. H. Lynch



MEMOIR OF ARCHIBALD HAMILTON ROWAN

A. H. ROWAN was descended of a Scotch family, whose earliest representative of any note was Hans Hamilton, Vicar of Dunlop, in Cunningham. From this person the Hamiltons of Killyleagh have their descent. The first settler of this family in Ireland, in Lord Bacon's poetical phraseology, had his "honours most plentifully watered" with extensive grants of territory in Ireland, which had been forfeited to the crown in former reigns, a great part of which was in the county Down, and amongst these, the castle and lands of Killyleagh, which had formerly belonged to the Irish sept of the O'Nial. Strange to say, the old Anglican colonists in Ireland, whose honours were watered most plentifully with grants of forfeited estates, furnished descendants amongst whom are to be traced at least two-thirds of the principal leaders of the United Irishmen.

The father of Archibald Hamilton Rowan was Gawen Hamilton of Killyleagh. His mother was the only daughter of William Rowan, and

widow of Tichborne Ashton, Esq., of Beaulieu, near Drogheda, in the county of Louth—a lady also of Scotch descent, whose family had settled in Ireland in the reign of James I. Gawen Hamilton and his lady having removed to London, their eldest child, A. H. Rowan, was born there the 12th of May, 1757. He spent some time at a preparatory school in London, and was then sent to Westminster School, and in due time to Cambridge, where he became intimately acquainted with the Rev. John Jabb, a fellow of Peterhouse College, whose religious and political sentiments interfering with his profession in the church and position in the university, he resigned his living and abandoned his college, rather than "act a lie weekly in the presence of the God of truth." In the winter succeeding his matriculation, A. H. Rowan made a tour into Holland, accompanied by his fellow-students, Sir John Borlase Warren and Mr. Newcomb. On his return he was prevailed on to accompany to America, Lord Charles Montague, who had been appointed Governor of South Carolina, invested with the character of his Lordship's private secretary. He arrived there during the bickerings that were going on between England and her colonies. After three months' sojourn in Charleston, he returned to England, being then twenty-four years of age.

The commencements of revolutions are stirring

subjects of meditation for a young man of any temperament; but for one of Rowan's ardent feelings, chivalrous sentiments, and enthusiastic nature, the spectacle of those vast interests and opinions of opposed classes, coming into collision in the old and the new world, in France and America, could not fail to leave very deep and lasting impressions. However, after having spent nearly three months at Charleston, he returned to England, and was soon figuring in a martial character, "quartered at Gosport, as captain of grenadiers in the Huntingdon militia." After some months of campaigning in country towns, ball-rooms, public-promenades, race-courses, etc., he again visited France, and made a lengthened sojourn in Paris, and, subsequently, made a tour in Portugal and some parts of Spain and Italy.

In 1781, Rowan, then residing with his mother in France, married a young Irish lady of the name of Dawson, daughter of Walter Dawson of Lisanisk, near Carrickmacross. The marriage was celebrated in the Dutch Ambassador's chapel in Paris.

In 1784 Rowan left France for Ireland, and henceforward made that country his settled place of abode. He first established himself in a small cottage near Naas, in the county Kildare, but after a short residence there, purchased Rathcoffy in the same county.

Mr. Rowan is truly described by Topham as an able man, of great energies and heroic courage, chivalrous to an extent hardly credible in those times—a bold and original thinker, of strong convictions, resolute in upholding his views of what he conceived to be the right, and needing only to have his noble energies properly directed, to become a great public character, an ornament to his country, and a man most useful to the state.

This promising young man returned to his native land at a critical period of its history. Ireland was a bad field for the energies and principles of a man like Rowan. To manifest any feelings hostile to oppression of any kind was to become a marked man, dangerous to the faction that ruled the Irish state—a man to be closely watched, to be ensnared if possible, and inveigled into some course of action which the law could reach, and to be made away with in due time.

A young girl, of the name of Mary Neil, aged fourteen years, was kidnapped by a woman of bad character, named Mary Llewellyn, and placed in the power of a person of high rank. The gentleman contrived to keep himself safe from a prosecution, by persuading the unfortunate agent of his crimes that she had nothing to fear from a trial.

Mary Llewellyn was tried and sentenced to death, but by the interest of her influential friend

she obtained a reprieve on the day she was to be executed.

Though no prosecution could reach the cautious and powerful gentleman, the public knew the man, and common fame, which is sometimes correct in its surmises, laid the crime to the account of a noble and gallant loyalist of the day.

Mr. Hamilton Rowan took an active part in the conviction of the procuress, and Dr. Boyton, who attended the injured child, wrote a pamphlet and a narrative of the case, which was so plainly worded, as to amount to a demonstration to Lord Carhampton, that he was the person alluded to as the accomplice of Llewellyn.

His lordship sent a Mr. Toomey to Dr. Boyton, to demand an apology for the injury offered to his lordship's reputation. Dr. Boyton received the messenger with becoming spirit and politeness, and, perhaps, would have condescended to meet the chief of the Luttrells; but, fortunately, at the moment, Mr. Hamilton Rowan rapped at Boyton's door, and as he was interested in the business, the doctor explained the nature of Mr. Toomey's visit. Mr. Rowan, with the presence of mind which distinguished him, expressed his surprise that Lord Carhampton could expect that Dr. Boyton should be called on by his lordship to apologize for an offence which did not exist, only by the application of his lordship of certain words which he chose to consider as di-

rected to himself. The pamphlet was silent as to Lord Carhampton, and must be supposed as not bearing any allusion to his lordship. "Therefore," said Mr. Rowan, "it would be indecorous and absurd in Dr. Boyton to account for an offence not committed, nor warranted by any expressed allusion to Lord Carhampton. But," said Mr. Rowan, "if Lord Carhampton admits that he is the culprit, it is my opinion that Dr. Boyton should entertain the message, and in this view of the business, we shall wait until Mr. Toomey consults his lordship on the propriety or prudence of claiming a reparation of his honour from Dr. Boyton, by acknowledging his guilt and pleading to his infamy." Mr. Toomey retired with this answer, but never returned.

However, the affair did not end here. Mr. Rowan waited on his lordship next day with a message from Dr. Boyton, demanding an explanation for the intrusion made on the doctor, and the demand made for an apology for an offence which his lordship appeared to admit, by retracting his accusation, and retiring from the investigation which he provoked, when he was not able or willing to meet it. Mr. Rowan received a satisfactory explanation; his lordship made a written apology, and the affair thus terminated.

Rowan set out on his political career in Ire-

land as a reformer, a Catholic emancipationist, and a whig, though of democratic principles. In 1790 we find his name, and that of the Honourable Robert Stewart (the future Lord Castlereagh), in the list of the members of the Whig Club. They were fellow-members, likewise, of the Volunteer Association. But Castlereagh abandoned his early principles, and became prime minister of England. Rowan retained his, and very narrowly escaped being hanged for the maintenance of them.

In 1792, we find Mr. Rowan a member of the Club of United Irishmen—a society which then sought only a reform of parliament.

"I must do the society," says the unfortunate Theobald Wolfe Tone, "the justice to say, that I believe there never existed a political body which included among its members a greater portion of sincere uncorrupted patriotism, as well as a very respectable portion of talent. Their publications, most of them written by Dr. Drennan, and many of them admirably well done, began to draw the public attention, especially as they were evidently the production of a society utterly disclaiming all party views or motives, and acting on a broad original scale, not sparing those who called themselves patriots, more than those who were the habitual slaves of the government, a system in which I heartily concurred, having long entertained a more sincere contempt

for what is called the opposition, than for the common prostitutes of the treasury bench, who want at least the vice of hypocrisy. At length the solicitor-general, in speaking of the society, having made use of expressions in the House of Commons extremely offensive, an explanation was demanded of him by Simon Butler, chairman, and Tandy, secretary. Butler was satisfied; Tandy was not; and after several messages, which it is not my affair to detail, the solicitor-general at length complained to the house of a breach of privilege, and Tandy was ordered in the first instance into custody. He was, in consequence, arrested by a messenger, from whom he found means to escape, and immediately a proclamation was issued, offering a reward for retaking him. The society now was in a difficult situation, and I thought myself called upon to make an effort, at all hazards to myself, to prevent its falling, by improper timidity, in the public opinion. We were, in fact, committed with the House of Commons on the question of privilege; and, having fairly engaged in the contest, it was impossible to recede without a total forfeiture of character. Under these circumstances, I cast my eyes on Archibald Hamilton Rowan, a distinguished member of the society, whose many virtues, public and private, had set his name above the reach of even the malevolence of party; whose situation in life was

of the most respectable rank (if rank be indeed respectable); and, above all, whose personal courage was not to be shaken—a circumstance, in the actual situation of affairs, of the last importance. To Rowan, therefore, I applied. I showed him that the current of public opinion was rather setting against us in the business, and that it was necessary that some of us should step forward and expose themselves at all risks, to show the House of Commons, and the nation at large, that we were not to be intimidated or put down so easily; and I offered, if he would take the chair, that I would, with the society's permission, act as secretary, and that we would give our signatures to such publications as circumstances might render necessary. Rowan instantly agreed; and, accordingly, on the next night of meeting, he was chosen chairman, and I secretary, in the absence of Tandy; and the society having agreed to the resolutions proposed, which were worded in a manner very offensive to the dignity of the House of Commons, and, in fact, amounted to a challenge of their authority, we inserted them in all the newspapers, and printed 5,000 copies with our names affixed. The least that Rowan and I expected in consequence of this step (which under the circumstances was, I must say, rather a bold one), was to be committed to Newgate for a breach of privilege, and, perhaps, exposed to personal dis-

cussion with some of the members of the House of Commons; for he proposed, and I agreed, that if any disrespectful language was applied to either of us in any debate which might arise on the business, we would attack the person, whoever he might be, immediately, and oblige him either to recall his words or give battle. All our determinations, however, came to nothing. The House of Commons, either content with their victory over Tandy, who was obliged to conceal himself for some time, or not thinking Rowan and myself objects sufficiently important to attract their notice; or, perhaps (which I rather believe), not wishing just then to embroil themselves with a man of Rowan's firmness and courage, not to speak of his great and justly merited popularity, took no notice whatsoever of our resolutions; and in this manner he and I had the good fortune, or, if I may say, the merit, to rescue the society from a situation of considerable difficulty, without any actual suffering, though certainly with some personal hazard on our parts. We had, likewise, the satisfaction to see the society, instead of losing ground, rise rapidly in the public opinion by their firmness on the occasion. Shortly after, on the last day of the session, Tandy appeared in public, and was taken into custody, the whole society attending him in a body to the House of Commons. He was ordered by the Speaker to be committed

to Newgate, whither he was conveyed, the society attending him as before; and the Parliament being prorogued in half an hour after, he was liberated immediately, and escorted in triumph to his own house. On this occasion Rowan and I attended of course, and were in the gallery of the House of Commons. As we were not sure but we might be attacked ourselves, we took pains to place ourselves in a conspicuous situation, and to wear our Whig-club uniforms, which were rather gaudy, in order to signify to all whom it might concern, that there we were. A good many of the members, we observed, remarked us, but no farther notice was taken; our names were never mentioned; the whole business passed over quietly, and I resigned my pro-secretaryship, being the only office I ever held in the society, into the hands of Tandy, who resumed his functions."

Rowan was engaged in a duelling affair in the early part of 1792, between Peter Burrowes and Mr. Matthew Dowling, on which occasion he acted as second to Dowling.

This duel of Peter Burrowes and Dowling was followed, in the month of October, 1792, by an interview which Mr. Rowan had with the Earl of Clare, then Lord Fitzgibbon, on behalf of the Honourable Simon Butler, of which the memoir of Rowan contains the following account:

He and Oliver Bond, an eminent merchant, as chairman and secretary to the United Irish society, had signed a paper, for which they were called before the House of Lords, were voted to have been guilty of a breach of privilege of that House, and were ordered to pay a fine of £500, and to be imprisoned six months in Newgate.

In delivering the sentence of the Lords, Lord Fitzgibbon, addressing Mr. Butler, said, "That he could not plead ignorance that his noble birth, and professional rank at the bar, to both of which he was a disgrace, had aggravated his crime." Mr. Butler was not of a temper to bear insult; he determined to call on Lord Fitzgibbon for an apology as soon as he should be liberated. Mr. Sheares was to be his friend on the occasion; but he was in the country at that time. The business was such as could not be delayed, and Mr. Butler applied to me to act in Mr. Sheares' place. In consequence I wrote to his lordship, requesting an appointment to wait on him on behalf of my friend Mr. Butler, and his lordship appointed the next day. When I waited on him, I called to his recollection the expressions he had made use of in passing the sentence of the House of Lords on my friends Messrs. Butler and Bond, and those which he had particularly directed to Mr. Butler, which I hoped to be permitted to say it was not his lordship's intention should be taken personally, and had been made use of unreflectingly. Lord Fitzgibbon said, that he thought the circumstances of the case called for the expressions he had used, that he never spoke unreflectingly in that situation, and under similar circumstances he would again use similar words.

I then said, that in mine and Mr. Butler's opinion the sentence of the Lords did not authorize the words he had made use of, and that if it had occurred between two private gentlemen, my conduct would be plain and easy, but his lordship's situation of chancellor embarrassed me. Here I paused. After some further conversation his lordship said I knew his situation, and he wished me to recollect it. I then took my leave, saying his lordship's situation prevented my acting as I must have done with a private gentleman. Immediately I wrote a note of this conversation, which I gave to Mr. Butler, who thought it necessary for his character to publish it. I requested him to delay the publication until I should have submitted to Lord Fitzgibbon a copy of the report of the conversation with him, and had given him to understand it was Mr. Butler's intention to publish it in the newspapers. Lord Fitzgibbon returned the copy to me the same day, thanking me for the communication, adding, that "it was not for him to advise Mr. Butler." The next morning I received a visit from a very old friend, Colonel Murray, who accosted me with, "So a pretty piece of work you have made, Hamilton, taking a challenge to the Chancellor." "How the deuce do you know that?" "Why, to cut the matter short, I breakfasted this morning with Fitzgibbon, and he told me the whole affair." To this old friend I had said, that I regretted my having come to Ireland when I found party ran so high, and I intended, as soon as the present prosecution was over, to return to England; my friend told me that he had repeated this to Lord Fitzgibbon, who, he said, had commissioned him to tell me, that if I would promise to go

to England and remain there for a few years, he would issue a *nol. pros.* on the present prosecution. To this I readily assented, on condition that it should be issued immediately. My reason for making this stipulation was, that it had been reported some short time previous (when on my mother's death I had been obliged to go to England to arrange her property in that country), that I as well as Napper Tandy had fled from the prosecution commenced against us. This compromise was, however, finally put an end to, by its being required that I should strike my name out of the United Irishmen's society—a measure to which I could not consent.

A correspondence had taken place in 1792, between me and Mr. Muir, a Scotch advocate, who had taken a very leading part on the subject of reform in that country, and who had been prosecuted by the Lord Advocate under the Scottish Leasing Act. He had been in France, and on his return home, had called on me in Dublin. The National Convention was to assemble shortly in Edinburgh, and our correspondence became more frequent. Though the government seized his papers and person, in their seizure only one letter from me was found and produced on his trial. The Lord Advocate described it as having been written by a most ferocious person, and said it was sealed with the emblem of a human heart transfixed by a spear, and that the United Irishmen's address was composed by one of those wretches who had fled from the justice of their country. The seal was the cap of liberty on a pole, supported by two hands, that of the Protestant and Catholic united in the grasp of friendship. Two letters were written to the Lord Advocate by me in

remonstrance, and no answer having been received to either, on the evening of the 31st of October, 1793, Mr. Rowan, accompanied by the Hon. Simon Butler, set out for Edinburgh, *via* Donaghadee and Portpatrick, and, after a most tempestuous passage in a small sloop, arrived there on November the 4th. On the 5th of November, 1793 [most appropriate day for a gunpowder affair of this kind], Mr. Butler waited on the Lord Advocate, put his hand in his pocket for the letter which he was commissioned to deliver; but while he was in that act, his lordship said, that before any letter was delivered, he would inform him that he some days before had written a letter to Mr. H. Rowan, which he presumed had not been received, and then gave Mr. Butler the following answer to his letter:—

"EDINBURGH, November 5, 1793.

"SIR,—I wrote some days ago to you in Dublin a letter which I presume you have not received, and of which the following is an exact copy:—

"I have received your first and second letters, and I have only to inform you that I do not hold myself accountable to you or to any person for any observations which in the course of my official duty I felt it proper to make with respect to the publication alluded to by you. I have only to add, that my opinion on this subject remains perfectly the same.

"I am, Sir, etc.,

"R. DUNDAS."

In the evening of the 8th November, Mr. But-

ler and Mr. H. Rowan left Edinburgh on their return to Dublin. Rowan on his arrival in Ireland had the following notice published in the London and Edinburgh newspapers:

The Lord Advocate of Scotland (R. Dundas) having asserted on the trial of Thomas Muir, that an address from the United Irishmen of Dublin to the Delegates for Reform in Scotland, to which my name was affixed as secretary, "was penned by infamous wretches, who, like himself, had fled from the punishment that awaited them"; and all explanation having been avoided under the pretext of official duty, I find it now necessary to declare that such assertion of the Lord Advocate is a falsehood. A. H. ROWAN.

DUBLIN, Dominick Street, Dec. 16, 1793.

In 1792 (says Rowan in his autobiographical memoir), I was arrested by a warrant from Judge Downes, on a charge of distributing a seditious paper; and crediting his lordship's assurance that the examinations upon which the warrant was granted should be returned to the clerk of the crown, to be laid by him before the next term grand jury, I followed the advice of my law friends, and instead of going to jail, in pursuance of my own opinion, I gave bail for my appearance in the King's Bench, to answer such charges as should be there made against me. I had at first declared my wish to employ no other counsel to defend me than those who belonged to the society of United Irishmen; but Messrs. Emmet and Butler both declined the task, as they said it might look like arrogance in junior coun-

sellors to conduct so great a cause as that which would probably ensue. The known unbending patriotism of Mr. Fletcher, who (though afterwards raised to the bench) always declared the necessity of parliamentary reform, pointed him out to me as one under whose guidance I should wish to place myself; but this suggestion was again overruled by the entreaty of Mrs. Hamilton Rowan, and of almost all my friends, that I should employ Mr. Curran. His high character, which never deserted him as a friend to the people, occasioned my asking him whether he would employ his talent rather in defence of the paper for the distribution of which I was prosecuted, than on any minor object. Having answered in the affirmative, he became my leading counsel.

During the succeeding Hilary term I daily attended in the Queen's Bench. On the last day of that term, finding that no examinations had been laid before the grand jury against me, counsel on my behalf moved that the examinations should be returned forthwith, particularly as Mr. Attorney-General had in the course of the term filed two informations *ex officio* against me, the one for the same alleged offence of distributing a seditious paper, and the other for a seditious conspiracy. Mr. Justice Downes, who was then on the bench, asserted that he had on the first day of term returned the examinations to the clerk of the crown, who said, that from the multiplicity of the examinations returned to him on the first day of term, he had not time to look at them, and requested the court would make no order. My hopes of a speedy trial were therefore at an end.

My mother shortly afterwards died, and I was obliged to go to England on private business, which required me to stay there some time. During my absence from Ireland, every runner in office, supported by the newspapers in the pay of government, connected the name of Hamilton Rowan with that of Napper Tandy, and proclaimed both as dishonoured fugitives from justice.

A few days before the Easter term I returned to Ireland, and daily attended the King's Bench, until the term was nearly spent; and finding that no bills were sent up by the grand jury against me, counsel on my behalf moved the court that the recognizance entered into by me, and by my bail, should be vacated; at the same time publicly declaring that if the motion was not agreed to, I was then in court for the purpose of surrendering myself in discharge of my bail. The recognizance was vacated accordingly. The above-mentioned examinations having also charged Mr. Tandy with a similar offence, his recognizance was estreated, and a green wax process ordered against his bail. Had I been absent, my recognizance also would have been estreated; but on my having appeared and declared my readiness to meet the charge, the government filed fresh informations, *ex officio*, and refused to proceed upon the former examinations, and denied to me all knowledge of the person by whom they were sworn. A motion on my behalf was then made to fix certain days for the trial of the information *ex officio* against me; the Attorney-General agreed to the appointment of two days in the ensuing Trinity term, viz., the 3rd and 7th days of May. In the Easter

vacation the Attorney-General served on me a notice that he would not proceed to trial on the days appointed, and would apply to the court to appoint other days, grounded on an affidavit to be filed, of which notice would be given. Nothing further was done upon this notice; no affidavit was filed, or motion made thereon; and the process necessary for the empanelling of juries on the days appointed having been (after being issued) kept by Mr. Kemmis, the crown solicitor, instead of being delivered to the sheriff, a notice was made on my behalf that the necessary process should be forthwith delivered to the proper officer, in order that the trials might be had on the days appointed. My motion was opposed by a phalanx of crown lawyers, headed by the Attorney-General, who declared that there was an error in the information for distributing a seditious paper. I now offered to agree to an immediate amendment of the information, or that a fresh one should be filed and pleaded to *instanter*, or that I would release all errors. All these offers were severally refused, as the object of Government seemed to be to gain time: and my friends strongly suspected that the motive for postponing the trial was the expectation of packed juries, through the means of the sheriffs for the ensuing year, Jenkins and Giffard, both notoriously under the influence, and even in the pay of the government.

I must further take notice of some underhand transactions against me. When the idea of renewing the Volunteer system was embraced by several of its zealous friends, certain persons calling themselves soldiers, came to my house with offers of their assistance; but

appearing to be sent as spies upon my conduct and expressions, I declined to see them, or have any concern with them. One of the name of Corbally came to my house, and proposed to teach my men-servants how to make up artillery ammunition. This offer having been declined, there was an attempt made to bribe this man to lodge examinations of some sort against me; and he having resisted, it was thought that something might be forced from him by fear. Accordingly he was apprehended on a warrant of high treason, and was told by the person who took him, that he had but one way to save his life, which was to swear against me. He was kept in jail for five months under this charge; and while in confinement, they attempted to cajole him into the king's service. When by law he became entitled to be discharged, or have proceedings preferred against him, the charge of high treason was withdrawn, and an indictment found against him for a misdemeanour, to which he gave bail, and thereupon obtained his liberty. One Maguire, a Defender, was confined with Corbally, to whom I understood similar proposals were made, and the following circumstance warrants the belief. Corbally lodged examinations against Mr. Justice Graham for an attempt to make him perjure himself. Mr. Justice Graham immediately went to the jail, saw Maguire, and accepted his bail, which he had refused the day but one before, and neither he nor his bail has since been heard of. Graham stood his trial, and was acquitted; and prosecuted Corbally, who was tried and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. At the time the attempt was made to bribe Corbally, the Speaker of the House of Commons

asserted in company that Mr. Hamilton Rowan did not know the risk he ran, for they had evidence against him which would touch his life. And a noted partizan of administration said in the Four Courts, that a discovery was made that a gentleman and a man of some property had distributed money among the Defenders. This was also the charge against Napper Tandy.

At length (continues the Memoir) I was brought to trial (January, 1794), Mr. Giffard being the acting sheriff for the current six months. On striking the jury, I objected to two of them, and offered to bring proof that they had declared "Ireland would never be quiet until Hamilton Rowan and Napper Tandy were hanged." But this challenge was not allowed by the bench.

On this trial Mr. Curran pronounced a speech which will for ever associate his name with that of Rowan. So splendid an exhibition of eloquence had never been witnessed in an Irish, nor perhaps in any other court of law. When Curran came to that part of the publication under trial, which proposed complete emancipation for persons of every religious persuasion, he expressed himself as follows:

Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them (the Catholics) by sticking up in the pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths: do you think that a blessing of that kind, that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression, should have a stigma

cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure? to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it? Giving, I say, in the so much censured word of this paper, giving "UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION!" I speak in the spirit of British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from British soil—which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION.

The concluding passage of this speech contains one of those fine scriptural allusions, of which Mr. Curran made such frequent and successful use:

I will not relinquish the confidence that this day will be the period of his sufferings; and, however merci-

lessly he has been hitherto pursued, that your verdict will send him home to the arms of his family and the wishes of his country. But if (which Heaven forbid) it hath still been unfortunately determined, that, because he has not bent to power and authority, because he would not bow down before the golden calf and worship it, he is to be bound and cast into the furnace, —I do trust in God, that there is a redeeming spirit in the constitution which will be seen to walk with the sufferer through the flame, and to preserve him unhurt by the conflagration.

Curran's graphic description of his client's character and conduct in private life was in keeping with the other portions of this unrivalled speech:

Gentlemen, let me suggest another observation or two, if you still have any doubt as to the guilt or innocence of the defendant. Give me leave to suggest to you what circumstances you ought to consider, in order to found your verdict: you should consider the character of the person accused; and in this your task is easy. I will venture to say there is not a man in this nation more known than the gentleman who is the subject of this prosecution, not only by the part he has taken in public concerns, and which he has taken in common with many, but still more so by that extraordinary sympathy for human affliction, which, I am sorry to think, he shares with so small a number. There is not a day that you hear the cries of your

starving manufacturers in your streets, that you do not also see the advocate of their sufferings—that you do not see his honest and manly figure, with uncovered head, soliciting for their relief, searching the frozen heart of charity for every string that can be touched by compassion, and urging the force of every argument and every motive, save that which his modesty suppresses—the authority of his own generous example. Or if you see him not there, you may trace his steps to the abode of disease and famine and despair, the messenger of Heaven, bearing with him food, and medicine, and consolation. Are these the materials of which we suppose anarchy and public rapine to be formed? Is this the man on whom to fasten the abominable charge of goading on a frantic populace to mutiny and bloodshed? Is this the man likely to apostatize from every principle that can bind him to the state—his birth, his property, his education, his character, and his children? Let me tell you, gentlemen of the jury, if you agree with his prosecutors in thinking there ought to be a sacrifice of such a man on such an occasion, and upon the credit of such evidence you are to convict him,—never did you, never can you, give a sentence consigning any man to public punishment with less danger to his person or to his fame: for where could the hireling be found to fling contumely or ingratitude at his head, whose private distresses he had not laboured to alleviate, or whose public condition he had not laboured to improve?

Giffard's skill in the packing of the jury was more potent in its influence and results than any

power of eloquence of the Irish Demosthenes could possibly be over the minds of such men as Giffard had put in the jury box. The jury, in the course of ten minutes, brought in a verdict of guilty. Lord Clonmel, after conferring with the other judges, said, "We will not pronounce judgment till four days." Mr. Rowan was then ordered into custody of the sheriff, "and was conveyed to the New Prison, attended by both the sheriffs and a formidable array of horse and foot guards."

At the expiration of four days the prisoner was brought up for judgment. Before sentence was pronounced, Rowan, at his own request, was permitted to speak; and accordingly he addressed the court in language at once courteous and dignified. He observed that in some parts of the evidence, the court and the prosecutor seemed to be mistaken, and that, had some of his friends, Volunteers, who were present at the meeting, been summoned to give their testimony, the charge exhibited against him by Lyster would have fallen to the ground. As to the jury, he admitted that some of them were very honourable men, yet much prejudiced, and his avowed enemies. He acknowledged his wish, and his attempt, to revive the Volunteers, for they had done honour to the nation. As to the sheriff, in the capacity of editor to a newspaper he had been his constant calumniator; and now in the

office of sheriff, he had empanelled a jury, by some of whom he (Rowan) had been prejudged. He avowed himself to be a United Irishman, and gloried in the name. He justified the terms UNIVERSAL EMANCIPATION and REPRESENTATIVE LEGISLATURE, in opposition to a meaning imputed to them by the counsel for the prosecution. "I did imagine," says he, "that the British constitution was a representative legislature; that the people were represented by the House of Commons; that the Lords represented the territory, the property; and that the King represented the power of the state, the united force, the power of the whole placed in his hands for the benefit of the whole. As a person, as a man, I know nothing of the king; I can know nothing of him except wielding the force of the nation; and if that force should be misapplied and abused, it then remains for the people to decide in what hands it ought to be placed." [1]

In conclusion he says: "I really feel myself in an awkward situation, thus declaring my sentiments, seeing intentions different from those both of the author and myself are fixed upon that paper, for the distribution of which I am persecuted. From my situation, however, having an independent fortune, easy in my circum-

[1] These sentiments are corroborated in the report of the trial, by quotations from "Locke on Government," sects. 151, 158, 226, and from "Blackstone's Public Wrongs," b. 4, c. 33, s. 5.

stances, and with a large family, insurrection of any sort would surely be the last thing I could wish for. I ask no favour, but I submit myself to the clemency and justice of the court, and trust that, whatever may be their sentence, I shall bear it with becoming fortitude."

The jury-packing system commenced as a regularly organized judicial proceeding on the occasion of this trial, as a justifiable stratagem in the circumstances of the country, when men, obnoxious to Orangeism, or the ascendency of a faction, making loyalty a pretext for rapacity, were to be got rid of without any apparent outrage to justice or humanity. The Holy Bible began to be made an instrument of state vengeance, a weapon in the hands of men who would assassinate opponents under the forms of law and with the appearance of the sacred sanction of oaths sworn on the Gospels of the Lord of Truth. The packing of Rowan's jury was performed by one Jenkins and the notable John Giffard,[1] who had been appointed sheriffs—the

[1] Giffard was a perfect specimen of the *genus* firebrand, which never fails to make an appearance on the stage of politics in all bad times of civil strife: truculent and ferocious, there was no invention of slander, however egregiously wicked and mendacious, he was not capable of adopting as a public journalist, when an opponent of the Orange faction was to be disparaged: nor was there an act of baseness he would have shrunk from committing, in the exercise of those official functions with which he was invested in the reign of terror. His services were repaid with a post in the revenue, that *refugium peccatorum* of

latter a few months only before the trial, the 1st of October, 1793, and apparently with a special view to the management of the jury-box.

The packing of the jury was only one feature in the judicial arrangements made for the conviction of Rowan. The principal witness produced against him, George W. T. Lyster, *alias* Captain, *alias* Ensign Lyster, was a person whose evidence was unreliable in any case; but in this particular one it was utterly at variance with truth. The address to the Volunteers, which he swore had been distributed by Rowan, had been presented to the people at the meeting, and to Lyster, by a person of the name of Willis, a skinner formerly a member of the Volunteer Association.

In December, 1794, Mr. Lyster had an action taken against him in the King's Bench, by his father-in-law, Mr. H. Hatchell, for the recovery of moneys expended for the support of his wife, whom he had deserted, and there was a verdict found for the plaintiff. And a little later we read of an Ensign Lyster, for conduct unbecoming a gentleman and an officer, being disgraced and dismissed the army.

the subordinate state sinners of our reign of terror. He was dismissed, however, by Lord Hardwicke, from his place in the Custom House, but his merits were not allowed to remain unrewarded by the Duke of Richmond; he was restored to his post, and his salary increased.

This gentleman was too bad for the army, but he was good enough for the jury packers, and the Giffards and Jenkins and Fitzgibbons of that period.

It would be now useless to refer to the foul means resorted to in Rowan's case to obtain a conviction, but that it shows the influence which the recourse to packed juries, and the employment of perjured witnesses, had on the minds of the people, and especially of their leaders, at that period. So long as the fountains of justice were believed to be even moderately pure—so long as it was unknown that they were poisoned at their very source, there were some bounds to the popular discontent. The language of the liberals of that day might be bold, violent, and intemperate—not more so, nay, not so much so, as the language used with impunity at political societies in the present day; but they still had privileges and advantages to lose by sedition, and the most valuable of all was the trial by jury, which from the time of Rowan's trial, in public opinion, had ceased to be a safeguard or a security to the people.

The Society of United Irishmen, on the 7th February, 1794, presented an address to Mr. Rowan, then undergoing the sentence of imprisonment in Newgate, in which, after expressing the obligations the country was under to him for his bold assertion of its rights, and its sympathy

with his sufferings in its cause, the society observed:

Although corruption has been leagued with falsehood to vilify this society, we have reposed in honest confidence on the consoling reflection, that we should at all times find an impregnable barrier in "the trial by jury," wherein character and intention should be regarded as unerring guides to justice. But while we have been earnestly endeavouring to establish the constitutional rights of our country, we suddenly find ourselves at a loss for this first and last stake of a free people; for the trial by jury loses its whole value when the sheriff or panel is under the influence of interest, prejudice, or delusion, and that battery which liberty and wisdom united to construct for the security of the people, is turned against them. However, in defiance of that system of proscription, which is no longer confined to a particular persuasion, but which visits with vengeance every effort in the cause of freedom, we trust you are assured of our inflexible determination to pursue the great object of our Association—an equal and impartial representation of the people in Parliament—an object from which no chance or change, no persecution, no oppression shall deter us.

Rowan had been nearly two months in Newgate when an emissary of the French Government, the Rev. William Jackson, arrived in Ireland, accompanied by his friend Cockayne, a London solicitor, in the beginning of April, 1794. Mr. Leonard M'Nally, the barrister, the

"friend" of Cockayne, through another friend, Mr. Lewines, had got the French emissary and his companion, the spy and informer of Mr. Pitt, introduced to Rowan, Tone, and Dr. Reynolds. Rowan fell at once and without any apparent misgiving into the snare. Evidence was obtained against him of complicity with Jackson "sufficient to hang him." Jackson, all-unconscious as he was of the part he was performing, having been allowed to do the work of Cockayne and his employer, Mr. Pitt, was arrested the latter end of April, 1794.

"The same evening," says Rowan in his Memoirs, "Cockayne came to me in Newgate, lamenting his friend's indiscretion, which he said was the sole cause of the discovery, and begged of me, if possible, to procure his admission to speak to Jackson. At this time nothing had transpired of my being concerned in the business, and being on good terms with the underjailer, I procured a promise, that as soon as the sentry should be withdrawn from Jackson's room, he would admit Cockayne and me into it. At this interview Cockayne gave us a long account of his examination before the privy council; he said that he had acknowledged having written the direction of the letter by the order of Jackson, but knew nothing of the contents; that he had been interrogated whether the papers were not in my handwriting; but he denied ever

having seen me write; that the council seemed very inveterate against me; and he added that, having refused to sign his examination, he was threatened with Newgate, but had been given three days to consider; that his solitary evidence would not be legal, as two witnesses were necessary to prove high treason, and he assured us, if we were true to each other, we were perfectly safe. I said I thought it possible I might make my escape. I asked him whether it would injure Jackson's defence, should I succeed. He said it could not. I said no more on that head.

"Messrs. Emmet, Tone, and Dowling had called on me the day I expected to have been brought before the privy council, and it was determined I should tell the whole of the transaction without concealment, except of names of individuals. I mentioned to them my plan of escape, which I had commenced, after Jackson's arrest, in the Fives Court, with Mr. Dowell, jun., the under-jailer."

In the meantime Dr. Reynolds, being duly apprised of his danger, fled the country and escaped to America. Rowan also, being duly apprised of the evidences of treason that existed in the hands of government against him, was afforded an opportunity of effecting his escape from prison and from Ireland. It is stated, and I believe with truth, that more than one member of the Privy Council was in the

habit of communicating secrets of great importance to the members of the Directory of the United Irishmen. The fact of the secrets of government, on many important occasions, having been communicated to the Directory, has been distinctly stated to me by Arthur O'Connor and Dr. M'Neven. On the 1st of May, Rowan prevailed on two subordinate officials of the jailer of Newgate, to allow him to go to his house in Dominick Street for the avowed purpose of signing certain legal documents, accompanied by one of the above mentioned prison officials, the younger M'Dowell undertaking to return when this legal business had been transacted. An offer of £100 for this service was made by Rowan. The jailer had no knowledge at this time of Rowan being implicated in the charges of high treason that had been brought against Jackson, but conceived, as Mr. Rowan's confinement was only on a charge for libel, that there was no danger of his meditating an escape. On reaching his house, Rowan, while apparently waiting the arrival of his man of business, proffered the £100 he had promised; and to use his own words—"Young M'Dowell at first refused the money; he thrust back the purse, saying he did not do it for gain; but on his (Rowan) remonstrating, he relented, and consented to put the money in his pocket." Then on pretence of having a few words to say in private to Mrs.

Rowan, he obtained permission to retire into the back drawing-room. At the jailer's request the folding-door was left open, and Mr. Rowan lost no time in availing himself of the advantage so opportunely afforded. His excellent lady had contrived the means of escape: by a rope he descended from the window into the back yard, and in the stable found a horse ready saddled. Disguising himself in a peasant's great coat, he proceeded to the residence of his attorney, Mr. Dowling, who was in the secret of his design. Unfortunately, that gentleman's house was filled with guests, and by his advice Mr. Rowan proceeded to the top of Sackville Street, opposite the Rotundo, where he continued to walk up and down, in the most anxious state of suspense, for an hour and a half. At length his friend appeared, and after a short conference, Mr. Rowan proceeded to the house of Mr. Sweetman, near Baldoyle, where he continued for a few days. The two M'Dowells, father and son, subordinates of Mr. Gregg, the head-jailer of Newgate, who had been privy to the escape of Rowan on the evening of the 1st of May, 1794, were arraigned the 10th of July following on this serious charge. Gregg, the head-jailer, deposed that it was only at eight o'clock on the morning of the 2nd of May, when he went round the prison, that he discoverd Mr. Rowan had escaped. That he questioned the M'Dowells, the turnkeys of

that part of the prison, and was informed that Mr. R. had accompanied Mrs. Rowan to the door of the prison, who had been there to visit him, "and in handing Mrs. Rowan to her carriage, rushed through the crowd and made his escape." Sheriff Jenkin deposed, that the elder M'Dowell had admitted to him his wife had let out Mr. Rowan, and that on passing the door he rushed down the steps and made his escape. The jury brought in a verdict of guilty against both traversers.

Immediately after Mr. Rowan's escape, the following proclamation was published by government.

BY THE LORD LIEUTENANT AND COUNCIL OF IRELAND.

A PROCLAMATION.

WESTMORELAND.

Whereas Archibald Hamilton Rowan, late of Rathcoffey, in the county of Kildare, Esq., was, in the last Hilary Term, committed to the jail of Newgate, in the city of Dublin, under a sentence of the Court of Queen's Bench of imprisonment for two years, for publishing a seditious libel.

And whereas the said Archibald Hamilton Rowan has lately been charged with high treason; and whereas we have received information on oath, that the said Archibald Hamilton Rowan did, on the night of Thursday, the 1st day of May instant, make his escape from said jail.

Now we, the Lord Lieutenant and Council, being

determined to bring the said Archibald Hamilton Rowan to condign punishment, do hereby offer a reward of *One Thousand Pounds* to any person or persons, who shall discover and apprehend the said Archibald Hamilton Rowan, wherever he may be found, or to so discover the said Archibald Hamilton Rowan as that he may be apprehended and committed to prison.

And we do hereby strictly charge and command all justices of the peace, mayors, sheriffs, bailiffs, constables, and all other his Majesty's loving subjects, to use their utmost diligence in apprehending the said Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

Given at the Council Chamber in Dublin, the 2nd May, 1794.

R. Dublin,
Chas. Cashel,
Clanricarde,
Shannon,
Bective,
Glandore,
Carhampton,
Mount-Norris,
Clonmell,
Ely,
Dillon,
G. S. Kildare,
Muskerry,
Carleton,
B. Yelverton,
H. Cavendish,
H. Langrishe,
Theo. Jones,
W. Cunninghame,
J. Cuff,
J. M. Mason,
A. Wolfe,
J. Fitzgerald.

God save the King.

A very important document in MS., having the autograph signature of the widow of Mr. Sweetman, by whose coöperation the escape of Rowan

to France was effected, has been placed in my hands by Mr. Jackson; and to that authentic narrative of Mrs. Sweetman I refer for all the particulars of that occurence.

PARTICULARS OF THE ESCAPE OF A. H. ROWAN, ESQ., FROM THE HOUSE OF ROBERT SWEETMAN, OF SUTTON, COUNTY DUBLIN.

On the 1st of May, 1794, my late husband, Robert Sweetman, retired to rest at an early hour. About one o'clock, the maid-servant was awoke by loud rapping at the hall-door; she inquired who was there, and was answered by a person who said he wanted to see Mr. Sweetman. She said he was in bed, and could not be disturbed; after several applications, she was prevailed upon to tell her master that a person wished to see him. He was much displeased at being annoyed at such an hour, and told her to tell the person that he would not see any one at such an hour, and to call in the morning.

The maid was prevailed upon a third time to tell her master that the business of the applicant was of great importance, and that he had a letter that should be delivered to Mr. S. in person. He consented, and put on a part of his clothes; opening the hall-door, he was greatly surprised at the appearance of his visitor; he was disguised in a fisherman's dress, and Mr. S. often told me that he looked like a robber. Mr. Rowan told him who he was, as also his escape from prison, and that he threw himself on his mercy. Mr. S. brought him up stairs. Mr. Rowan was greatly

excited; after a while, he told Mr. S. of his desire to quit the country, and that he would give the half of what he was possessed of for a boat. Mr. S., the following morning, set off for Rush, Skerries, and Balbriggan, to procure, if possible, a boat; he offered £500 for any one to convey a gentleman who was embarrassed to any part of France. No one could be found to run the risk for double the amount.

When Mr. S. returned unsuccessful, Mr. R. was much dejected, not knowing what to do; he occupied a small room called the end room, with a case of pistols and razors on the dressing table, fully determined, in case he was discovered, to destroy himself. Mr. S. told him he had a pleasure boat, if he would risk his life in so small a boat. "Put me in a cockle-shell," he said, "if it would be the means of my escape."

There was a difficulty in procuring trusty men; after a deal of anxiety, he procured three staunch fellows, two Sheridans, brothers, and a third, of the name of Murray. The men were promised great remuneration for their arduous undertaking. Mr. S. went to Dublin to purchase maps, sea store, etc. At the time he was purchasing the maps at M'Auley and Hughes's, on George's Quay, the captain of one of his Majesty's revenue cruisers came to the same shop to renew his maps, and told Mr. S. he had orders from government to have a look out for Hamilton Rowan, not at all suspecting that Mr. S. was providing for the escape of the fugitive.

It took four days to provide everything requisite for the voyage. From this period Mr. S. was a marked man. He was taken prisoner, and accused of

keeping fire-arms; his house was much annoyed at the time Lord Edward Fitzgerald was hiding. When Mr. Rowan was leaving Sutton, he gave Mr. S. a letter for Mrs. R., begging of her to provide for the families of the men employed to navigate the boat; she never complied with his request. All matters being ready, Mr. Rowan left Sutton on the 4th of May, 1794, at four o'clock in the morning. Previous to his departure, he went on his knees in the drawing-room to beg that Almighty God would preserve his deliverer from all harm, and that a blessing might descend upon him and his posterity; and that if he ever returned to his native land, he should have the half of what he was worth. This scene, Mr. S. told me, was very affecting.

The boat got under weigh with a fair wind, until off the Saltees it came on to blow hard, when she was obliged to bear up from whence she started. The following morning under weigh again, and crossing the Bay of Dublin, a revenue cutter ran alongside, throwing handbills into the boat, offering a reward of £1,000 for Hamilton Rowan. The wind continued fair, and when off Wexford, the men found a leisure moment to read the handbills. Mr. Rowan, perceiving with what attention they read them, evidently saw that he was discovered. He left the cabin, and told the men that he was the person described in the handbills, and that he depended on their generosity as Irishmen not to molest him. They threw the handbills overboard, and told him to make himself perfectly easy, as they would not deceive him.[1]

[1] The late Mr. Sheil, referring to this occurrence, observes:—"They had reached the mid channel, when a situation occurred,

The next memorable event was their having passed through the British fleet in a fog, in the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Rowan was safely landed in the night. The crew, having escaped unnoticed, were half way home, when taken by a French privateer, and the boat was burnt. The men were put into prison, where they remained for twelve months; they made their escape to America, and arrived once more in their native land. During their absence, Mr. S. had to support their families, for which he never received compensation.

The men made application to Mrs. Rowan, but she declined all intercourse with them. Mr. Rowan received his pardon, and returned to Ireland one year after the death of Mr. S. I called on him, and he received me very kindly; he said he was sorry that he could not at the present time do anything for my family. I mentioned that my visit was not for anything gratuitous, but for compensation for the loss of the boat. He seemed much astonished at my application, and said that it was an act of kindness on the part of Mr. S., and that he had no idea of paying the demand (although previous to his departure he promised that Mr. S. should have the half of what he was

equalling in dramatic interest the celebrated *Cæsarem vehis* of antiquity. It would certainly make a fine subject for a picture." Rowan states, in his Autobiography, the affair took place on shore, not at sea, as many imagined. While staying at Sweetman's, he met his host one day returning from Dublin, and shortly after they were joined by the two Sheridans, one of whom, taking out of his pocket one of the proclamations, showed it to Mr. Sweetman, and said: "Is it Mr. Hamilton Rowan we are to take to France?" "Yes," replied Mr. Sweetman, "and here he is." Immediately the elder brother said: "Never mind it, by ——, we will land him safe."

worth). At last he desired me to furnish a bill, which I did for £100 only: the boat was worth three hundred. He said £50 was quite sufficient. I consulted several eminent men of the day, who advised me not to take less than £100. He still refused, and did not pay until I had very reluctantly proceeded against him.

Many years after, Mr. Rowan paid me a visit at Sutton, on his way to Mr. Evans of Portrane. He remained several minutes at the hall-door offering up pious ejaculations for the preserver of his life.

I was at first determined to be cool to him; after a little I changed my mind, and asked him to walk in. He ate something, and took a glass of grog. I never saw him afterwards.

ANNE SWEETMAN.

The biographer of Mr. Rowan, in reference to the remuneration of the boatmen, observes:

Mr. Rowan's generosity, even to those men who were instrumental in effecting his escape to France, could not, with justice to his family, and a thousand demands besides, be without a limit. He did not possess the purse of Fortunatus, which could never be exhausted. It appears from a preceding part of this memoir, that he felt a deep interest in the welfare of his little crew; that while in France he exerted all his influence in their behalf, and succeeded in procuring for them a profitable employment in Brest. On their return to Ireland, they received sums of money repeatedly, to what amount is not divulged; but it would be

inconsistent with the whole of Rowan's character and conduct to suppose that it was not considerable.[1] Notwithstanding, it was affirmed by some who knew nothing of the matter, but who could not forego the pleasure of inventing and propagating an evil report, that they had received no requital. In a letter from Dublin to Mrs. Rowan, at Rathcoffey, dated October 15, 1822, Mr. Rowan gives a striking instance of such reports, accompanied with their refutation. He writes:—

Between ten and eleven last night, Captain Fottrell called on me. After apologizing for the intrusion, he said he had risen from a supper table where it was proposed to advertise for a subscription for the family of Murray, who, you might have seen, lost his life the other night in assisting some vessel, as captain of the life boat at Clontarf. He said that I was spoken of very harshly, as having never given him or the sailors who had saved me any compensation, and that it was proposed to allude strongly to that circumstance in the advertisement. He added that he could not conceive the fact to be so, and begged them to desist, for that he would go immediately to me, though he did not know me, to inform himself. I, of course, told him all I knew of Murray; and, as far as I could recollect, enumerated the different sums he had received, and that

[1] "Edward Clibborn, Esq., has assured the author that he has assisted Rowan, with whom he was intimate, in a search that proved successful, to discover either a daughter or grand-daughter of one of his sailors, and that he not only relieved her from a present embarassment, but put her in the way to earn a respectable livelihood."—Note to above paper in the Memoir of Rowan.

I had entries in my agent's account of sums given to the men. He seemed rejoiced that he could contradict the report, and retired. Now, as to the subscription, when it is set on foot, I think I shall send £5, without any other signature than from a person who has been falsely calumniated, or something to that purpose.

With respect to the preceding statements, I am sorry to have to say, that the brave and faithful poor men who saved the life of Mr. Rowan, were, for a considerable time after their return to Ireland, left very inadequately recompensed for their services to Mr. Rowan and their sufferings on his account; and it was only after Rowan's return that any adequate sense of the magnitude of the services they had rendered to that gentleman was manifested.

Rowan mentions a third person, whose name was Murphy, who was one of the party who manned the boat; but Rowan was mistaken about the name, which was Murray, and not Murphy. From the son of this poor fisherman, who risked his life and liberty for Rowan in 1794, and who lost all he possessed in consequence of the part he took in effecting the escape, I had a communication in 1853, stating the result of an application he had then recently made through his son to a member of Mr. Rowan's family for some small assistance; and he states that his written application was returned to him with a brief

reply to this effect: that the person applied to knew nothing of the transaction referred to by him, and was not born at the time, nor for nearly twenty years posterior to it. He might have replied to that statement, that in all human probability the person applied to would never have been born, had it not been for the part his father had taken in the preservation of Mr. Rowan.

STATEMENT TO R. R. M. OF THE SON OF JAMES MURRAY, ONE OF THE BOATMEN WHO ACCOMPANIED MR. ROWAN TO FRANCE.

My father, James Murray, was one of the three boatmen who brought Mr. Hamilton Rowan to France in a boat or smack belonging to Mr. Sweetman of Sutton, near Howth, in the month of May, 1794.

My father belonged to Clontarf; the other two men were brothers, named Denis and Christopher Sherwin or *Shewan* [commonly known as Sheridan]. They belonged to Donabate or Portrane, near Rush.

I recollect my father telling me that when they left Mr. Rowan at *Brest*, in France, they put the little smack about, to return home, but were chased by a French cutter and taken. They were brought ashore and put in prison, until Mr. Rowan procured a change of their condition. They were removed to comfortable quarters, and the authorities offered them their liberty if they would go under French pay. This, I believe, they declined. They were allowed great privileges, and were not put under very strict surveillance. I do not recollect my father telling me how long they

were in this state; but that there was an American vessel in the harbour, bound for Elsinore in Denmark. They found an opportunity, and got on board this vessel, and landed safe in Elsinore, from whence, in the course of some short time, they got home.

My father had command of the Clontarf life-boat, and went with his crew on the 13th October, 1822, to save a vessel in distress, near the north Dublin bar, on which day he lost his life, as the life-boat was split, and foundered. I went the next day or two to acquaint Mr. Rowan, who kindly assisted me with money to bury him.

THOMAS MURRAY,
November, 1853. 8 Upper Bridge Street.

In reference to this subject, I have to observe that in a published controversy between Mr. Rowan and an agent of his of the name of Hamilton, I find in a pamphlet written by the latter gentleman, an account of a sum of money to the boatmen who conveyed Mr. Rowan to France in 1794, amounting to £25, paid in the year 1800.

In reply to inquiries of mine recently addressed to Thomas Murray, the son of the fisherman above referred to, respecting a statement made in Dr. Drummond's biography, on the authority of Mr. Clibborn, that search had been made successfully, by Rowan's orders, for a daughter or a grand-daughter of James Murray, soon after his decease, with the view of rendering his family some assistance, the following

statement was addressed to me by Thomas Murray, the son of the deceased fisherman, the 13th July, 1857:—

My father was superannuated by the board for preserving and improving the port of Dublin, after many years' service as a *sea pilot*. They also gave him command of the Clontarf life boat.

He went, on the 13th October, 1822, with his life boat's crew, to aid a brig which got stranded at the back of the North Bull. He there lost his life, being old and infirm, and not being able to exert himself; the life boat was split from the heavy surge of the sea, the crew of which saved themselves, being young and active, by getting into the vessel in distress. My father's body was not found until the Tuesday following (the 13th was on Sunday), that was the 15th. I went to Mr. Rowan on the 16th (the next day); I had a note written for him; as soon as he saw me, he told me that he had seen an account of my father's death in the newspaper,—he gave me £1 as a help for his interment.

I never heard any mention of a subscription being raised, and am quite sure that such was not the case, neither did any relative of my father's ever receive any remuneration from Mr. Rowan, or any other gentleman acting for him, after my father's decease.

Shortly after my father's death, a gentleman of the commissariat department (Captain Molassy), then living in Clontarf, sent for me, and told me to go and see if either of the Sheridans were still living, and if so, to get an accurate account from him of the manner

in which they were remunerated by Mr. Rowan. I accordingly went to Swords on the following Sunday, and there met with the surviving brother, I forget now whether it was Denis or Christopher. I got a sheet of paper and put down as he told me.

He stated that they (the three boatmen) got about £100 each from Mr. Rowan in different sums at different periods,—that they got three letters from Mr. Rowan, written by him during their passage from Sutton (Howth) to the beach of Brest (France). One of those letters was for the three men conjointly, stating that he would give them £20 a year each while they lived; the other two letters were for Mrs. Rowan: the three letters were taken along with themselves by the French cutter, and they never heard of them afterwards.

It was Captain Molassy's intention to sue for the money; but he could do nothing for want of the captured letter.

THOMAS MURRAY,

17th July, 1857. 140 Francis Street.

Rowan no sooner landed in France, at the mouth of a small bay called Roscoff, under the Port of St. Paul de Leon, than he was seized and placed in durance vile, having escaped a prison in his own country to become a prisoner of state of the Comitè de Salut Publique, at Roscoff. The next day he was ordered to be sent to Brest, in the safe-keeping of a garde d'honneur. At Brest he was imprisoned in the mili-

tary hospital, where he was looked on as an English spy; but after a short detention he was liberated, and directed to proceed to Paris and report himself to the Comitè de Salut Publique of the capital. On his arrival he proceeded to the Committee, and was introduced to Robespierre, who received him with civility, and ordered him to be furnished with everything he required at the expense of the nation. Rowan had ample opportunities of witnessing the horrors of the Reign of Terror. These, however, ceased to a great extent with the downfall and death of Robespierre, "though in two days after the execution of Robespierre," says Rowan, "the whole *commune* of Paris, consisting of about sixty persons, were guillotined in less than one hour and a half in the Place de la Revolution; and though I was standing a hundred paces from the place of execution, the blood of the victims streamed under my feet.

"Being much discontented," he says, "with the distracted state of Paris, where they were too busy with their own intestine divisions to think of assisting Ireland, or of anything beneficial to others, after spending almost a year there, I solicited, and with some difficulty obtained, through the assistance of an Irish Roman Catholic of the name of Madget, who was employed in some of the offices of the Republic, passports to Havre, in order to embark for the

United States of North America, under the assumed name of Thompson."

He accordingly determined to proceed to Rouen, embarked in a small boat on the 17th of April, 1795, and got down the river as far as the Port Royal Bridge, when a *sans culotte* gentleman noticed him, and denounced him to the people as "a deputy who was escaping with the money of the nation." This man procured a musket, and repeatedly threatened to shoot the supposed deputy whenever the boat came within range of him on that side of the quay along which he followed the fugitive.

At length, I came to the landing-place at the gate of Chaillot, when this man, who was evidently intoxicated, in his haste to seize me, stepped upon the gunwale of the little boat, and at the same time swamped it and threw himself into the water. I leaped out, and desired to be conducted to the guard at the barrier of Passy. By this time some hundred persons were collected, and the back ranks not knowing exactly what was going on in the front, began the usual cry of "*A la lanterne!*" The officer on guard came up from the gate; I showed him my passports, and particularly my certificates of having mounted all my guards in my section. He said my papers were all "*en regle*," and that I might proceed; but the mob still insisted that I was carrying off *l'or de la nation*, and I requested the officer, who was drawing off his guard, to allow me to take my small baggage to the guard-

room, and open it there for the satisfaction of the people; but he peremptorily refused, and marched off, saying, "*ce n'etoit pas son affaire.*" At length one from among them proposed to take me before the mayor of Passy, whither I proceeded, conducted by my first friend, who still held me, and followed by the crowd.

We found the mayor at home. My conductor pushed into his room. I was somewhat assured as to his character, by his saying to this fellow, "*Ote ton bonnet; ne vois tu pas qui je suis decouvert?*" The man obeyed, and then stated his suspicions of my story, one of which was, the improbability of intending to row to Havre, and yet wearing gloves at setting out for so long a distance. I again produced my papers to the mayor; they were reëxamined, and it was declared that everything was *en regle*, and that they should permit me to continue my voyage. At the same time the mayor complimented my conductors for their zeal and attention to the safety of the republic. My persecutors, in some little dudgeon, now left me, while the crowd returned with me to the water side. Here, to my inexpressible surprise, I found everything in my boat exactly as I had left it—some bottles of wine, a little silver cup, my necessaire, and a gold-headed cane, all safe, though at the mercy of hundreds, who, while they could, without ceremony, have tucked me up to the lamp-post, would not touch an article of my property.[1]

Rowan arrived in safety in Rouen, where he

[1] "Autobiography of A. H. Rowan," p. 243.

had previously passed nearly two years, 1772 and 1773; and after spending a few days, proceeded by land to Havre, where he embarked for America the beginning of June, 1795. The 16th of July, Rowan was established at a boarding-house in Philadelphia, where several members of Congress boarded and lodged, among them the elder Adams and Jackson, subsequently President of the United States. Having determined on retiring into some country situation, he fixed on Wilmington, in the state of Delaware, about thirty miles from Philadelphia.

From the latter city he addressed his wife, August 1, 1795, and refers to his old friend Tone as then residing at Princetown.

Mr. Tone has bought an hundred acres of ground. The situation is pleasant, and within two or three miles of Princetown, where there is a college and some good society. Tandy arrived here about a fortnight or three weeks since; he has got a lodging in the same house with me, and of course we mess together; but I need not tell you that his society does not make up for what I have lost, never perhaps to regain.

September 11.—Tone seems determined to return, and Reynolds wishes it sincerely, but amuses himself with the politics of America, and is as busy, as sincere, and as zealous as he was in Kilmainham.

September 19, 1795, in a letter to her husband,

Mrs. Rowan thus refers to one of the persons above mentioned:—

The arch-deceiver, T——, has quit the country, and it is to be feared he may go where you are. I think it my duty to say that, if this should be the case, you ought to avoid all connection with him; and it is as well to say at once what is the fact—his friend cannot be mine; his wicked principles and artful manners have destroyed us. There let a subject which I detest end. . . .

This discreet and good woman again recurred to the same subject, but in terms somewhat more subdued, and evidently in ignorance of the fact, that in the interval between her former and present letter, Tone's communications with the French government had been opened through the good offices of Hamilton Rowan.

October 27.—I trust in Heaven we shall yet be happy with each other. As to the confiscation of our property, it cannot take place before next month at the very soonest, and on that subject my hopes are very good; and I do declare that, at this very moment, the greatest uneasiness and dread I feel are, lest you should come to Europe, or endanger yourself in some other way; so if you stay quietly where you are, and do not meddle with politics, which I am sure you will not, all will be well, and the moment anything is determined on you shall know it. In my idea, you

would be happier with Priestly than where you are; Reynolds and Tone are not exactly the people you ought to make your constant companions, though there is no reason for absolutely shunning even Tone; however, you ought to be aware of him, and I hope he will not again fall in your way. . . .

Rowan was obliged, in deference to his friends in Ireland, who were interfering for him, and in compliment to Mrs. Rowan's opinions, to write home letters which could be shown to persons in authority. Thus we find him in February, 1796, apologizing in a letter to Mrs. Rowan for his political sentiments:—

As to my sentiments, they have been always nearly the same, as far as I can remember. The fact is, that from education and principle, I was led to assert and attempt to support a reform of parliament, and equal liberty to all religious sects. Association may have, and certainly did lead me more into an active life than I wished, was fit for, or will ever, in any case on this side of eternity, fall into again.

In one of his letters Rowan refers to the generous conduct of two celebrated lords, for the protection which his family experienced after his escape.

As to the *ex officio* prosecution under which I had

been previously sentenced to two years' imprisonment in Newgate, the being in custody eventually saved my life, and my wife's prudent conduct not only enabled her to pay the fine of £500 which had been laid on me, but also facilitated my return to Ireland. I am convinced that no modification in the circumstances of my civil existence would have taken place if Lord Castlereagh had opposed it. But I am bound in gratitude to the memory of Lord Clare to say, that I am equally certain that my family retained my property after my outlawry, and that I owe my pardon after his decease, to his previous interference in my behalf. However, although he did not afford me any previous assistance, Lord Castlereagh was very attentive to my different applications to him during two years nearly that I remained in London, while the scruples of the Lord Chancellor delayed the ratification of my pardon. In this interval he offered to place one of my sons in the college of Marlow, and gave him a commission in the Company's service, which though not accepted, ought not to be forgotten.

The year after my arrival in America, but before I had made any essay towards independence, I received a letter (of which the following is an extract) from a most valued and sincere friend in Ireland, Richard Griffith, Esq., though of very different political sentiments, advising me to petition government for a pardon; and he sent me a sketch of such a petition as *he* thought would restore me with honour to my friends and country, but which I could not subscribe.

MR. GRIFFITH'S SKETCH OF A PETITION FOR MR. R.

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty, the Humble Petition of Archibald Hamilton Rowan.

May it please your Majesty,

Misguided by false lights, and hurried away by presumptuous self-sufficiency, your petitioner dared for a moment to entertain the wild idea of endeavouring, by aid of your Majesty's enemies, to reform what he deemed the grievances of his native country; but by the intervention of Divine Providence the scheme of destruction was frustrated, and your petitioner, abashed and confounded, fled from the justice of that country. Fortunately for your petitioner, he took refuge with a nation whose maxims of liberty, and whose boldness in overturning every order in society, he had been taught to admire and revere. Your petitioner remained a year in Paris during the reign of Robespierre, and was in much less than half that time fully convinced by the most incontrovertible evidence, produced by each succeeding day's experience, that no evils in government can equal in severity and duration the calamities necessarily attendant on calling into action the power of the mob; a truth which, until it was proved by the concurring testimony of facts passing before his eyes, your petitioner was as far from believing as he is now from doubting. Disgusted by the scenes of carnage which hourly occupied the public attention during his stay at Paris, your petitioner at length obtained permission (after repeated entreaty) to leave a country doomed to misery by the same presumptuous confidence in false philosophy

which had misguided your petitioner. Your petitioner having proceeded to America, and having had full time to reflect on the folly and turpitude of his conduct, is strongly impressed with the desire of making the only atonement in his power to his injured country, by a public confession of his guilt.

He therefore humbly implores your Majesty graciously to accept the deep contrition of a heart truly penitent for past errors, and fraught with the warmest attachment to the British constitution and to your Majesty's person and government.

And your petitioner, as in duty bound, will pray.

MR. ROWAN'S ANSWER RESPECTING THE FOREGOING PETITION, THROUGH MRS. ROWAN.

December, 1796.

. . . One of the enclosures which I have received by Mr. Reilly makes it necessary for me to trouble you with this letter. Expecting that I should comply with the advice of Mr. Griffith, you may neglect interesting your friends in your behalf. I must, therefore, be explicit; and as all the late news tend to peace, I cannot be suspected of secret hopes. I never will sign any petition or declaration in favour of the British constitution in Ireland, which embraces such flagrant abuses as I have witnessed, and of which I have been in some measure the victim; yet this seems requisite to be an integral part of any application to be made in my favour. I would have promised a perfect quiescence under the present government, and should have been sincerely grateful to those who had it in their

power to crush my family through me, yet forbore. But my opinions were not hastily adopted; they were neither the result of pride, of ambition, nor of vanity; they were the result of the most mature reflection of which I was capable; they cannot alter; and though I might desist from acting on them, I never will disown them. If such conduct be expected from me, that I may be enabled to make over my fortune to you and to the children, you should consult your friends upon what mode would be the best for you to pursue, for I am determined.

Mrs. Rowan, finding that the hope of a free pardon at that time must be abandoned, used all the interest in her power to procure permission for her husband to quit America, and to go to any country not at war with Great Britain. Mr. Griffith warmly seconded her efforts, by writing to the Lord Chancellor, and calling on him repeatedly to urge her suit. To the Chancellor's honour be it recorded, that he always evinced a cordial sympathy in the sufferings of Mrs. Rowan and her family. At length, in September, 1799, she received the following letter from Lord Castlereagh, with whom Mr. Rowan's father was well acquainted:—

LETTER FROM LORD CASTLEREAGH TO MRS. H. ROWAN

Dublin Castle, 9th September, 1799.

MADAM,

My Lord Lieutenant having, by desire of the Lord

Chancellor, stated to his Grace the Duke of Portland, that Mr. Hamilton Rowan was anxious to proceed to Denmark from America, but that he was afraid he might be apprehended in his passage by one of his Majesty's cruisers, I am directed to acquaint you that, in consequence of the favourable report made by the Lord Chancellor of Mr. Rowan's conduct since he resided in America, he will be secured (as far as his Majesty's government is concerned) in the refuge which may be granted to him in Denmark or elsewhere, as long as he continues to demean himself in such a manner as not to give offence.

I have the honour to be, Madam,
Your most obedient servant,
CASTLEREAGH.

At last it was determined that Rowan should go to Hamburgh; and accordingly he lost no time in making preparation for his departure; and sailed for Europe in July, 1800. After a short stay in Hamburgh, where he found himself incommoded a good deal with "fools and knaves," he proceeded to Alcona, where there were many English and Irish residents and French emigrants of high rank. There he rented and furnished a handsome house. Having letters of introduction to many opulent merchants, both German and English, he soon found himself with his family in the midst of a pleasant society. From Sir G. Rombald, who succeeded Sir James Crawford at Hamburgh, he received

every mark of kind and polite attention. Here he remained till the year 1803; and in the interval various exertions were made by his friends to procure his pardon.

Referring to this subject in his memoir he says:—

As I rejected the petition which I could not sign, I will now insert a copy of one which I transmitted to his Majesty in July, 1802:—

"May it please your Majesty,

"The humane protection afforded under your Majesty's government to your petitioner's wife and family, while crimes were imputed to him which might have rendered him liable to the severest penalties of the law, when he had taken refuge among your Majesty's enemies, has made an indelible impression on his mind. He could not avoid comparing, with the strongest feelings of gratitude, the situation of his dearest connections with the forlorn state which the families of emigrants experienced in the country to which he had fled. Under these impressions, in the year 1795, your petitioner withdrew himself from France, and retired to America, being determined to avoid even the imputation of being instrumental in disturbing the tranquillity of his own country. During above five years' residence in the United States, your petitioner resisted all inducements to a contrary conduct, and remained there quiet and retired, until your Majesty, extending your royal benevolence, was graciously pleased to permit his return to Europe to

join his wife and children. Impressed with the most unfeigned attachment to your Majesty's government, in gratitude for these favours, conscious of the excellence of the British constitution, in which your petitioner sees, with heartfelt satisfaction, his native country participating under the late happy union, effected by your Majesty's paternal wisdom and affection, and assured that his conduct will not belie these sentiments, your petitioner approaches your Majesty's throne at this auspicious moment, praying that your Majesty will condescend to extend your royal clemency to your petitioner, in such manner as your Majesty in your wisdom may think proper."

My friend Mr. Griffith now wrote to Lord Clare concerning my petition, who returned him the following answer:

"My dear Sir,—The weight of business which presses on me in the Court of Chancery at this time renders it impracticable for me to attend to any other subject. I can readily conjecture the object of the petition which you wish to show me, and do not hesitate to say that patience under his most unpleasant situation, for a few months, will be the best policy on the part of Mr. H. Rowan, and whenever a definite treaty of peace is settled will be the time to petition the crown; and when that takes place, I should hope that his friends will be enabled to support his petition with effect.

"I am, dear Sir, etc., etc.,

"CLARE."

Rowan, from various passages in his correspondence in 1799, would seem to have been a strenuous supporter of the union.

The inconsistency of his conduct in this matter was more apparent than real. In 1794, we find him acting in concert, in Ireland, with an emissary of the French government, whose treasonable mission was directed towards the separation of Ireland from England. In 1795, we find him in America furnishing Tone with means of access to the French government, with the same views as in the preceding year. But in 1799 all chance of reasonable expectation of a revolution in Ireland was gone. In these altered circumstances of the country, he saw nothing for Ireland but a union, and believed a real *bona fide* union, beneficial to both countries, was intended. In 1799, he writes to a member of his family on this subject:—

> I congratulate you upon the report which spreads here that a union is intended. In that measure I see the downfall of one of the most corrupt assemblies, I believe, ever existed, and instead of an empty title, a source of industrious enterprise for the people, and the wreck of feudal aristocracy.

March the 15th, 1799, he writes to Mrs. Rowan:—

> I begin to think that the only question a poor man

should ask himself is, "Under what government shall I work least, get most, and keep what I get?" In this view, to use an American term, I would advocate an union in Ireland, which will throw work into the cabin, and take *triple* taxes and *tenth* of income, etc., etc., out of the rich man's house. In future times, however, I have no doubt but a mode will be adopted better than any now known, and I am fortified in this opinion from the great probability of a convulsion in this country, which has certainly, theoretically, the most free government existing. . . .

Philadelphia, June 30, 1800.

Mr. Dickinson asserts that the accomplishment of the union will bring further indulgence to the political sinners of your country. I have no such idea, notwithstanding the favours which I have received in your person from the Chancellor, its professed advocate. By the bye, I have read his speech on this subject, which proves one thing evidently, that the present, or rather the late government of Ireland, was disgraced by a shameless, corrupt, oligarchic aristocracy, whose power ought to be done away, as Robespierre said about Paine, for the good of both countries.

In the beginning of June, 1800, Rowan took his departure from the United States of America for Hamburgh, where he arrived after a tedious and perilous passage; and after a short sojourn there, proceeded to Alcona, where he established himself, and remained till the month of June, 1803. In the latter part of the preced-

ing month he received a communication from Lord Castlereagh, informing him of the intention of the cabinet to recommend to the king to grant him a pardon, but prohibiting his going to Ireland without his Majesty's permission, and entering into recognizance, which it was usual to require in similar cases.

Having arrived in London on the 16th of June, I went the next day to the Secretary of State's office. He introduced me to Mr. Pollock, who showed me the king's warrant for pardon, which contained all the beneficial clauses of re-grant, etc., and was as full in every respect as it could be, excepting the condition of requiring two sureties for £10,000 not to go to Ireland. Mr. Pollock said one week would be sufficient to pass the different offices, and Mr. Steele requested him to attend to it, and as soon as the document was returned to his office, to inform him, and he, with my friend Mr. Griffith, offered to become my sureties.

My agent arrived from Ireland, bringing with him the opinions of eminent counsel, which all agreed that a pardon under the great seal of Britain alone would avail me no otherwise than as to my personal liberty in England.

While these efforts were being made in England, the opinion of counsel was taken as to the mode of accomplishing the desired object. Two of the most eminent men at the Irish bar gave an opinion that a pardon under the great seal of

England alone would only avail Rowan for his personal liberty in England. The Under Secretary of the Lord Lieutenant furnished Mr. Rowan's friends with a copy of the opinion of the crown lawyers:—

Dublin Castle,
27th October, 1802.

We are of opinion that the pardon to Mr. Hamilton Rowan ought to be passed under the great seal of Ireland; and we apprehend it is irregular in Mr. Rowan to solicit such pardon and the restitution of his lands in Ireland in the first instance, and that such application ought to be made to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.

(Signed), STANDISH O'GRADY.
W. C. PLUNKETT.

Acting on this opinion, when Hamilton Rowan was eventually pardoned in 1806, and obtained permission to reside in Ireland, he attended at the Court of King's Bench, and publicly pleaded the King's pardon. The following is the report of that proceeding:—

Mr. Archibald Hamilton Rowan was brought up by *habeas corpus*, to assign error upon the record of outlawry against him for high treason. His counsel then moved that the outlawry should be reversed, for errors which were then delivered in to the proper officer. The Attorney-General then, by virtue of his Majesty's

warrant, confessed the errors; and the proceedings in outlawry were reversed accordingly. Mr. Rowan was then put to plead to the original indictment for high treason; upon which he pleaded his Majesty's most gracious pardon, which being read and allowed, he was told he was discharged.

Mr. Rowan then addressed the court. He begged to be permitted in a few words to express his heartfelt gratitude for the clemency of his sovereign.

"When I last," said he, "had the honour to stand in this court before your lordships, I said that I did not know the King otherwise than as the head of the state—as a magistrate wielding the force of the executive power. I now know him by his clemency—by that clemency which has enabled me once more to meet my wife and children; to find them not only unmolested, but cherished and protected during my absence in a foreign country, and my legal incapacity of rendering to them the assistance of a husband and a father. Were I to be insensible of that clemency, I should be indeed an unworthy man! All are liable to error. The consequences have taught me deeply to regret some of the violent measures which I then pursued. Under the circumstances in which I stand, were I to express all I feel upon this subject, it might be attributed to base and unworthy motives; but your lordships are aware how deeply I must be affected by my present situation, and will give me credit for what I cannot myself express."

Lord Chief Justice Downes—"Mr. Rowan, from the sentiments which you have expressed, I have reason to hope that your future conduct will prove

that his Majesty's pardon has not been unworthily granted."

Among the numerous persons who congratulated him on his pardon were many of his political opponents, who expressed their satisfaction publicly and privately at seeing him restored to his family and his country. "Lords Carysfort, Castlereagh, and Carhampton were foremost in expressions of kindness." Lord Clare was not then living, or his congratulations, in Rowan's opinion, would have been joined with those of the noblemen just named.

He returned to Ireland in 1806, on the death of his father, and fixed his residence in the old castle of Killyleagh, on his own estate in the county Down. Rowan now figured in the character of a good citizen, a good landlord, a good father of a family. The great business of his life was to be useful to those who were connected with him as tenants, labourers, and servants; to promote the internal peace and concord of the country. He became the poor man's friend of the locality—the generous encourager of the manufacturers of Dublin, especially of the poor weavers of the liberties of the city.

"Mr. Rowan's benevolent exertions," says his biographer, "to meliorate the circumstances of all around him who were in distress, did not so completely engross his time and reflections as to preclude him from indulging his favourite pro-

pensity to politics. It was not possible for him to be a dull unconcerned spectator in the midst of great and stirring events. Though he felt the full weight of his obligation to the lenity of government, he did not feel himself precluded from an open and honest expression of opinions which he thought loyal and constitutional, though not always in exact accordance with those of the ruling powers. His acceptance of pardon involved no dereliction of principle; it did not oblige him to connive at glaring abuses, nor give an ostensible sanction to measures which he conscientiously condemned; it restored him to the full enjoyment of all his rights as a subject of the British constitution. It had been generously granted and in the same generous spirit it was received—in the spirit of a gentleman and a man of honour, not of a mendicant or a slave. He therefore clung to such opinions and measures as he thought most consonant to the spirit of the British constitution, and which would best promote its permanence and stability. In a letter addressed to the Editor of the 'Patriot' newspaper, in 1811, speaking of the sentiments adopted in his youth, he says—'Of these his Majesty in his pardon had not required, nor my petitions promised, a renunciation.'"

Being always regarded as a distinguished friend of civil and religious liberty, he became a member of the Catholic Association, and took, as he was wont, a warm interest in its proceed-

ings. A meeting of the Catholic Board, which was held in Fishamble Street, being dispersed, and having reassembled as an aggregate meeting, he addressed a letter to Lord Fingal, from which the following passages are taken:—

The Catholics of Ireland were prepared this day to read a petition to parliament, in Fishamble Street, when they were prevented by a police magistrate, who chose to consider that meeting as an illegal one, and forced your lordship out of the chair. I was a spectator of that disgraceful scene, where legal quibble was tortured to entrap the feelings of a man of honour, unaccustomed to disguise, because his pursuits were honourable, and legal, and constitutional. That meeting, however, being dispersed, the general sentiment of an injured and insulted population led to an assembly of individuals at Darcy's, at which I assisted. That meeting was also disturbed by the same magistrate; and I am not surprised: but I am concerned that those circumstances should have altered the ultimate object of the former meeting, from a petition to parliament into an address to the Prince Regent.

Appeals to persons are not equal to appeals to principles. One law ought to bind Catholic and Protestant, Jew or Mahometan, if Irishmen. This has ever been my creed, and will ever be the rule of action for,

My Lord,

Your respectful and obedient servant,

A. H. ROWAN.

December 23, 1811.

Of the cause of "Catholic emancipation" he had always been a strenuous advocate. He thought the success of that great question absolutely necessary to the tranquillity of Ireland; and in 1824, when he sent his subscription to the "Rent," he accompanied it with a letter expressive of his hopes and wishes. A resolution that both should be entered on the minutes was "adopted with a zeal and enthusiasm that had never been exceeded in that body."

In a debate in the House of Commons on the Catholic Association, February 14th, 1825, the proceedings of that body were severely censured by Mr. Dawson, who, referring to the part taken in them by Rowan, said—

Upon a recent occasion, a Mr. Devereux and a Mr. Hamilton Rowan had been admitted members of the Association, when the name of the latter was received with thunders of applause. Mr. Hamilton Rowan, it would be remembered, was one of the body called United Irishmen. He had been implicated in seditious practices in the year 1793, for which he was imprisoned. Previous to his trial he contrived to escape, and remained for many years in exile. He was attainted of high treason, but being afterwards, by the lenity of the government, allowed to return to Ireland, the best return he could make for the mercy which had been shown him, was by enlisting himself as a member of an association quite as dangerous as that of his own United Irishmen. The name of this convicted

traitor was received with thunders of applause—and why? In order that this recollection of the disastrous period with which that name was connected might be revived in the minds of the deluded peasantry, and help the designs of this abominable association.

In a subsequent debate (February 18th), Mr. Peel followed the same line of argument as Mr. Dawson, and censured the Catholic Association for passing a vote of thanks to Archibald Hamilton Rowan—"an act which," he affirmed, "was sufficient to excite suspicion and alarm." He referred to the report of the Secret Committee of the Irish parliament in 1794, quoted part of the celebrated address, "Citizen soldiers, to arms," and entered into a minute statement of the trial and pardon of Rowan, whom he designated as an "attainted traitor." This expression excited the indignation of Mr. C. Hely Hutchinson and of Mr. Brougham.

Mr. C. H. Hutchinson said he had more than once lamented and opposed the practice of introducing the names of individuals who were not here, and had not the means of defending themselves. The right honourable gentleman who had just sat down had carried this practice to a most unjustifiable length. He had mentioned the name of Hamilton Rowan. He (Mr. Hutchinson) was in Dublin when that gentleman fled the country, and no man ever left Ire-

land more respected and more regretted. He would tell the right honourable gentleman that the most enlightened and best men in Ireland, in 1793, had been among the United Irishmen, with the most constitutional views. The cause in which they were engaged was to benefit their country, and to produce that state of things which the colleagues of the right honourable gentleman professed themselves most anxious to establish. Never were men engaged in a more righteous undertaking. Had they been successful, they had prevented the rebellion of 1798. Sydney, Hampden, Russell, the greatest names, the most hallowed patriots in English history, would now have been stigmatized as traitors, had not the cause of liberty, for which we all are thankful, flourished here, and if that despotism had triumphed in England which had been continued in Ireland up to this hour. Had these men succeeded in Ireland in 1793, they would have been regarded as benefactors of that country, and they were even now receiving approbation; for the system pursued by the right honourable gentleman and his colleagues was that which they then wished to enforce.

Mr. Brougham had spoken of Rowan as performing the duties of a magistrate and "holding the commission of the peace under the superintendence and protection of Lord Manners, the pink of loyalty! the idol of the Orangemen's

adoration—acting under the concurrence of their late tutelar saint, Mr. Saurin." Mr. Peel having ascertained, by application to the Hanaper Office, that no such person as A. H. Rowan had been admitted to the commission of the peace for the last twenty years, in a subsequent debate stated this fact as a triumphant confutation of the ignorance with which he had been charged of Mr. Rowan's situation in Ireland.

Mr. Brougham in reference to the words "attainted traitor," used by Mr. Peel, said:—

> He appealed to the impartial, the calm-judging men of that house, who mingled neither with one side nor the other, whether such were not the right honourable gentleman's words; the words uttered by him in the face of the country, without respect to the feelings of the individual, of his country, or his son. But he (Mr. B.) appealed to the better feelings of the house, to the country, to the memory of the right honourable gentleman, after one week's recollection of what he had said; appealed to the right honourable gentlemen, as placing himself in the situation of one of those gallant officers whose distinguished bravery adorned a service, of which to be even amongst its lowest members was, in itself, a very high honour—he meant no other than Captain Hamilton—whether to hear it publicly, not privately, but in the face of parliament and the country, represented that his own father was an attainted traitor, was just or proper. As to himself, he would repeat his opinion of Mr. Rowan, from which

he did not shrink. He would repeat his defence of the Catholic Association. He would not enter into the details of this gentleman's case, with which he was not much acquainted. The charge of the right hon. gentleman was, that Mr. Jackson and another individual were tried, and Mr. Rowan was said to be implicated. But it seems he was tried for another offence, namely, the publication of a seditious libel. They were troublesome times when these occurrences took place, and the best and wisest of the children of Ireland were liable to the same fate; and the charge against the Association upon this head is, that they respect an individual thus convicted. . . . He would not hesitate to say, that as an Irishman, a lover of his country, and a patriot, he would put his hand to the paper published by Mr. Rowan. It called upon the people to arm, but at the same time to maintain the public peace. It was published at a period when all was at stake from abroad, and much at stake from within. It was published at a period when Ireland was erecting statues to the illustrious Grattan, when the Volunteers were proclaimed the saviours of the country. It was at this period Mr. Rowan called upon the people to arm, for the country was proclaimed by the government to be in danger; and if he called upon them not to stop here, but to go further, and when they had beaten back the enemy, to procure civil liberty, he would be only doing what the parliament allowed the Volunteers to do. If these men had not armed in 1782, Ireland would have been enslaved and degraded. She would be an unworthy part of the empire, or, perhaps, after a civil war, she would be separated entirely. In those troublous times,

all the Irish patriots were subject to the same hazard; even that person whose name was never mentioned at the opposite side of the house without feelings of reverence and affection—Mr. Grattan—was not safe. The privy council had repeated sittings concerning him, and it was his departure alone from the country saved him from trouble. He left Dublin upon the first burst of that rage which filled the land with desolation. As to the comments made by the right honourable gentleman upon the conduct of Mr. Rowan upon receiving his pardon, they amounted to nothing; they merely referred to his grateful effusions upon that event. But, good God! are we to be told that a man receiving a free pardon, treated by his sovereign as Mr. Rowan was, is to be branded as an attainted traitor, when a sarcasm is to be pointed, when a period is to be rounded, or a cheer excited in that house? As to the circumstance of his not being in the commission, he (Mr. Brougham) had only the same opportunity of knowing such matters as others had; but whether Mr. Hamilton Rowan were a magistrate or not, I consider my defence to be impregnable. The King himself restored Mr. Rowan to a free pardon; Mr. Rowan was restored to all the privileges of a free subject; Mr. Rowan was summoned and sat upon grand juries; and I ask, is that no function? Felonies, misdemeanours, cases even of high treason, came before him; he sat, and heard, and determined in all these cases. Is not that, I ask, enough? He is received at the King's levees by the representative of the sovereign; is that, I ask, nothing? He was received by one Lord Lieutenant after another; and the letter of his Grace the

Duke of Bedford said nothing of an "attainted traitor," although the honourable gentlemen at the other side, who so called Mr. Rowan, set themselves up the exclusive defenders of the King, the altar, and the constitution. It has been my practice and my habit to believe that the Duke of Bedford had and has as good a right to be looked upon as a loyal subject, as holding as deep a stake in the peace and tranquillity of the country, as offering in his conduct, talent, and property, as good a test of loyalty, as any honourable gentleman in this house. Then let the house hear what was the observation of the Duke of Bedford. "The first act of the administration was to offer a pardon to Mr. Hamilton Rowan, for no man better deserved it, and no act could be more satisfactory, because a more honourable, a more respectable, or a more liberal man existed not in Ireland." Well, then, for repeating this, the Catholic Association was blamed and branded. But I ask, who has a right to complain of this? who has a right to fling in the teeth of Mr. Rowan that he was, or is, an "attainted traitor," when he was received by several representatives of his sovereign, and when his sovereign so smiled upon him? The sovereign of these realms so treated Mr. Rowan, and what more did the Catholic Association? I repeat and reassert all I have said as to Mr. Rowan; and I envy not the feelings of those who, in despite of their sovereign's pleasure, humanity, and good feeling, can wantonly and unnecessarily, not privately, but in their places in parliament, brand that honourable, honest, though unfortunate gentleman with the name of "attainted traitor"; and I still less envy

the judgment of those who deem the Catholic Association culpable, because they hailed and treated Mr. Rowan as the King's representative had set them the example so to do.

"Mr. Rowan at this period," says Dr. Drummond, "had reached the age of seventy-four; but though his spirit slumbered under the weight of years, it had not died; 'still in their ashes lived their wonted fires;' the lion had grown old, but not so feeble as to be kicked with impunity. The old gentleman determined to act on the principles of that code of honour to which he had been attached from his youth; and as Mr. Dawson had been the first to use the offensive epithets, to demand of him an explanation or apology."

On Rowan's arrival in the metropolis he wrote to Mr. Dawson in terms of more strength than suavity, and thus for a time precluded such an amicable explanation as Mr. Dawson's subsequent conduct justifies the belief that he would instantly have given. Mr. Dawson's friend, Lord Hotham, whom Rowan describes as "a polite young man in the Guards, cool, clear, and temperate, who acted in a most gentlemanlike manner," informed Mr. Rowan, both by writing and conversation, that before he could expect any explanation from Mr. Dawson, his own offensive letter should be withdrawn. Rowan, being as far from wishing to give as to receive

offence, acceded to the justice of this observation, and addressed the following note to his lordship:—

My Lord,—After thanking your lordship for your clear and temperate comment on my appeal to Mr. Dawson, and after apologizing for any warmth of expression on my part in our conversation of this morning, I have, as you desired, read your letter to a friend, whose opinion, in concurrence with your lordship's, has convinced me that "an appeal for explanation should be perfectly free from all language in any degree offensive to the party to whom that appeal is made"; and I regret that mine was in any respect otherwise. Under this impression, I have no hesitation in withdrawing my letter of the 23rd of May, containing the offensive passages noticed by you. As I am now persuaded that those passages were the only impediment to my receiving such an explanation as it was the object of that letter to request, I trust Mr. Dawson will be prompt to relieve me from the impressions under the influence of which I have been led to address him.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

A. H. ROWAN.

This was succeeded by the following note from Mr. Dawson:—

16 Upper Grosvenor Street,
June 30, 1825.

Sir,—The letter which you have addressed to Lord

Hotham, bearing date the 28th of June, enables me to assure you, that in introducing your name into the debate in the House of Commons, I was influenced solely by considerations of public duty, and that nothing was further from my wish than any intention to wound your feelings, or offer you any premeditated insult.

I have the honour to be, etc.,

G. R. DAWSON.

Dr. Drummond states that Captain Hamilton wrote a strong letter, though couched in polite terms, to Mr. Peel, expressing his indignant sense of the wrong done by him in his reference to his father, in his place in parliament, in June, 1825. In that letter he stated that if any imprudence had been committed by his father in 1794, it had received the King's pardon, and was no fitting theme for parliamentary animadversion. If that indiscretion, he said, had left any stain, "that stain had been blotted out by the blood of his children, shed in their country's service: one had died of sickness and hardships; another fell in action on the coast of Spain; he had himself been severely wounded. He concluded by saying that he indulged in a belief that if these circumstances had been taken into consideration, he and his family would have been spared the pain of an attack so unprovoked and so unwarranted." Peel, in 1825, not having cast off

the Orangemen or rescued his character from the degradation of a close connection with them, could only writhe in secret under such a remonstrance. He made no amends in public for an act most unworthy of a man in his position.

On Tuesday, January 20, 1829, a great meeting of the friends of civil and religious liberty was held in the Rotundo of Dublin, attended "by numbers of the first rank, wealth, influence, talent, public and private worth, and of all sects of Christians; the Duke of Leinster in the chair."

Mr. Rowan attended this meeting; and a resolution of thanks being moved by Mr. Challoner to the Protestant gentlemen and noblemen who promoted the dinner to Lord Morpeth, Mr. Rowan seconded the resolution in a speech, of which the substance was thus noticed in the daily papers:—

> He said, that he remembered, in early life, when the people of this country were armed and determined to preserve themselves against foreign invaders—then he became one of a body, now called the Old Volunteers. He remembered a period when the object was to remove domestic dissension—then he became a United Irishman; and he now came forward at a period when, if Irishmen were really united, they must be free. (Loud cheers.)

It is also stated in the same document, that

When the venerable Hamilton Rowan was leaving the Rotundo, after the meeting of yesterday, he was supported on each side by O'Gorman Mahon and Mr. Steele; and in going down Sackville Street, they were surrounded by an immense crowd of the people, cheering and huzzaing. They got into a hackney coach to escape, but the people would not permit it, and the horses were taken from the carriage, and they were drawn in triumph by the concourse to the house of the venerable patriot in Leinster Street, amidst enthusiastic cheering, shouting, and huzzaing.

With respect to the subject of Parliamentary Reform, the political sentiments which he had entertained in youth he continued to cherish in his old age. He avowed them in a communication addressed to his friend, the able and upright editor of the "Northern Whig."

Castle of Killyleagh,
October 13, 1831.

My dear Finlay,—As I have ever adhered to the principle which dictated the original engagement of the United Irishmen, I take the liberty of proposing the test of that society, with some slight alterations, for the adoption of the friends of reform:—

"In the presence of God, I do pledge myself to my country, that I will use all my abilities and influence in the attainment of an impartial representation of British subjects in parliament, under our most gracious monarch William the Fourth, in the spirit pro-

posed by his highly esteemed and respected ministers, Lord Grey, etc."

Entering my eighty-second year, and frail in body as in mind, such as I am, I am yours sincerely,

A. H. ROWAN.

F. D. Finlay, Esq.

Domestic trials and afflictions fell fast and heavily on this venerable man in 1834.

Mrs. Rowan died after a protracted illness, the 26th of February in that year. A clergyman of the Unitarian body, of which Mrs. Rowan was a member, the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, her intimate friend, published a notice of her character and career in a religious periodical in 1834, from which the following passages are taken:—

This excellent lady was a character of no ordinary description. Endowed by nature with singular energy of mind and firmness of resolution, she blended with these qualities the kindest disposition and warmest benevolence. These traits were fully manifested in the various trials and duties of her long and useful life. As a wife, her heroic fortitude, courage, and presence of mind, on a memorable occasion in the history of Ireland, have given her a conspicuous place among those matrons who, in different ages and countries, have been distinguished for their noble contempt of personal hazard, and their generous self-devotion to conjugal duty in times of difficulty and danger. Entrusted for many years with the sole guidance of a

numerous family of sons and daughters, her conduct as a parent was truly exemplary. Strict without severity, and indulgent without weakness, her precepts combined with her example to train them up in such high-minded and honourable principles, as might not only sustain the character of the race from which they sprang, but, what she valued infinitely more, might evince the genuineness of their Christian hopes and profession. And her maternal cares were not without their reward. Few mothers have been more loved and honoured by a grateful progeny. Few have had their decline of life more dutifully tended, or its pains more assiduously soothed by filial tenderness and affection. In friendship she was faithful, steady, and sincere; to the poor and afflicted, compassionate, open-handed, and humane.

In less than six months from the time of this excellent lady's decease, Rowan had to deplore the loss of his only surviving and eldest son, the gallant Captain Hamilton. Gawin William Hamilton Rowan was born at Paris, in March, 1783. He entered the navy in 1801 as midshipman, and made a voyage to China in his Majesty's ship Lion. In 1803, he served in the West Indies, and was at the capture of St. Lucia and Tobago. In 1804, he served in the Mediterranean in Lord Nelson and Collingwood's fleets. In 1807, he served in Egypt, having volunteered to land with the seamen at Alexandria, engaged

in the attack on the lines, and capture of that place.

In 1809 he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and was engaged in several actions with the French, where his enterprising spirit and bravery were signally displayed. In 1811 he was appointed commander of the Onyx, and was employed on the coast of Spain; and the year following was raised to the rank of post-captain, and obtained the command of the Termagant. While employed on the Spanish coast, he destroyed twelve batteries and towers, one French privateer, and captured another, and was at the taking of several towns on the coast. In 1813 he was employed in the Rainbow, on the coast of Italy, during which service he took and destroyed twenty-four of the enemy's vessels, at Viareggio, and shortly after was wounded at Leghorn.

In the latter part of that year he was appointed to the Havannah, and served in Chesapeake Bay, at the attack on Baltimore, and in the expedition of boats up the Rappahannoc. In 1815 he was again employed in the Mediterranean, and in 1816 brought home Governor Wilks from St. Helena, when, his vessel being out of commission, he returned to Ireland. In 1817 he married a daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir George Cockburn. In 1820 he was appointed

to the command of the Cambrian, and took out Lord Strangford as ambassador to Constantinople. From that period until the return of the Cambrian to England, he was constantly employed in the Levant, in the protection of the Greeks, in which service Captain Hamilton was first known, and on numerous occasions and in various places in the Archipelago the author had opportunities of knowing the devotion of this brave officer to the Greek cause, and the signal services he rendered to it. The Greek commanders had an absurd idea that his name, Hamilton, consisted of two distinct names. Some were in the habit of addressing him as Captain Hamel; others, and by far the most, as Captain Tony; a circumstance which he seldom failed to notice, and would often affect to be very indignant at. The Greeks looked up to him as the only hope of their cause. He certainly deserved well their love and gratitude. He fought for them; he ransomed their wives and children; he expended in so doing vast sums out of his private means; he treated them with the greatest kindness; in fact, they looked up to Captain Tony as if he were their father and natural protector. Some of his officers used to say he was as good as a grandmother to them. But when they behaved badly, or did not do what he expected of them, or desired to have done, he would rail at them in good round English seafaring terms, and mingle the

national malediction with a great many strangely pronounced Greek terms of reproach, by no means complimentary to the fathers, mothers, saints, captains, brigands, and rulers of his astounded Helenist auditors. Soon after the Cambrian's arrival in England, she was again commissioned and placed under his command. He was ordered to his former station, where, down to the battle of Navarino, his services to the Greeks can only be estimated by those who had a personal knowledge of them, and by them certainly cannot be exaggerated.

Not long after the battle of Navarino, the Cambrian was unfortunately lost, by running foul of the Isis, and striking on the rocks, off the Carabousa. On Captain Hamilton's return to England, as a matter of course, he was tried by court-martial for the loss of his vessel, and was honourably acquitted, and was shortly after appointed to the Druid, on the South American station, from which he returned to Ireland in February, 1832, greatly broken down in health.

He took up his abode in the Castle of Killyleagh, intending it to be his permanent place of residence. After a sojourn there of a few months, he went on a visit to his venerable father, then residing at Rathcoffey, in the county of Kildare, and there he was suddenly taken ill, and expired of water on the chest, on the 17th of August, 1834, leaving three or four children.

Such was the man whose feelings Mr. Peel, in his bad days, so wantonly outraged in the House of Commons, on the occasion I have previously referred to.

The bad days of Peel's early political career were the subject of some comments in the House of Peers in a debate on the state of Ireland, 14th February, 1844. Lord Lyndhurst, in answer to some observations on Sir Robert's ignorance of Irish affairs, said, "Was not Sir Robert Peel in Ireland?" The Marquess of Normanby replied, "The knowledge which Sir Robert Peel gained in Ireland is not applicable to the present time."

When was the knowledge gained above referred to? In the interval between the 4th of August, 1812, and the 3rd of August, 1818, the six years of rampant Orangeism in Ireland, during which Sir Robert Peel was secretary.

Peel, in 1825, was still in the chrysalis form of statesmanship. He had not then emerged from the low grub condition of Orangeism through which he had entered into official life while secretary in Ireland.

From the time of the death of his only son, the gallant Captain Hamilton, his father's health rapidly declined. The constant care and attention of his two daughters, Miss Rowan and Mrs. Fletcher, occasional recreation in his laboratory and library, sustained him for a short time; but

the loneliness of his life, and the setting of its sun, in the death of that great hope which was centred in his eldest born, and the dreariness of the house which his amiable wife had made for so many years a happy home, day by day seemed to weigh more heavily on his enfeebled strength. He died on the 1st of November, 1834, at the age of eighty-four years, having survived his beloved wife nine months, and his gallant son only as many weeks, and a daughter, Mrs. Beresford, rather more than a year.

Rowan died in communion with the Unitarian church, by whose members, in common indeed with the members of all churches in his native city, he was held in the highest honour. His remains were interred in a vault in St. Mary's church.

Of his exterior, physical powers and accomplishments, his amiable friend and biographer, Dr. Drummond, says:—

> Mr. Rowan had a tall and commanding person, in which agility, strength, and grace were combined. His features were expressive and strongly marked. In his younger days he was universally regarded as handsome, and so attractive of admiration that the eyes of all were turned upon him whenever he came into public —a circumstance which must have greatly tended to foster his love of popularity, and stimulate him to the achievement of those feats for which he became so distinguished in his younger days. On one occasion he

appeared in Paris as a Highland chieftain in proper costume, the very *beau ideal* of a Celtic hero. He was a good marksman, excelled in the sword exercise, and could send an arrow from a bow half as far again as any other man in France. Such accomplishments caused him to be respected by the men, while his noble Herculean figure and perfect politeness made him a favourite with the ladies. He was fond of driving a phaeton, and paddling an Indian canoe: few could match his dexterity in rowing, or the gracefulness or variety of his rapid movements in skating: whether on the Thames, the Liffey, the Delaware, or the Elbe, he,

> 'With balance nice,
> Hung o'er the glittering steel and skimm'd along the ice.'

He was remarkable for his fondness for animals, and especially for dogs.

The citizens of Dublin, who can carry back their reminiscences of remarkable cotemporaries a quarter of a century, will not fail to remember the venerable old man of gigantic stature, passing along the streets, accompanied by two dogs of enormous size, gaunt and formidable Danish hounds (not of the Irish wolf dog species, as commonly supposed). He was well versed in mathematics, and had a great turn for mechanics. He had a printing-press and a lithographic apparatus, a chemical laboratory, a turning machine, and a model steam-engine, in his house or on his premises. His manners were in the highest degree polished, courteous, and engaging. In his habits he was temperate, simple, and orderly. He indulged neither in the pleasures of the table nor the pursuits of gaming, the turf,

or the stock market. But with all his blandness of manner and simplicity of character, Rowan was of a fiery and irascible temperament, prompt to feel and to resent an injury. He was over sensitive to the breath of public favour and applause, loved popularity, and courted it assiduously. These, perhaps, were the most striking defects in his character, but they were certainly overbalanced by some great and noble qualities, which belong only to superior and heroic natures.

He was a man of a generous, manly, chivalrous disposition, of high principles and a strong sense of the obligations of truth, justice, and humanity. He loved liberty and hated oppression. He was steadfast, intrepid, and incorruptible in his public career, a brave and a good Irishman in the fullest sense of the term, persevering and consistent in his patriotism, the same in youth and age, in the worst of times, as in the better days of his country.